

MUSEUM

67

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From Fraser's Magazine.

"THE GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS LITERARY CHARACTERS."

THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "LALLA ROOKH."

HERE'S to thee, Tom Moore!—Our artist has woven him a bower of vines and roses, and hung old Anacreon over his head. As we take it for granted that it was not intended to express, by a practical pun, that Tom must be always considered as below Anacreon, we suppose it must have been meant by those adjuncts to inform us, that, in spite of that little wizened, cunning, crabbed countenance, which is not much better than a caricature of a John-apple of ancient date, we are looking upon the Epicurean in person—the Thomas Little—the kissing and kissed of Rosa—the mail-coach companion of Fanny of Timmol—the poet of all the loves, and all the grapes.

We wish there was no truth in what Theodore said of him, viz. that he was something between a toad and a Cupid; but it is impossible to see him in any of those houses where he is the show of the evening, without being reminded of the expression, by the admixture of creep and flutter which characterises his motions—the go-by-the-ground deference to the haughty Whig master or mistress, and the soaring soft on gentle pinions, which, while he hangs over his piano, make him the light Eros of all the damsels of tender years circumfused about. We could never learn that Tom was a divinity of dowagers.

It grieves us to look upon that scowl upon his brow, which all the simpering of the mouth will not keep down. His own worthy ambition appears to have been announced in a wise song of his, the air of which affects us with a reminiscence somewhat resembling sea-sickness:

"When in death I shall calm recline,
O bear my heart to my mistress, dear!
Tell her it lived upon smiles and wine—"

Such food was the diet looked forward to by Moore, and he thought he could find it by

hanging on with the Hollands and Lansdownes, and others of that most impertinent and worthless crew of upstart peers, who think their clamour for Whiggery gives them a patent for impertinence to every *parvenu* who eats their dinners. But, as remarks Sotades, or Clemens Alexandrinus, or Straton, or Taratalla, or some of the other eminent authors to whose learned names Moore loves to refer, ["quote Lycophron," says the *Quarterly*, "and it will be taken for granted that you know Homer;"] bitter is the eating of another man's bread; and we fear that now that Tom has fallen into the sere and yellow leaf, he has begun to find the truth of that saying. His melodies are effete—his songs fast passing to that bourne whence no songs ever return—he repents of Tom Little's escapades—and, droll as they undoubtedly are, cannot find much reason to rejoice in the memory of those of Tom Browne. It is a pity to think that a youth of roses is to be succeeded by an age of thorns. He has discovered what Dr. Johnson might have told him, without his having had the trouble of learning that bitter truth by experience, that the booksellers are the best Mæcenases; and he who began his flight as butterfly for the boudoirs, is content to end it as grub for the bibliopoles.

However, he has given us half a dozen good songs in his time, for which we forgive *Lalla Rookh*—and, in honour of the Fudge family, shall imitate the public in consigning the *Epicurean*, (a pretty Epicurean by the bye, who never kisses a girl or empties a bottle throughout the whole book)—to oblivion. He is now travelling through Ireland with his liberal patron, Lord Lansdowne, and if he wish to try his hand in a new style, as all his old styles are worn out, what he sees of his lordship's tenantry, and feels at his lordship's board, will afford him materials to rival Churchill, in a new *Prophecy of Famine*.

But the sheet must go to press,
And the devil's at the door;
And we can't spare another line,
So, good bye to thee, Tom Moore.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE genius of Walter Scott was perceived by Robert Burns. "I was a lad of fifteen," says the former, when he came to Edinburgh, but had sense and feeling enough to be much interested in his poetry, and would have given the world to know him. I saw him accidentally at Professor Ferguson's: the only thing I remember which was remarkable in Burns' manner, was the effect produced upon him by a print representing a soldier lying dead on the snow, his dog sitting in misery on one side, on the other his widow, with a child in her arms; underneath were some affecting lines; the whole touched Burns so deeply that he shed tears; turning round he inquired by whom the lines were written. I whispered to a friend they are by Langhorne; I was overheard by the poet, who rewarded me with a look and a word, which, though of mere civility, I then received and still recollect with very great pleasure." Humility is an attribute of genius; one who was present at this fine scene thus completed the picture:—"Burns fixed his large glowing eyes on Scott, and striding up to him, laid his hand on his head and said, 'Young man, it is no common spirit which has directed your mind into such a course of study; and, turning half away, he said to the company, 'This boy will be heard of yet.' " He has since amply fulfilled the prediction of Burns and the intention of Nature.

Scott was long known amongst his friends as a scholar and poet; but the first time that his name came to me it was brought by the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," a poem which stirred up the spirit of Scotland as effectually as a war-beacon would have done of old. His "Border Minstrelsy," indeed, a work of great talent, taste, and research, had preceded the Minstrel, but it was known to few, at any rate it had failed in impressing upon the public mind that a great original genius had arisen; and, when read by the light which the Lay threw upon it, there were but few to perceive that, in the ballads of "Glenfinlas," and the "Eve of St. John," there was the true martial and romantic spirit of ballad poetry, while Antiquarians shook their heads at the "pretty considerable" prunings and engravings visible in many of the rough and time-worn chaunts of our martial ancestors. In truth, Scott was too clever a poet to permit the rent and soiled strains of antiquity to go in such a plight from his hand. There can be no doubt that many of those homely Border ballads received an infusion of poetic life's-blood from his hands; like his own Minstrel, when he strove to recall the half-forgotten strain which he had harped to King Charles the good,

"Each blank in faithless memory void
The poet's glowing thought supplied."

I mention this as a merit, not as a fault. To eke out and restore perishing works of taste

and fancy is a meritorious thing—it bears no resemblance to that of polluting the fountains of historic truth by interpolating passages which give a different hue and meaning to the actions of men: history should be held sacred—it is otherwise with verse.

"Ye Gods! should one swear to the truth of a song?"

When the glorious battle-ballads of Homer were collected by order of Pisistratus, no doubt he had some Grecian Walter Scott at hand to arrange, correct, eke out and fuse them into one grand and magnificent work of art; and, to descend to lesser things, when Percy made his collection of the "Reliques of English Poetry," he had better sense than to send them maimed by time and polluted by the ignorance of reciters to encounter the sneers of the captious Steevenses and critical Johnsons of the hour—no, he purified and repaired them, and, when he had set them in a fair and proper light, produced them to the world. Scott did not go any thing like the length of Percy in such emendations; I am not aware that, hitherto, any one has charged him with having either altered or interpolated, but those conversant with the old ballad lore of the Border will, on reading the "Minstrelsy," soon perceive that to him belongs not a little of the praise which he has bestowed on Burns. "We are not here speaking of the avowed lyrical poems of his own composition, but of the manner in which he recomposed and repaired the old songs and fragments for the collection of Johnson and others, when, if his memory supplied the theme or general subject of the song, such as it existed in Scottish lore, his genius contributed that part which was to give life and immortality to the whole." Scott somewhere says, that the first edition of the "Minstrelsy" supplied the demand of the Scottish market. English taste had not been sufficiently awakened to the merits of such rough rude verses; the second edition proved, in the language of the trade, rather a heavy concern. "That, for many years, the "Minstrelsy" had not penetrated farther than the antiquarian circles in England I can bear witness. In 1810, I think, I chanced to be dining in Carlisle when a bet was made concerning some debateable Border story; I appealed to the "Minstrelsy;" the work was sought for among the booksellers, some had not heard of it, and none had it. We decided who was right by referring to the landlord, who declared for both sides, like a sensible Border vintner.

The history of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" the poet has himself related; he is speaking of the difficulty which he felt in finding a subject which might admit of being treated with the simplicity and wildness of the ancient ballad. "Accident," he says, "dictated both a theme and measure which decided the subject as well as the structure of the poem. The lovely young Countess of Dalkeith had come to the land of her husband with a desire of

making herself acquainted with its traditions and customs. All who remember this lady will agree that the intellectual character of her extreme beauty, the amenity and courtesy of her manners, the soundness of her understanding, and her unbounded benevolence, gave more the idea of an angelic visitant than of a being belonging to this nether world. She soon heard enough of Border lore; among others Mr. Beattie of Mickledale, near Langholm, communicated to her Ladyship the story of "Gilpin Horner," a translation, in which the narrator, and many more of that country, were firm believers. The young Countess, much delighted with the legend, and the gravity and full confidence with which it was told, enjoined it on me as a task to compose a ballad on the subject. Of course to hear was to obey, and thus the goblin story, objected by several critics as an excrescence upon the poem, was, in fact, the occasion of its being written. Being provided with a subject, accident supplied him with the measure. Dr. Stoddart, a gentleman of fine taste in poetry, at that time travelling in Scotland, repeated a part of the "Christabel" of Coleridge, which, from the singularly irregular structure of the stanzas, and the liberty which it allowed the author to adapt the sound to the sense, seemed to be exactly suited to such an extravaganza, as I meditated on the subject of Gilpin Horner."

Had not the pen of Scott himself traced the words I have quoted, I should have hesitated to give credence to this account of the origin of the measure of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." All who are acquainted with the rude legendary poetry of our ancestors, are aware that something of the same wild irregularity occurs in the structure of many of the stanzas—nay, that it had been employed by divers poets, living and dead, whose names are known, and, what is more to the point, had been resorted to by Scott himself in his sufficiently wild ballad of the "Eve of St. John." It is probable enough, that the "singularly wild and beautiful Christabel" induced Scott to string his harp anew with emulating vigour; my belief can go no farther, till I can forget the ballads of Scotland and England, and the works of Hall, Anstey, Wolcot and of Sir Walter himself. Moreover, had the measure of the "Thalaba" of Southey no influence? a poem original, beautiful, and at that time in print. Sir Walter, however, knows best; and I mean to insinuate no more than that he was unwittingly under earlier influences when he was kneeling at the shrine of Christabel. A whole year elapsed before the poet obeyed the injunctions of the Countess of Dalkeith. He then composed several stanzas, and, receiving one morning a visit from two friends of learning and talent, read them aloud, and desired their opinion. Now it is not unwise to ask the opinions of friends concerning works of genius; but I hold it desperately unwise to follow them. All productions of an original nature

are startling to men whose notions and tastes are formed from works of a totally differing character; they look upon every change of style as a departure from the settled principles of taste, and on every innovation in the handling of a subject, as a direct insult to the established opinions of the learned and the critical. They hold, that if poets made critics in the early and barbarous ages, critics in the enlightened ages which followed were quits, by making poets in return. They should study the old saying, "Ilka man wears his ain pelt his ain gate," and allow all works of genius, which are true to nature, to be right in taste.

Had these "criticstwain" foreseen that the verses at which they shook their sagacious heads would not only become popular, but descend with applause to posterity, they doubtless would have exclaimed, "Bravo! go on, Scott, go on!" but they thought only of their different sound, compared with other men's verses; so they looked the words which the Scotch philosopher uttered, when invited to dine on stewed snails—"Damned green—damned green!" and so vanished, while the verses—Sir Walter, I am afraid thy temper, so serene now, was hasty in thy youth—the verses were thrown into the fire. But, put not thy faith in critics, should be the motto of all men of genius—lo! on the third day, one of the "twain" returned, inquired for the interesting verses, entered into a friendly expostulation on hearing their fate, said that neither himself nor his companion could judge at once of lines so much out of the beaten road of song, and concluded by earnestly urging the completion of the poem. The poem was accordingly completed—an introduction was added, one of the finest ever written, to enable the common reader to comprehend the story, and in order either to mollify the severity of criticism—the Edinburgh Review was then holding authors in order with its hangman's whip—or from a singular diffidence in the author, the work was shown to many critical friends, and, amongst others, to Francis Jeffrey, who was pleased to nod approbation, and say, "Print it." Archibald Constable set his press to work, and "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" appeared early in the year 1805.

Rivals of no common power were at that time with all their forces in the field. Campbell had produced his "Pleasures of Hope," and some of those lesser inimitable poems, which can never die. Wordsworth had shown unrivalled skill in awaking poetry of the deepest kind from subjects of common occurrence. Coleridge was living on the reputation of the "Ancient Mariner" in print, and "Christabel" in manuscript; and Southey had sent his name over Europe in the "Joan of Arc" and "Thalaba the Destroyer." It is true, that upon these poets, with the exception of Campbell—who was a favourite—the Edinburgh Review had poured forth its satire, its invective, and its venom; but though, no doubt, the sale of

the works of those distinguished poets had been much injured by such poisonous criticisms, still they had made their way to thousands of bosoms, and might be considered as serious rivals to any new candidate who should appear in the field. Yet a moment's consideration will satisfy any one that the author of "The Lay" had nothing to fear. His poem was, in fact, an appeal from the critical pedantry and affectation of mankind to national feeling, national taste, and, if you will, to national prejudices. The rapture with which I first read it, I had never before experienced in any work of genius—a Borderer myself, I was familiar from my cradle with similar traditions, similar supernatural stories, and similar acts of daring or heroism. But then the allurements of glowing verse gave such increase of glory to those rude legends, that they became with me irresistible. I carried the poem to a quiet room, and, whether I am believed or not I assert that I read it twice fairly through before I rose from my seat. The fame of the work spread far and wide—edition was added to edition—it was praised and read by peer and peasant, and critics hinted about the revival of the fire of Homer, and admonished the poet to refine, and polish, and prepare for a higher and more equal flight. "It would be affectation," says the illustrious author, writing five-and-twenty years afterwards, "not to own frankly that the author expected some success from 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel.' The attempt to return to a more simple and natural style of poetry was likely to be welcomed at a time when the public had become tired of heroic hexameters, with all the buckram and binding which belong to them of later days. But whatever might have been his expectations, whether moderate or reasonable, the result left them far behind."

His second work was "Marmion." If the legend of the booksellers' shops be true, Scott had neglected to smooth the raven down of criticism till it smiled—in other words, the imprimatur of Jeffrey had not been obtained, and the "toothy critic" was displeased. He accordingly penned a criticism, sufficiently severe and captious, and with the proof-sheet in his pocket, sat down at the dinner-table of the poet, and laid his audacious article before his friend. Scott, it is said, nodded his head, saying in a low tone—"Very well—very well"—and was in the act of returning it to the critic, when Mrs. Scott—whom the courteous manner of her husband had not deceived—snatched it up, and running over the article, with a glowing face, said, as she threw it back—"I wonder at the hardihood which penned such a criticism, and more at the boldness of bringing it to this table." The criticism, though its tone was friendly in many places, did nothing like justice to the great merits of the poem, and dwelt with relentless severity upon passages, where haste or carelessness, real or imaginary, were perceived. Now there is no long

poem, nor can there be a long poem, without passages of little moment, which, like cement in palaces, unite the other richer materials together. The tree of the fancy, as well as an ordinary fruit-tree, must condescend to bear leaves as well as fruit; the most magnificent structure in architecture cannot be wholly made of capitals and columns; nor should the most eloquent speech at either bar or senate be composed of nothing but snatches of brilliant wit, or sallies of imagination. The heroes of Homer eat fully and frequently, and his goddesses scold and talk scandal; for the business of life must go on. There are men who think his dinners are the best parts of his poem; and I have heard of a lady, who studied the courtesies of domestic life from the social bickerings between Juno and her lord. It is charitable to suppose, that Jeffrey would have refrained from being so severe on "Marmion," had he known, what was then not publicly known, that the poem was hurried into existence, that the thousand pounds which it brought might be applied in aiding a near and dear relative in his unmerited distresses. Lord Byron was less merciful. He saw something so heinous in the circumstance of a bookseller giving a popular author a thousand pounds for a poem, that he included Scott in his sharp satire, called "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." Adverting to this, Sir Walter says in one of his many prefaces, I never could conceive how an arrangement between an author and his publishers, if satisfactory to the persons concerned, could afford matter of censure to any third party; I had taken no unusual or ungenerous means of enhancing the value of my merchandise; I had never higgled a moment about the bargain, but accepted at once what I considered the handsome offer of my publishers."

Amid much censure, and far more praise, "Marmion" rose at once into popularity. The structure of verse was borrowed, or rather formed upon that of the metrical romances, so was the mode of the narrative; but he added to those wild legends clearness, character and strength. He found the minstrel lore of his country feeble, rambling, and confused, and breathed a freer spirit into it, bestowed life and speech, and a form at once durable and splendid. His pictures of romantic loveliness and domestic beauty are only rivalled by his martial scenes. I know of no battle in ancient or modern song to compare with that of Flodden-field. The whirlwind of action, and the varied vicissitudes of a heady and desperate fight, are there—yet not one word is said inconsistent with history; he has imposed his own ideal scene upon us for the reality of truth. From the moment that Surrey passes the river, till the close of the catastrophe, the reader has no command over himself, but is hurried here and there at the will of the enchanter. He charges with Home and with Gordon; snatches with the fiery Blount the banner of Marmion from

the ground; aids Fitz Eustace in bearing his wounded lord from the press of Scottish spears; charges with Stanley; changes sides, and, spear in hand, makes good the desperate ring which protected the wounded King of Scotland. There is a spell upon the reader. Every character and scene is invested with something so natural and national, so original and so peculiar, while the whole is emblazoned with Scotland—Scotland; the rough-bearded thistle and the warning Latin legend represent her no better. This I reckon a great beauty; the voice of a poet should be the echo of that of his country—the cry of a young eagle resembles not that of the crow, nor the voice of the raven the note of the nightingale. Few of the poets have stamped their native land so effectually on their works as Sir Walter Scott has, and few have enjoyed a wider or more merited popularity. In three years were sold thirty thousand copies of the “Lay of the Last Minstrel;” and up to the year 1825, no less than thirty-six thousand copies of “Marmion” were circulated.

During the sittings of the Court of Session, where Scott by a severe servitude had secured the situation of chief-clerk, he lived in North-Castle-street, in the New Town of Edinburgh; and during the recess of the Court, he retired to a romantic house at Ashiesteel on the Tweed, from which place the beautiful introductions prefixed to “Marmion” are dated. I have reason to remember his house in North-Castle-street; for various pilgrimages I made before it with the hope of seeing the poet, and though I was gratified at last, I did not succeed till I had in a manner become familiarly acquainted with almost every stone which composed the front of the building. My wanderings, too, were attended with something like an adventure. I have said that the “Lay of the Last Minstrel” re-echoed my own Border feelings. “Marmion” had a stronger influence still; I resolved to see with my own eyes the man who had contributed so much to my happiness. I did not know a soul in Edinburgh who could introduce me, or rather I had such a sense of my own unworthiness, as compared to so great a poet, that I did not desire an introduction, but strove to see him and peruse his face without being put to the torture of conversation—I could have faced a battery sooner. On the second or third day of my pilgrimage, I had passed and repassed before the house several times, when, to my surprise, a lady looked out at window in the adjoining house, and calling me by name, desired a servant to open the door and let me in. This was a person of some consideration in my native place, who was residing there with her family, and to whom I was slightly known. “I saw you,” she said, “walking up and down, and thought you might as well spend your time here as waste it in the street.”—“I was not exactly wasting it,” I answered: “I am come to Edinburgh to see Walter Scott, and as he

lives here, I hoped to see him as he goes into his own house.”—“This is an affair of poetry, then, I find,” said the lady with a smile: “I cannot help you in it, for I have not the honour of his acquaintance, though his neighbour; but you shall see him nevertheless, for this is about his time of coming home—and here he is!”—“What!” I said, “that tall, stalwart man, with the staff in his hand, and —?”—“The same, the same!” answered my friend, laying her hand on my arm: “speak softly. Why, I protest, he is coming here!” Scott passed his own door, and—the houses of Edinburgh, it must be borne in mind, are as like each other as bricks—walked up the steps of that in which I was, and announced himself with the knocker. He was instantly admitted. He was in some poetic levior or other, and had made a mistake; he no sooner saw the bonnets of three or four boys on the pegs where he was about to hang his hat, than he said loud enough for us to hear him, “Hey-dey! here’s our mony bairns’ bonnets for the house to be mine!” and apologizing to the servant, withdrew hastily.

I afterwards learned that he was busied at that time with the “Lady of the Lake,” one of the most regular, and equal, and fascinating of his poems. His own account of the conception and composing of it is exceedingly interesting:—“A lady to whom I was nearly related, and with whom I lived during her whole life on the most brotherly terms of affection, was residing with me during the time the work was in progress, and used to ask me what I could possibly do to rise so early in the morning; that happening to be the most convenient time to me for composition. At last I told her the subject of my meditations, and I can never forget the anxiety and affection expressed in her reply. ‘Do not be so rash,’ she said, ‘my dearest cousin. You are already popular, more so perhaps than you yourself will believe, or than even I or other partial friends can fairly allow to your merit. You stand high; do not rashly attempt to climb higher, and incur the risk of a fall; for, depend upon it, a favourite will not be allowed to stumble with impunity.’” The first canto of the poem dispersed the fears of the affectionate monitor; she retracted her judgment, and entreated him to go on. A critic of another stamp was consulted, a man, says Scott, of warm poetic feeling and fine understanding, and of an imperfect education. To this auxiliary the first canto was read. “He placed,” says my authority, “his hand across his brow, and listened with great attention through the whole account of the stag-hunt, till the dogs throw themselves into the lake to follow their master, who embarks with Ellen Douglas. He started up with a sudden exclamation, struck his hand on the table, and declared in a voice of censure calculated for the occasion, that the dogs must have been totally ruined by being permitted to take the water after such a severe

chase." The poet owned that he felt encouraged and comforted by the way in which the story had impressed his auditor into a belief of its reality.

This poem made its appearance in 1810, and was beyond all example successful, and most deservedly so; the story was more regular and consistent than the story of either "The Lay" or of "Marmion;" a deeper dash of chivalry was infused into it, while the incidents were equally heroic and enchainning, and moreover the whole had a touch of the tartan—a certain Highland wildness, which was as touching as it was new. Edition followed edition, criticism was either mute or laudatory—the man who could not quote the choicest passages was scarcely reckoned well-bred, and the booksellers envied Constable the possession of a poet at once so popular and prolific. The only person who seems not to have believed in the altitude of the star of Scott was the poet himself. "As the celebrated John Wilkes," observes the bard, in one of his latter prefaces, "is said to have explained to his Majesty that he himself, amid his full tide of popularity, was never a Wilkite, so I can with honest truth exculpate myself from having been at any time a partisan of my own poetry, even when it was in the height of fashion with the million. It must not be supposed that I was either so ungrateful or superabundantly candid as to despise or scorn the value of those whose voice had elevated me so much higher than my own opinion told me I deserved. I felt, on the contrary, more grateful to the public, as receiving that from partiality to me which I could not have claimed from merit." It is exceedingly difficult for an author to be the gauge of his own genius, and decide when he is popular to the point of his deservings. If Scott believes that his poetry is less popular than when it was first published, from the circumstance of the sale being less, he should consider that thirty or forty thousand copies have supplied the demand of many libraries—that, like a dextrous cook, he has appeased an enormous appetite, and cannot force the public to continue to eat, unless it were under a spell, such as affected Dominie Samson when Meg Merrilies presented her ladle full of soup crying, "Gape, sinner, and swallow!"

I suspect the eminent minstrel imagines himself a greater novelist than poet, and seeks to console himself for this eclipse of his muse by thinking of his works in prose. I mean neither to dispute his judgment, nor call in question the public taste, but I sincerely believe that a dozen writers might be found capable of approaching him in prose for one fit to cope with him in verse. What living man can hope to rival the fiery rapidity of his battle scenes, or that singular power which he possesses of interweaving the actions, and motives, and characters of men with the web of his narrative. In romance rhyme he is fairly unrival-

led; then why are his romances in verse less popular than his romances in prose? Marry for a sufficient reason! Poetry requires a certain elevation of style and purity of character, which lift it a little above the ordinary sympathies of mankind—it rejects the grosser materials of life, and holds no communion with such spirits as the Dandie Dinmonts, the Sir Dugald Dalgettys, and the Andrew Fairfairs of the Waverley Novels. Thersites, indeed, plays the bully in Homer, and Blount is a sworn horse-racer in Scott; but such characters as these appear but for a moment, and mingle not necessarily with the texture of the story, while in "Guy Mannering," and "Rob Roy," and the "Legend of Montrose," the gross characters we have named are part of the life and soul of the respective tales. Thus in the lower regions of prose, being enabled to be more dramatic and more lively, ten thousand associations are awakened which poetry can never hope to move. The knaveries of Falstaff are reckoned by a million of men superior to the fiery heroism of Percy; and ten thousand will laugh at the humorous and concentrated selfishness of the grave-digger in "The Bride of Lammermoor," where ten will admire the doomed, and stern, and heroic Ravenswood. It required higher qualities, in my opinion, to write the last canto of "Marmion," than to compose any two chapters in all the inimitable Waverley novels.

In those fine prefaces which Scott has lately prefixed to his poems, he says plainly that his popularity was at its height with the "Lady of the Lake," and that it waned with "Rokeby" and the "Lord of the Isles." This he attributes to a certain monotony of style in his works, and also to the appearance of a new candidate in the field of fame. But civil war and domestic bloodshed—and "Rokeby" involved both—are unsuitable for poetry. We cannot well become hearty partisans, where brothers are ranked up on both sides with swords in their hands, and mothers are running about with dishevelled hair. Yet Bertram and the Vagabond Minstrel are two of the most original characters which he has drawn. They step down, it is true, from their heroic elevation a little, and approach nearer the commoner realities of life, thereby resembling more the pictures of men in his prose romances. In the "Lord of the Isles," the poet has done his best to give a true image of one of the most heroic and wise kings that ever blessed a people; nor has he failed; he is on the contrary eminently successful—then why is the poem not popular? I answer thus—more was expected from the fine subject than a poet could well perform. To the public imagination, a work of a grandeur and more lofty character appeared; with this, the "Lord of the Isles" was measured, and found wanting. Nor was this all. The story of "The Bruce" was familiar as scripture to the lips of the multitude; the people knew every legend concerning him—every ac-

tion of his life was registered in their memories, nor had they refrained from embellishing the events of his heroic career with all the splendours of fiction. The image of the royal chief was standing magnified in the popular eye to colossal dimensions, and the poet could do little more than put a garland on his brow. There was nothing new to be told, and thus one of the chief sources of wonder and delight was consequently dried up. There are, nevertheless, many scenes of surpassing spirit and beauty. Bruce, with his brother and sister, driven by storm to the unfriendly castle of the highland Earl—the page's dream, and death in the cavern—the supernatural beacon, which lighted Bruce to Turnberry castle, and the battle of Bannockburn itself, are passages worthy of any age and any poet.

When Sir Walter Scott said that a mighty and unexpected rival was advancing on the stage—a rival not in poetical powers only, but in that of attracting popularity—he alluded to Lord Byron, and to the appearance of "Childe Harold."—"I was astonished," he says, "at the power evinced by that work, which neither the 'Hours of Idleness,' nor the 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' had prepared me to expect from its author. There was a depth in his thought, an eager abundance in his diction, which argued full confidence in the inexhaustible resources of which he felt himself possessed: and there was some appearance of that labour of the file, which indicates that the author is conscious of the necessity of doing every justice to his work, that it may pass warrant. Lord Byron was also a traveller—a man whose ideas were fired by having seen, in distant scenes of difficulty and danger, the places whose very names are recorded in our bosoms as the shrines of ancient poetry." All this is just and true, and shows the fine, frank, manly spirit of Sir Walter concerning a satirist, who made a stab at him foully; but I imagine the same result would have happened regarding "Rokeby," and "The Lord of the Isles," had Byron never appeared. The public—a monster, which expects that every new morsel presented to its ravenous mouth should be better seasoned and richer than the last—instead of exclaiming, like the witch in Macbeth, "Give me!" or, like the giant in Homer, when tipping charmed wine with Ulysses—

"More!—give me more!—this is divine!"

closed its appeased lips, and refused to swallow, though the viands were choice and wholesome. Now, the drugged and spiced "hickery-pickery"—(a capital compound from Scott)—of the noble Bard came like a well-devilled limb of a fowl, a curried lark, or an anchovy toast, to awaken an appetite, and make men gape for wine. Nor is the comparison so far from the mark. Scott had given us a full feast on the proper dishes of our isle—of beef, of venison, of heron-shew and crane, and cygnet from St. Mary's Lake: we had nearly enough,

when came Byron with his supplementary course of made-dishes from the isles of Greece and Turkey-land, and we accordingly ate, like the Civic authority in Hogarth's "Election Dinner," till nigh fainting. Be all that as it may, Scott imagined himself jostled from his popular station by the peer. "I declined," he said, "as a poet, to figure as a novelist."

I come now to the prose romances and novels of this most voluminous of all British writers. In these words he describes the sort of works to which he addressed his fancy. "A romance is a fictitious narrative, in prose or verse, the interest of which turns upon marvellous or uncommon incidents; and a novel is a fictitious narrative, wherein the events are accommodated to the ordinary train of human occurrences, and the modern state of society." There is a secret in the history of the composition of these works, not as yet, I believe, fully revealed, which will go far to show that they were not the consequence of Byron's appearance and popularity, but rather came unbidden from the overflowing fulness of Scott's own mind, and that at an early period. During the year in which "Marmion" was published, I was told, by one who had the means of knowing, that Scott was busied with a work, the scenes of which were laid in the Rebellion of 1745, and that considerable progress was made. If I remember right, the author, in one of his numerous prefaces, in alluding to the origin of "Waverley," claims a period for its composition previous to the appearance of "The Cottagers of Glenburnie." There can be little doubt that a portion of the series was written before the outburst of "Childe Harold." Scott, therefore, only laid aside his shield and spear, and dismounted from his barbed steed, to undertake, like an ordinary mortal, a less heroic adventure. For seven years and more he had been the darling poet of the nation; he was now to achieve a wider but not a higher fame, by becoming the first novelist of the land, either living or dead.

His domestic history merits our notice as much as the history of his works; for no author has borne his fortunes more meekly, or displayed less of that intellectual pride, which is only more endurable than the pride of wealth from having the show of a reasonable foundation. He had been long a husband and a father—and a most affectionate one—and by a life of regularity and temperance had shown that he despised that wild power said to be claimed by genius, of dispensing with the courtesies of social intercourse and the soberer decencies of life. Poetry had aided, too, in another matter: a gentleman by birth; paternally allied to the noble house of Buccleugh, and maternally descended from that of Sir Allan Swinton who slew the Duke of Clarence in the battle of Beaugue, his fortune was nevertheless but small: the dew, however, fell upon the Muses' fleece, and men and critics stared when the poet purchased some hundreds of acres of

land on the pleasant banks of the Tweed, near Melrose, and began to build that singular house, since known far and near by the name of Abbotsford. For what he did and felt on this event, take his own account:—"With the satisfaction of having attained the fulfilment of an early and long-cherished hope, I commenced my improvements, as delightful in their progress as those of the child who first makes a dress for a new doll. The nakedness of the land was in time hidden by woodlands of considerable extent; the smallest of possible cottages was progressively expanded into a sort of dream of a mansion-house, whimsical in the exterior, but convenient within. Nor did I forget what is the natural pleasure of every man who has been a reader—I mean the filling the shelves of a tolerably large library. All these objects I kept in view, to be executed as convenience should serve; and although I knew many years must elapse before they could be attained, I was of a disposition to comfort myself with the Spanish proverb, 'Time and I against thee.'" He still continued his residence in Castle-street, Edinburgh; and though he made an occasional tour to the Highlands—or presided at Selkirk, of which district he was made Sheriff—or visited some romantic glen, such as Creehope, where John Balfour fought the Devil, he was generally to be found at home, and often in the midst of very charming company.

The new French rebellion, three hundred thousand strong, did not break out more suddenly, or perplex monarchs more, than did the tale of "Waverley," when, in the year 1814, it came to delight the country, and puzzle and confound criticism. Who he could be that had done this deed without a name, all inquired, yet no man knew—the newspapers were filled with quotations and conjectures—the reviews followed, but with a caution which deserves description. Turn over the pages of all those works, quarterly, monthly, weekly, and daily, and the universal note is, "This is a clever work—an unique thing—full of faults and beauties—contains some striking descriptions—has a few pleasing dialogues—some pretensions to local humour—is not unworthy of Miss Edgeworth, &c. &c." God save the poor men; they could not see, nor could they feel, the beauties—scattered as thick as the leaves in the brooks at autumn—which studded every page. They heard the loud praise of a hundred thousand tongues, and could not distinguish whether it were the random hurra of an ignorant mob, or the considerate and settled approbation of the vast body of the people, who had snapped like reeds the chains forged round them by criticism, and were thinking for themselves. Each critic stared like a bewildered phrenologist, when he extends his fingers to the capacious forehead of a stranger, and is afraid to say what the developments mean, till some one tells him, by signs, that he is a poet, and a distinguished one. In like man-

ner, the critics groped their way—their applause of "Waverley" was feeble—that of "Guy Mannering" a little stronger—"The Antiquary" caused a shaking of some heads, he was thought inferior to "Waverley," but then "Waverley," having two years' fame on him, could be safely praised: they accordingly laid it on with a trowel. "Rob Roy" came next, "Old Mortality" followed, and then "The Bride of Lammermoor:" the country—I may say the civilized world—was ringing from centre to circumference with the applause of those masterly works. Criticism alone was captious, querulous, and ill to please. I can make the charge good if called upon: it is sufficient to say, that to every successive work—some better than "Waverley," and some worse—the usual outcry of criticism was, that the author was huddling up his plots too much—was growing careless in the conduct of his narratives, and regardless, withal, of public taste. "Waverley," and "Guy Mannering," whose beauties those gentlemen had not been able to taste at first, now became to them as good wine—the better for being old; they rose in the mercury of their admiration at the rate of ten degrees in the year, while all the later works, as compared to their elder brethren, were treated as humbler compositions. This shows the worth of contemporary criticism—the ludicrous spleen, and judgment not grown to man's estate, of some who set themselves up as the guides of public taste, and "the glass of fashion and the mould of form" to this believing age.

Nor was this all. He was accused of poisoning the pure fountains of historic truth, and a vehement outcry was raised against him, because of his picture of the Cameronians. To be true to human nature, and give the proper light and shade of the times in which the scenes are laid, seems enough for a work of fiction; and more was never asked, till it was demanded from the author of Waverley. It was his own fault; his characters are in every respect so essentially human, that we cannot look at them as airy forms, in which fiction deals. We believe as surely that Fergus Mac Ivor fought at Preston-Pans, as that Sir John Cope was defeated there; we are, moreover, certain of having in our youth conversed on the subject of the dog Tobit with the second son of Gifted Gilfillan; and of this we are sure, when attending the divinity classes in Edinburgh, we were lodged with the daughter of Mrs. Flockhart, and saw the bonnet and plume of the Vich Ian Vohr. The author has paid the penalty for dealing in such exact similitudes—a charge which cannot consistently be brought against any other living novelist. In what way he has misrepresented the Cameronians, I cannot conceive. Was John Balfour a worthier man than he has made him? Were their preachers wiser than Kettlecrumple, or more eloquent than Macbriar? and did they fight better than Henry Morton? Let those

who have read, as I have done, the whole literary works of the "Broken Remnant," from the "Cloud of Witnesses" to the "Prophecies of the Reverend Alexander Peden," explain in what point they are misrepresented in "Old Mortality." In fact, they were not so wise, and they were a little more mad; and that is all. The name of Dalzell has more cause for complaint; but none has been preferred. It would be superfluous to continue the list of his prose works; they are numerous; but they are in all people's hands, and censure or praise would come equally late. He has triumphed over every difficulty of subject, place, or time—exhibited characters humble and high, cowardly and brave, selfish and generous, vulgar and polished, and is at home in them all. I was present one evening, when Coleridge, in a long and eloquent harangue, accused the author of Waverley of treason against Nature, in not drawing his characters after the fashion of Shakspeare, but in a manner of his own. This, without being meant, was the highest praise Scott could well receive. Perhaps the finest compliment ever paid him, was at the time of the late coronation, I think. The streets were crowded so densely, that he could not make his way from Charing-cross down to Rose's in Abingdon Street, though he elbowed ever so stoutly. He applied for help to a serjeant of the Scotch Greys, whose regiment lined the streets. "Countryman," said the soldier, "I am sorry I cannot help you," and made no exertion. Scott whispered his name—the blood rushed to the soldier's brow—he raised his bridle-hand, and exclaimed—"Then, by G—d, sir, you shall go down—Corporal Gordon, here—see this gentleman safely to Abingdon Street, come what will!" It is needless to say how well the order was obeyed.

I have related how I travelled to Edinburgh to see Scott, and how curiously my wishes were fulfilled; years rolled on, and when he came to London to be knighted, I was not so undistinguished as to be unknown to him by name, or to be thought unworthy of his acquaintance. I was given to understand, from what his own Ailie Gourlay calls a sure hand, that a call from me was expected, and that I would be well received. I went to his lodgings in Piccadilly with much of the same palpitation of heart which Boswell experienced when introduced to Johnson. I was welcomed with both hands, and such kind, and even complimentary words, that confusion and fear alike forsook me. When I saw him in Edinburgh, he was in the very pith and flush of life—even in my opinion a thought more fat than bard beseeems; when I looked on him now, thirteen years had not passed over him and left no mark behind: his hair was growing thin and grey; the stamp of years and study was on his brow: he told me he had suffered much lately from ill-health, and that he once doubted of recovery. His eldest son, a tall, handsome youth—now a Major in the army—

was with him. From that time, till he left London, I was frequently in his company. He spoke of my pursuits and prospects in life with interest and with feeling—of my little attempts in verse and prose with a knowledge that he had read them carefully—offered to help me to such information as I should require, and even mentioned a subject in which he thought I could appear to advantage. "If you try your hand on a story," he observed, "I would advise you to prepare a kind of skeleton, and when you have pleased yourself with the line of narrative, you may then leisurely clothe it with flesh and blood." Some years afterwards, I reminded him of this advice. "Did you follow it?" he inquired. "I tried," I said; "but I had not gone far on the road till some confounded Will-o'-wisp came in and dazzled my sight, so that I deviated from the path and never found it again."—"It is the same way with myself," said he, smiling; "I form my plan, and then I deviate."—"Ay, ay," I replied, "I understand—we both deviate—but you deviate into excellence, and I into absurdity."

I have seen many distinguished poets, Burns, Byron, Southey, Wordsworth, Campbell, Rogers, Wilson, Crabbe, and Coleridge; but, with the exception of Burns, Scott, for personal vigour, surpasses them all. Burns was, indeed, a powerful man, and Wilson is celebrated for feats of strength and agility; I think, however, the stalworth frame, the long nervous arms, and well-knit joints of Scott are worthy of the best days of the Border, and would have gained him distinction at the foray which followed the feast of spurs. On one occasion he talked of his ancestry, Sir Thomas Lawrence, I think, was present. One of his forefathers, if my memory is just, sided with the Parliament in the Civil War, and the family estate suffered curtailment in consequence. To make amends, however, his son, resolving not to commit the error of his father, joined the Pretender, and with his brother was engaged in that unfortunate adventure which ended in a skirmish and captivity at Preston in 1715. It was the fashion of those times for all persons of the rank of gentlemen to wear scarlet waistcoats—a ball had struck one of the brothers and carried a part of this dress into his body; it was also the practice to strip the captives. Thus wounded, and nearly naked, having only a shirt on and an old sack about him, the ancestor of the great poet was sitting along with his brother and an hundred and fifty unfortunate gentlemen in a granary at Preston. The wounded man fell sick, as the story goes, and vomited the scarlet which the ball had forced into the wound. "L—d, Wattie!" cried his brother, "if you have got a wardrobe in your wame, I wish ye would bring me a pair of breeks, for I have meikle need of them." The wound healed—I know not whether he was one of those fortunate men who mastered the guard at Newgate, and escaped to the Continent.

The mystery which hung so long over the

authorship of the *Waverley Novels*, was cleared up by a misfortune which all the world deplores, and which would have crushed any other spirit save that of Scott. This stroke of evil fortune did not, perhaps, come quite unexpected; it was, however, unavoidable, and it arose from no mismanagement or miscalculation of his own, unless I may consider—which I do not—his embarking in the hazards of a printing-house, a piece of miscalculation. It is said, that he received warnings: the paper of Constable the bookseller, or, to speak plainer, long money-bills were much in circulation; one of them, for a large sum, made its appearance in the Bank of Scotland, with Scott's name upon it, and a Secretary sent for Sir Walter. "Do you know," said he, "that Constable has many such bills abroad—Sir Walter, I warn you."—"Well," answered Sir Walter, "it is, perhaps, as you say, and I thank you: but (raising his voice) Archie Constable was a good friend to me when friends were rarer than now, and I will not see him balked for the sake of a few thousand pounds." The amount of the sum for which Scott, on the failure of Constable, became responsible, I have heard various accounts of—varying from fifty to seventy thousand pounds. Some generous and wealthy person sent him a blank check, properly signed, upon the Bank, desiring him to fill in the sum, and relieve himself; but he returned it, with proper acknowledgements. He took, as it were, the debt upon himself, as a loan, the whole payable, with interest, in ten years; and to work he went, with head, and heart, and hand, to amend his broken fortunes. I had several letters from him during these disastrous days; the language was cheerful, and there were no allusions to what had happened. It is true, there was no occasion for him to mention these occurrences to me: all that he said about them was, "I miss my daughter, Mrs. Lockhart, who used to sing to me—I have some need of her now." No general, after a bloody and disastrous battle, ever set about preparing himself for a more successful contest than did this distinguished man. Work succeeded work with unheard of rapidity; the chief of which was "*The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*," in nine volumes—a production of singular power, and an almost perfect work, with the exception of the parts which treat of the French Revolution, and the captivity of the great prisoner. I had the curiosity, on seeing one of the reviews praising Hazlitt's description of the Battle of the Pyramids, to turn to the account of Scott. I need not say which was best; Scott's was like the sounding of a trumpet. The present cheap and truly elegant edition of the works of the Author of "*Waverley*," has, with its deservedly unrivalled sale, relieved the poet from his difficulties, and the cloud which hung so long over the towers of Abbotsford has given place to sunshine.

Of Abbotsford itself, the best description ever given, at least the briefest was, "A Ro-

mance in stone and lime." It is a Gothic structure, of irregular form, with towers, and pinnacles, and battlements—plenty of variety without, and abundance of accommodation within—the fair Tweed running beside it; the magnificent ruins of Melrose rising at no great distance; while the Eildon hills, clove in three by the magic of Old Michael, are in the neighbourhood. All around, too, lie battle-fields, and hills, and streams, renowned in song and story. In the interior, there is a fine armoury, exhibiting all kinds of old Scottish mail and weapons; and a splendid library, of which one curious corner contains three or four hundred strange volumes on witchcraft and demonology. A marble bust, by Chantrey, of Scott himself—a present from the artist—stands in the library. All the nations of the earth are by this time acquainted with this fine work of art—two thousand were surreptitiously shipped to America, and fifteen hundred to the West Indies, during one year, and multitudes to other parts of the world. It would require a volume to describe all the curiosities, ancient and modern, living and dead, which are here gathered together. I say living, because a menagerie might be formed out of birds and beasts, sent as presents from distant lands. A friend told me he was at Abbotsford one evening, when a servant announced, "A present from"—I forget what chieftain in the North. "Bring it in" said the poet. The sound of strange feet were soon heard, and in came two beautiful Shetland ponies, with long manes and uncut tails, and so small, that they might have been sent to Elfland to the Queen of the Fairies herself. One poor Scotsman, to show his gratitude for some kindness Scott, as Sheriff, had shown him, sent two kangaroos from New Holland; and Washington Irving lately told me, that some Spaniard or other, having caught two young wild Andalusian boars, consulted him how he might have them sent to the Author of "*The Vision of Don Roderick*."

This distinguished poet and novelist is now some sixty years old—hale, fresh, and vigorous, with his imagination as bright, and his conceptions as clear and graphic, as ever. I have now before me a dozen or fifteen volumes of his poetry, including his latest—"Halidon Hill," one of the most heroically-touching poems of modern times—and somewhere about eighty volumes of his prose: his letters, were they collected, would amount to fifty volumes more. Some authors—though not in this land—have been even more prolific; but their progeny were ill-formed at their birth, and could never walk alone; whereas the mental offspring of our illustrious countryman came healthy and vigorous into the world, and promise long to continue. To vary the metaphor—the tree of some other men's fancy bears fruit at the rate of a pint of apples to a peck of erabs; whereas the tree of the great magician bears the sweetest fruit—large and red-cheeked—fair to look upon, and right pleasant to the

taste. I shall conclude with the words of Sir Walter, which no man can contradict, and which many can attest: "I never refused a literary person of merit such services in smoothing his way to the public as were in my power; and I had the advantage—rather an uncommon one with our irritable race—to enjoy general favour, without incurring permanent ill-will, so far as is known to me, among any of my contemporaries." C.

From the Athenæum.

ANTEDILUVIAN SKETCHES, &c.

BY RICHARD HOWITT.

THE Howitts, Mary and William—doubly linked to each other, by the hymeneal bonds, and a happy congeniality of pure poetical taste—are favourites with us. They rank among the few who write much and write well. The volume before us, from the pen of their brother, is pleasantly free from all pretension—the besetting evil of the times. The poet seems to have written it without thinking of what his compeers call the "curse of criticism." Thence, perhaps, his verses are natural and graceful, flowing freely from the deep fountain of his feelings.

Mr. Richard Howitt has a fine taste for nature in all her simplicity. "There is," said Shelley, "an eloquence in the tongueless wind and a melody in the flowing brooks, and the rustling of the reeds beside them, which, by their inconceivable relation to something within the soul, awaken the spirits to dance in breathless rapture, and bring tears of mysterious tenderness to the eyes, like the enthusiasm of patriotic success, or the voice of one beloved singing to you alone!" Nature must be studied, like a book, if we would paint her bright and beautiful as she is. Mountain and valley, the plain, the waste, the wooded upland, the roaring cataract, the half-voiced rivulet, the mighty ocean, the gorgeous splendour of the heavens, must be to us "as the old familiar faces" which Charles Lamb (in auld lang syne) so sweetly sang of. The poet must be deep read in all the mysteries of nature. The rhymester of the drawing-room—the admired of album-possessed maidens—elaborates a fancy portrait, while the poet dashes off a life-breathing picture, which, when beheld, is instantly and delightedly recognized.

All the Howitts have this keen perception of the beauties of the natural world. They all write affectionately and unaffectedly. When their song takes a saddened tone—for the happiest hearts must sometimes indulge in "the luxury of woe"—its sadness is not morbid: their melancholy is not put on like a mask—they have always avoided the exaggerated feeling which disfigures too much of the poetry of the day.

The "Antediluvian Sketches" do not form the best portion of the volume. The sublime truths and splendid allegories of Holy Writ

stand on a high pedestal, beyond the reach of the poet. They are poetry. But the miscellaneous poems are delicate and elegant;—sometimes sunny-tinted with the rays of mirth, but often clothed in the calm beauty of softened and subdued feeling. How very exquisite is the following Song!—

Thou art lovelier than the coming
Of the fairest flowers of spring,
When the wild bee wanders humming
Like a blessed fairy thing:
Thou art lovelier than the breaking
Of orient crimsoned morn,
When the gentlest winds are shaking
The dew-drops from the thorn.

I have seen the wild flowers springing,
In wood, and field, and glen,
Where a thousand birds were singing,
And my thoughts were of thee then:
For there's nothing glad some round me,
Or beautiful to see,
Since thy beauty's spell has bound me,
But is eloquent of thee.

There is some fine language in the next little poem. In the graceful flow of its expression we are reminded of the beauty of some of the melodies of Moore:—

Go forth in the eve, when the light has grown
tender,
When the sun has gone gloriously down to
the sea,
When from clouds and from mountains is waning
the splendour,
And the shadows steal fast over woodland and
lea.

Away, in the twilight, ye lovers! away,
For the time and your hearts will have soft-
ness the same,
And the sounds which are heard in the hush of
the day,
Will awaken emotions no language may
name.

Away—ye are blessed! go forth in the dews—
Through the gloom of old groves wander on
with delight,
And your joy to the flowers shall lend delicate
hues,
Ere they shroud from your view in the sha-
dows of night.

And if, as the twilight still deepens to sadness,
A sadness o'er bosoms so blessed should steal;
O, more dear than the daylight that cometh with
gladness,
From the depth of your joy be the sadness
you feel.

Thus waters, which sparkle and foam in their
lightness,
Flow on to a depth where they rest and are
sad,
There, winning in strength, what they want of
their brightness—
So be yours the full hearts of the pensively
glad.

The stanzas "To a Marten" have much of the dignity and elegance of Mrs. Hemans';—and in "The Truant"—"The Sexton's Mare"

—"The Careless Sleeper"—and the "Village Tyrant's Funeral"—we see a good deal of the simple truth of Wordsworth's Lyrics.

The concentration of thought which the Sonnet requires is a severe but necessary schooling for the imagination. Mr. Howitt is very felicitous in those he has given. What a picture is this!—

THE SLAVE.

He was a chieftian in his native land,

A fearless hunter with the bow and spear:
Unwearied did he track the desert sand,

The lion slew he with a jovial cheer.

And now he toils beneath the summer sun

A thousand leagues from where his foot was free;

A thousand leagues from where his children run,

Who bore his bow, or clomb to share his knee.
Through the sad day he toils, but through the night

In blessed dreams he trends his native wild—

Gazes on her who was his life, his light,

And in his transport clasps each loved child.

The day must dawn—the day that bears him back

A thousand leagues—to place him on the rack!

Here we conclude. We have been so pleased with the beauty of these compositions, that we have not looked for faults. The concluding paragraph of the preface informs us, that "The Count and Princess, a story from Boccaccio, will, with other stories in verse, make its appearance hereafter." We trust the "hereafter" may be hurried on. Good poetry is worth having.

From the Musical Bijou.

THE YOUNG MATRON.

A SKETCH.

BY MRS. CORNWALL BARON WILSON.

How beautiful she look'd! as o'er her child

The youthful matron bent with tender care!

While the unconscious cherub's features smil'd,

Reflecting back his mother's graces there!

How beautiful she look'd! how more than earthly fair!

How beautiful she look'd! her pensive eye

Watching, unwearied, o'er that sleeper's form!

While on its jetty fringe, did lightly lie

A gem-like drop;—affection's tribute warm,

Bearing no stain of earth, its brightness to deform!

How more than beautiful, does Beauty seem!

What holier garb, can woman's graces wear?

Not Eve, when bending o'er her mirror-stream

In native innocence;—could look more fair

Than the Young Matron, looks, watching her infant care!

From the Monthly Magazine.

APHORISMS ON MAN.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM HAZLITT, ESQ.

Servility is a sort of bastard envy. We heap our whole stock of involuntary adulation on a single prominent figure, to have an excuse for withdrawing our notice from all other claims

(perhaps juster and more galling ones,) and in the hope of sharing a part of the applause as train-bearers.

Admiration is catching by a certain sympathy. The vain admire the vain; the morose are pleased with the morose; nay, the selfish and cunning are charmed with the tricks and meanness of which they are witnesses, and may be in turn the dupes.

Vanity is no proof of conceit. A vain man often accepts of praise as a cheap substitute for his own good opinion. He may think more highly of another, though he would be wounded to the quick if his own circle thought so. He knows the worthlessness and hollowness of the flattery to which he is accustomed, but his ear is tickled with the sound; and the effeminate in this way can no more live without the incense of applause, than the effeminate in another can live without perfumes or any other customary indulgence of the senses. Such people would rather have the applause of fools than the approbation of the wise. It is a low and shallow ambition.

It was said of some one who had contrived to make himself popular abroad by getting into *hot water*, but who proved very troublesome and ungrateful when he came home—"We thought him a very persecuted man in India"—the proper answer to which is, that there are some people who are good for nothing else but to be persecuted. They want some check to keep them in order.

It is a sort of gratuitous error in high life, that the poor are naturally thieves and beggars, just as the latter conceive that the rich are naturally proud and hard-hearted. Give a man who is starving a thousand a-year, and he will be no longer under a temptation to get himself hanged by stealing a leg of mutton for his dinner; he may still spend it in gaming, drinking, and the other vices of gentlemen, and not in *charity*, about which he before made such an outcry.

Do not confer benefits in the expectation of meeting with gratitude; and do not cease to confer them because you find those whom you have served ungrateful. Do what you think fit and right to please yourself; the generosity is not the less real, because it does not meet with a correspondent return. A man should study to get through the world as he gets through St. Giles's—with as little annoyances and interruption as possible from the shabbiness around him.

Common-place advisers and men of the world, are always pestering you to conform to their maxims and modes, just like the *barkers* in Monmouth-street, who stop the passengers by entreating them to turn in and *refit* at their second-hand repositories.

The word *gentility* is constantly in the mouths of vulgar people; as quacks and pretenders are always talking of *genius*. Those who possess

any real excellence, think and say the least about it.

Taste is often envy in disguise: it turns into the art of reducing excellence within the smallest possible compass, or of finding out the *minimum* of pleasure. Some people admire only what is new and fashionable—the work of the day, of some popular author—the last and frothiest bubble that glitters on the surface of fashion. All the rest is gone by, “in the deep bosom of the ocean buried;” to allude to it is Gothic, to insist upon it, odious. We have only to wait a week to be relieved of the hot-pressed page, of the vignette-title; and in the interim can look with sovereign contempt on the wide range of science, learning, art, and on those musty old writers who lived before the present age of novels. Peace be with their *manes*! There are others, on the contrary, to whom all the modern publications are anathema, a by-word—they get rid of this idle literature “at one fell swoop”—disqualify the present race from all pretensions whatever, get into a corner with an obscure writer, and devour the cobwebs and the page together, and pick out in the quaintest production, the quaintest passages, the merest *choke-pear*, which they think nobody can swallow but themselves.

The source of the love of nature or of the country has never been explained so well as it might. The truth is this: Natural or inanimate objects please merely as objects of sense or contemplation, and we ask no return of the passion or admiration from them, so that we cannot be disappointed or distracted in our choice. If we are delighted with a flower or a tree, we are pleased with it *for its own sake*; nothing more is required to make our satisfaction complete; we do not ask the flower or tree whether it likes us again; and, therefore, wherever we can meet with the same or a similar object, we may reckon upon a recurrence of the same soothing emotion. Nature is the only mistress that smiles on us still the same; and does not repay admiration with scorn, love with hatred. She is faithful to us as long as we are faithful to ourselves. Whereas in regard to the human species, we have not so much to consider our own dispositions towards others, as theirs towards us; a thousand caprices, interests, and opinions, may intervene before the good understanding can be mutual; we not only cannot infer of one individual from another, but the same individual may change to-morrow: so that in our intercourse with the world, there is nothing but littleness, uncertainty, suspicion, and mortification, instead of the grandeur and repose of nature.

It has been objected to the soothing power of Nature, that it cannot take away the sharp pang of vehement distress, but rather bars the dart, and seems to smile in mockery of our anguish. But the same might be said of music, poetry, and friendship, which only tantalize and torment us by offering to divert our grief in its

keenest paroxysms; but yet cannot be denied to be enviable resources and consolations of the human mind, when the bitterness of the moment has passed over.

Every one is a hero, the circumstances being given. All that is necessary is, that the outward impression should be so strong as to make a man forget himself. A woman rushes into the flames to save her child, not from duty or reason—but because the distracting terror for another banishes all recollection of, and fear for, herself. For the same reason, a person throws himself from a precipice, because the apprehension of danger gets the better of and confounds the sense of self-preservation. The doctrine of self-love, as an infallible metaphysical principle of action is nonsense.

The heroic ages were those in which there was a constant question between life and death, and men ate their scanty meal with their swords in their hands.

The hero acts from outward impulse; the martyr from internal faith, and so far is the greater character of the two. And yet it may be doubted whether the latter is properly a voluntary agent, or whether, if he could do it unperceived, he would not abstract himself from the scene, instead of becoming a sacrifice and a witness to the truth.

What shews that persecution and danger act as incentives rather than impediments to the will, is that zeal generally goes out with the fires that kindle it; and we become indifferent to a cause, when life, property, and limb are no longer endangered. He is the real philosopher who loves truth for its own sake, not in the spirit of contradiction: he the genuine friend of freedom and justice, who hates oppression and wrong after they have ceased, and as long as the very name of them remains, as well as while it is a bone of contention between infuriated sects and parties.

If reform were to gain the day, reform would become as vulgar as cant of any other kind. We only shew a spirit of independence and resistance to power, as long as power is against us. As soon as the cause of opposition prevails, its essence and character are gone out of it; and the most flagrant *radicalism* degenerates into the tamest servility. We then say as others say; sail with the stream; no longer sacrifice interest to principle, but are in a pitiful majority. Had events taken a different turn in 1794, who can predict what the popular cry would have been? This may point out how little chance there is of any great improvement in the affairs of the world. Virtue ceases with difficulties; honesty is *militant*. The mass of mankind, who are governed by indolence and habit, fall in with existing events and interests; the imaginative and reasoning part fall out with facts and reality; but could they have their way, and model the world at

their pleasure, their occupations would be gone, or if all governments were wise and good, the character of the patriot would become obsolete, and a sinecure. At present there is a very convenient division of labour; and each class fulfils its vocation. It is essential to the triumph of reform that it should never succeed.

We talk about the cant of politics or religion, as if there were no cant but which is common to the multitude. But whenever any two individuals agree about any one thing, they begin to cant about it, and take the echo of one another's voices for the verdict of truth. Half-a-dozen persons will always make a *quorum* of credulity and vulgarity.

When people have done quarrelling about one set of questions they start another. Motion is necessary to mind as much as to matter; and for "an ultimate end," Hobbes denies that there is any such thing. Hence the tendency to all Ultra opinions and measures! Man is seldom contented to go as far as others, unless he can go beyond them, and make a caricature and a paradox even of the most vulgar prejudice. It is necessary to aim at some kind of distinction—to create some difficulty, were it only for the sake of overcoming it. Thus we find that O'Connell, having carried his cause, would not let the "agitation" subside without turning it into a personal quarrel: the way was opened to him into the House, and he wanted to force his way there by an *ex post facto* inference; the bans of marriage were published between him and parliament, and he would fain, with the petulance of opposition, *seize* a seat there.

Truth itself becomes but a fashion. When all the world acknowledge it, it seems trite and stale. It is tinged by the coarse medium through which it passes.

Erasmus, in his "Remains," tells a story of two thieves, who were recommended by their mother to rob every one they met with; but warned, on peril of their lives, to avoid one *Black-breeches* (Hercules.) Meeting him, however, without knowing him, they set upon him, and were slung across his shoulder; where Hercules heard them muttering behind his back, *a long way off*, "This must surely be he that our mother warned us of." In contempt and pity he let them escape. What modern wit can come up to the grotesque grandeur of this invention?

People addicted to secrecy are so without knowing why; they are so not "for cause," but for secrecy's sake. It is a mixture of cowardice and conceit. They think, if they tell you any thing, you may understand it better than they do, or turn it in some way against them; but that while they shut up their mouths they are wiser than you, just as liars think by telling you a falsehood they have an advantage over you. There are others who deal in significant nods, smiles, and half-sentences,

so that you never can get at their meaning, and indeed they have none, but leave it to you to put what interpretation you please on their embryo hints and conceptions. They are glad to find a *proxy* for their want of understanding.

From the Amulet.

THE DISPENSATION.

AN IRISH STORY.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

From their cradles up,
With but a step between their several homes,
Twins had they been in pleasure;

And strangers to content if long apart.

Wordsworth.

"I see thim, not tin minutes ago, cross over to the corner of the round meadow, forenint the hill. I'm thinking they're gone down to the Bleach Ground."

"Them!—who, Molly?"—continued a young man, whose enquiry had elicited the above information from the old village gossip, Matty Flinn.

"Why, Miss Mary Sullivan and her Dublin cousin, Jessie Armstrong, and somebody else, to be sure; there's no getting sight or light of Miss Mary, since that one came to the country; not but what she's a nice slip of a girl, too, only not to be compared to our own born child—as I may call her." The young man smiled, and without further observation passed on to the "round meadow."

"There's one 'ill be there afore ye, my boy," said the woman, as she leaned her withered arms across the half-hatch door, and replaced her pipe in her mouth—"and one that 'ill make you look sharp if ye're after the same sport. Och hone!—Och hone!" she added, after a long pause, "it's sorrowful thinking what's afore the young."

I must now briefly explain who were the parties that excited even the sympathy of Matty Flinn.

Two brothers of the name of Sullivan, some years previous to the time at which my story commences, had quitted the North of Ireland to reside in the South. They were skilful, honest, and industrious; and the work of their hands naturally prospered. After the lapse of a few years they were universally looked upon as among the most substantial yeomen of the county, and were respected alike by rich and poor. Cornelius, the younger of the two, had established a bleach green, on the banks of the stream that turned the elder brother's mill. The bleacher's dwelling stood—always neatly white-washed, and surrounded by wild roses—at the bottom of a little dell, through which the clear water murmured and sparkled on its course; while the cottage of the miller was built by the mill-side. Corney had been blessed with only one child; and without the aid of poetic imagination in any way, she might truly be pronounced a most interesting if not a beautiful girl; her childhood had been one of

delicacy and suffering—and if the almost blighted bud did at last blossom, it still seemed unable to bear the cold breath of winter, or the scorching heat of summer; but Mary's kind parents shielded her alike from both, and she increased in loveliness and innocence beneath their roof, even as her own water lilies were shaded and nourished by the moist and fostering bank on which they grew.

Mary's delicate health usually prevented her from joining the village girls either at wake, fair, or pattern; but were it not for the interruptions of sickness her life might have been termed one long holiday; her only employments consisted in occasionally aiding in watering the bleaching linen, in discharging the duties incident on the care of a small dairy, and in looking to the family needle-work. She would move silently, both within and without the house, after the footsteps of her parents; ready to cheer them with her soft, sweet smile, or to assist, when permitted, in their toils; but she always seemed serene and happy—whether occupied in these domestic matters, or seated on the green sward that sloped from their threshold to the stream, her thin, white hands clasped over her knees, her face upturned, and her eyes fixed on the clear blue sky, or the moving clouds as they passed along the heavens. Without being sensible of it, she must have imbibed much poetic feeling by such a life. Surrounded by beautiful scenery, apart from cities and their vices, the budding, flourishing, fading, and decayed leaves alone told her of the changing seasons; and, as they came and departed, reminded her that another year had been added to her existence. The prayers, even though she might not fully understand them, which she repeated at her mother's knee, were hallowed by a holy mystery to her unformed mind; and the rude chapel, where in an unknown tongue what she believed God's veritable language rang upon her ear, appeared a sacred temple she would have died rather than profane. The deep but delicate tracery of such a mind might have afforded intense interest to some of our morbid, mental anatomists, who too often destroy the rose in search of an imagined canker, and would fain extract poison from the lily's bosom. Her opportunities for acquiring knowledge were indeed limited; the school was too distant for her to attend—if truth must be told, her mother could neither read nor write, and her father was too busy to think of her education. The good man had, it is but honest to confess, in common with many other worthy men, an antipathy to learned ladies, and could not imagine any reason why Mary should be more accomplished than her mother, who was, to use his own phrase, "as clean-skinned—as right-handed—as honest, and as pretty a woman, as you'd see in the country side." Had it not been for the miller's son, her cousin Alick, I really think she never would have learned even to read; but Alick proved himself the very model

of a tutor. The boy would sit, hour after hour, pointing with a crow-quill to the half-legible words and letters of "the read-a-made-asy,"—coaxing, explaining, entreating—but never even reproving his gentle little pupil. It was, however, astonishing how rapidly Mary improved when she could once fairly get through a book; she soon became teacher in her turn—would read aloud the Seven Champions, and the adventures of the robber Freney, with so much effect, when only thirteen, that Alick, who was three years older, absolutely began to deliberate whether he, in his own proper person, would become the eighth champion or Freney the second.

Alick had only one brother—an elder but not a wiser youth; for poor Walter—or, as he was usually called, Watty—was considered so devoid of intellect as to be unable to render assistance to his father in any way; he was impatient of control, idle, and restless; but shrewd withal, and often keen of speech—sometimes as just as severe in his remarks; scrupulously honest, and full of truth; he loved wandering, and submitted to the restraint of a moderate quantity of clothes with evident reluctance; had a deep, melodious voice, and, in early boyhood, a deadly hatred to his brother—changed, however, by a simple circumstance into as strong an affection. The two youths were passing through a distant village where Alick had been sent to transact some business for his father; strange boys gathered round and mocked at Walter, who, with a wreath of scarlet poppies in his black and flowing curls, presented to their unholy feelings a fit subject for mirthful scorn; the colour deepened on the cheek of the insulted lad, but, before he could retaliate, Alick turned on the tormentors, and wielded a shillalah with so much spirit that they fled in all directions; one, however—a cowardly, ill-conditioned fellow—suddenly turned, and directing a stone at the hero, felled him to the earth; in another moment Walter was bending over his brother, uttering the most piercing shrieks, and wringing his hands in bitter agony; the effects of the blow were merely stunning, but the afflicted youth never forgot Alick's interference on his behalf; he became troublesomely officious and affectionate, and would weep like an infant if reproved by him, or prevented from following wherever he went.

Such are a few early passages in the history of these nearly-related families; they seemed more closely knit into one by time and circumstances. A few years passed—Mary was about eighteen—when another cousin, an aunt's daughter, came from Dublin to visit her—no trifling event when we consider that Miss Jessie had gone day pupil to a boarding-school in Stephen Green—and informed her cousin, in a letter which, "illegantly written," was very difficult to read, that she would bring her all the bran new fashions, and a sky-blue muslin dress! She arrived at the appointed time, and

certainly dazzled the whole village by her finery; a Leghorn bonnet, spick and span new, with green bunches of ribbon under the brim, while from out of the middle of each peeped forth a red, red flower, like a rose blossoming in a full-grown cabbage; then her hair!—such curls!—French curls, in full friz, bound up behind in the cokatoo-fashion, and oiled to the destruction of cleanliness and white caps; sandalled shoes—tortoise-shell combs—figured bands, and a black silk cloak. Jessie was a pretty, good-tempered girl, but partook of the Dublin mania for finery; and Mrs. Sullivan declared, that for the first week the lassie was in her house, she could settle to nothing, from the shoals of people that came from far and near to get one look at the fashions, as exhibited on the person of Jessie Armstrong.

The young man who had enquired of the village gossip, Matty Flin, whither these two damsels had wandered for their evening recreation, it may be necessary to state, was neither "cousin Alick," nor "poor cousin Walter," but the nephew and heir apparent of little Father Neddy Cormack, parish priest of Killahe, and licentiate of the college of Salamanca. Stephen Cormack proceeded at a good pace, in search of the young girls, or, sooth to say, in search of one, whom, for many reasons, he hoped some day or other to salute as Mrs. Stephen; he was a tall, slight youth, whose features had more the dark and downcast character of the Milesian Irish, than the round and joyous expression of the more recent settlers; upon this occasion he did not seem in a particularly happy mood, for he swung his stick from side to side, and most industriously decapitated every plant and little shrub within his reach. As he passed under the branches of a lofty oak, and raised his arm for the purpose of destroying some scores of juvenile acorns that clustered above his head, his weapon of destruction was wrested from his hands, and, at the same moment, a wild and singular figure dropt from the branches. The man of the oak might have served as the model of a Hercules; he had on neither shoes nor stockings, and his pantaloons hardly descended below his knees; a short, tight jacket was girded round his waist by a broad belt of untanned leather; his shirt collar was thrown open, displaying a brown but superbly-moulded throat, on which a fine head was well and firmly set; he wore no hat, but his hair was bound with a scarlet kerchief, that, tied at the side in a large knot, added to his picturesque appearance. Though there was much of wildness there was no indication of poverty about this wayward being; and as he laughed and bowed in mimic humility to the priest's nephew, a good deal of keen, satiric humour played around his well-formed mouth, and danced in his large brown eyes, which in general were painfully lustreless to look upon. "And had ye no better amusement this fine summer evening, Saint Stephen"—he said at

last, after many extraordinary contortions, and having deliberately broken the thick stick with his fingers, as if it were a hazel twig—"Had ye no better amusement than *mocking* about like an ill-contrived spirit, smashing and killing the sweet flowers, that the moonbeams kiss and the merry bees breakfast on? And then ye must attack the holy tree that the birds—the blue wood-queest, and my spotted lady-thrush—nestle in, and" (he added in a lower tone) "the good people themselves dance under, all the long summer nights! Go home, young man; keep the holy father's books, and attend to your duties; an Irishman should scorn to strike any thing that couldn't strike agin. Come, turn back, my tight chap, for I was just going to visit madam woodqueest's young family, when ye stopt me."

"Is there a nest in the tree, in earnest, Watty?" enquired Stephen, looking up amid the branches; "I can't see it!"

"Ye gawking gomersal!" said Watty, "d'ye think the ould parents, that to my knowledge have brought up honestly nine nest-falls of as pretty birds as ever stretched wing, would make a shew of their childre' to please you? The longer the wild animals live in the world the wiser they get—and that's more nor can be said of you or I, Saint Stephen."

Stephen did not much relish the compliment; but he put his hand into his pocket, and extracting sixpence held it up before Watty, who he supposed had all the love of money that frequently characterises those who, although endowed with quickness and susceptibility, are devoid of the stronger powers of reason. "I'll give ye the sixpence, if you'll bring me the young birds," said the tempter; "and it 'ill be doing good, too, for the queests are the ruin of the corn-fields. I won't hurt them," he continued, seeing Walter's look of distaste; "I'll give them to your cousin, Miss Mary, as a present."

"I'm jist thinking," replied Walter, after a brief pause, as he folded his arms, and gazed, not angrily, but scornfully, upon the countenance of Stephen—"that ye're the very moral of Ould Nick, except that ye haven't this courage—he's a powerful deal of courage, that same cratur, as *all must who go against God*—ye're afraid of hurting y'er purty limbs and fine duds to go after the innocent birdeens themselves, so ye keep one of the devil's pocket-tokens, to tempt others to the mischief! Is it the corn they ate? His reverence 'ill expect his sacks as full if the crows and queests ate up all the grain from this to Derry. And ye think a nist o' featherless birds, followed by the wails and the cries of their broken-hearted mother, a fit present to make a tender woman; and ye think, may-be, she'd love ye the better for having the heart to tear the childre' from the parents? Ba! ba! Saint Stephen!—the devil's saint ye are, sure enough!" Without further query, or waiting an answer, he sprang into the tree; and as

he mounted amid its highest branches, his full, round voice trolled out the old song:—

"Lady, I will give you the bells of Londonderry,
When you are sad, to ring, to make you merry,
If you'll be my true lover."

"Sir, I'll not accept of the bells of Londonderry,
When I'm sad, to ring, to make me merry,
Nor will I be your true lover."

"The wild nettle chap!" muttered Stephen, as he proceeded along the tangled path-way; "the fellow's always stinging—he's more knave than fool; fine times he has of it, spying about the trees like a squirrel; the hares and birds know him so well, they'll hardly take the trouble to get out of his way."

It was some time before Stephen perceived in the distance the object of his search; and when he did, he saw that she was accompanied, not only by Jessie, but by her cousin Alick; the two girls were seated on the shafts of a car, that had been placed across a gap in lieu of a gate; and Alick was stretched on the grass, of which he occasionally pulled handfuls, and flung at the young maidens in rustic sport—a compliment they were not slow to return, though Jessie, it must be confessed, did it tenfold. Mary threw the wild butter-cups at her former tutor, with what might almost be termed graceful awkwardness; and when Alick's sparkling glance met hers, the deep, quick blush told unconsciously of more than cousin's love.

"Mary! Alick!" exclaimed Jessie, "As I live, you comes Mister Stephen—*Saint* Stephen, as poor Watty calls him—don't blush, now, Mary! Come, Alick, you and I will run away, and leave the lovers to themselves, which is only manners, you know—as we say in Dublin."

"Whatever you may say or do in Dublin, I don't know," replied Mary, rising; "but I take it very unkind in ye to trate me after that fashion; the young man is nothing to me beyant a neighbour's son—so behave, Jessie, if you please."

"Behave, Jessie, if you please!"—persisted the lively girl, mimicking Mary's serious manner—"a'n't I going to behave like an angel? Come, cousin Alick!" and she seized the hand of Alick, who certainly did not seem disposed to move. "Jessie! Alick!"—exclaimed Mary, evidently much moved; "Do not make me appear foolish!—you know, Jessie, right well, that I have neither love nor liking for him."

"A likely story!" cried the provoking girl, "a very likely story!—you can't be blind a *Dublin*er after that fashion—how holy we are indeed!—as if I didn't know what hung on that ribbon round your neck, besides the scapular and silver crucifix."

"Tell me!" said Alick eagerly, for the first time in his life sacrificing Mary's feelings to his own curiosity; "Tell me, Jessie."

Mary, unable to articulate, covered her face with her hands—while the giddy girl replied, "A gold smelling bottle, with a shamrogue-shaped stopper, and some letters—three, I

think, carved on it, one of which, I'd give my oath, is an S." Before the sentence was finished, poor Mary had fainted; and Alick, with flushed cheek and burning brow, was supporting her, while Jessie, frightened out of her little wits, ran to get some water from the stream.

During her momentary absence, Alick (men are sometimes, the very best of them, most impertinently and abominably curious) had drawn the ribbon, by the little bow, from beneath the modest kerchief which was carefully folded over her bosom, and kissed the three relics with pilgrim-like devotion, as they hung outside her dress; when the mischief-making Jessie returned. Alick, placing Mary's head on her shoulder, observed, in an under tone of deep agitation, "You'd better hide that blessed—I mean that unfortunate ribbon—before Stephen comes up." Mary did so, and then, looking at Alick, exclaimed, "Lord save us!—ye're as red in the face as a Dublin lobster!"

Previous to Mary's perfect recovery, even while Jessie was overwhelming her with apologies, assurances, and sorrows, Stephen joined the group, and seemed much astonished at the restraint visible on the countenance of each. Jessie undertook the task of explaining the events of the evening, which, like most chattering persons, she did, much to her own satisfaction, and the dissatisfaction of the rest of the party. Stephen thought she threw no light on the subject, and Mary and Alick fancied she threw too much; the fact was, Jessie herself was bewildered; and surmises, as opposite as the antipodes, crowded her pate in such quick succession as positively to fetter her tongue. On their walk homeward, when they came within sight of the Bleach House, Jessie, at a turn of the lane, relinquished Mary's arm; Stephen, lover-like, availed himself of the opportunity, and placed it within his.

"The path's too narrow for three, Stenie," observed Alick, somewhat sharply.

"Walk behind or before, thin, if you like," retorted the other quietly.

"I'll do neither one nor the other," replied Alick; "but keep y'er own place, and make way for y'er betters."

"I will when I see them," was the cutting reply.

Mary pressed her cousin's arm to enjoin silence, but in vain.

"If the girls weren't here, I'd soon shew ye the differ, for all ye carry y'er head so high—offering freedoms where they're not acceptable, Mister Stephen Cormack!"

"Stephen! Alick!—for the sake of the holy saints!" exclaimed both girls at once—as the young men regarded each other with menacing looks.

"Whir—a boo—boo!"—shouted Walter, separating the thick and thorny furze hedge that bounded the path-way, and springing between the contending parties—"What's the breeze now?—and what are ye frightening my white lily for?" And circling his cousin's

waist with his arm, he waved a huge branch of oak over his head.

"Saint Stephen, if you offer to lay hands on Prince Alick, I'll make as nate a little cock-throw of ye, as iver Saint Patrick pitched at."

"For mercy's sake!" said Mary—rousing all her strength for the effort, and disengaging herself from her wild cousin's support—"do not quarrel for nothing. I have known you both all my life, and I never asked favour from either; but promise me, Alick—Stephen—promise to forget this foolishness—"

"To be sure they'll promise!" exclaimed Walter. "Prince Alick will do it for—I know what—and Saint Stephen will do it for—"

He seized Stephen by the back of the neck, and again waved his bough, laughing and singing:—

Oh, brave King Brian! he knew the way
To keep the peace, and to make the hay;
For those who were bad, he knocked off their head,
And those who were worse, he killed them dead.

"Oh I'll promise," said Stephen, doggedly, "any thing to oblige Miss Mary Sullivan; not that I fear or care about a bit of a spree, more than any other boy living; it's fine exercise, and keeps a body in practice; only to oblige her—" He held out his hand, which Alick frankly took; and peace restored they proceeded to the Bleach Green—Walter jumping and singing with evident glee, but continuing, at the same time, a cat-like inspection of the party.

"Come in, and take supper, Stephen; I see the potatoes are up, and my aunt promised us some beans and bacon, as a treat, to night," said the kind-hearted miller's son; but Stephen declined, while Walter went to him, and with a solemn look pretended to brush something off his shoulder. "The black boy sticks like a buz on ye, astore—wash him off with holy water when ye goes home," observed the half-witted creature, and then sprang over the rude palings that separated the green from the neat court-yard.

Stephen Cormack went on his way, but not rejoicing; and when he entered his uncle's dwelling he sat down on the three-legged stool, opposite the priest, in evident ill humour.

Father Neddy Cormack fitted as neatly into his arm chair as a nut does in its shell; he was a little tun of a man, upon which the head stood without any visible connection with the body; his face was seamed and browned in open defiance of beauty and art; his nose was puggish and purple; his brows heavy and moveable, and it was only when they were wrinkled up in two or three folds that the peering and really bright twinkling of two little grey eyes, informed you that if the creature possessed power in proportion to his cunning it would indeed be fierce and dangerous. The thing would have made an admirable attorney, but a bad counsellor, and certainly was a very unfit director of the spiritual or temporal affairs

of the parish, which he endeavoured to rule—not guide.

It has been my lot to know, esteem, and love, true and loyal members of the Catholic Church. I have looked upon many priests and friars with veneration and respect—I have delighted in observing their kindness, their gentleness, and their honest discharge of what they considered their duty—I have known them to make great sacrifice, and endure much patiently; and I say it to their credit, that I never met but one among them in any way resembling the person whom I have endeavoured to describe. Without being gifted with the gentlemanly bearing of a Jesuit, he had a good deal of the tact and artifice belonging to that subtle sect—with which he used to blind his humble associates—with a hot and fiery temperament that subdued when the other failed. He had not interfered much with the Sullivans; they were liberal, and performed "their duties" regularly; had stations twice in the year at their respective houses, and paid to priest, as well as minister, "tythes of all they possessed;" but they were more enlightened than their neighbours, and so Father Neddy wisely thought that "it was better to let well-enough, alone." He had anxiously urged the wooing of his nephew with Mary. She was considered "the best fortune" for many miles round; and the match was decidedly desirable—for Stephen was one of those contented Irish spirits, who, disdaining either mental or bodily exertion, as incompatible with "genteel birth or breeding," trust first to their relations, and afterwards to chance, for bed, board, and all other necessities.

The priest's best parlour was furnished precisely as occasion required: when there was "grand company," the long settle was brought from the kitchen, and its dirt and deficiencies concealed by a flowered bed-quilt, thrown over and pinned round it by the old housekeeper, who had the Irish talent of making one thing, like Shakspeare's player, "play many parts;" then Father Ned's dressing-table (as it was called) stood in lame helplessness between the dimly-shewing windows—and placed on it (the cracked portions turned to the wall) were two or three old fashioned china jars, filled with a few flowers, that, conscious of being out of character, or affected by the smoky atmosphere, drooped and died "within an hour." On the evening to which I particularly allude, no such luxuries were present; a green bottle, a large, thick glass tumbler with a tin foot, and an empty jug, were on the solitary round oak table that graced the centre; to the right of this was the priest's high-cushioned easy chair, and the little footstool upon which his feet rested; he reclined perfectly at his ease—his hands just meeting over his rotund person, his mouth open, his eyes shut—a very Cruikshank of devotion. As his nephew entered, a grunting sound intimated that he was aware of the circumstance; but he neither altered his position nor elevated his brows, so that whether he

unclosed his eyes or not was doubtful. Stephen first pulled forth some of the dead leaves that garnished the rusty grate; then contemplated the extraordinary vessel, that, hanging over the chimney-piece, displayed a crucifix at the top, and a well, or cup, at the bottom, calculated to hold about a pint of holy water; and finally pushed the dog over the cat, which the lady resented in a very cat-like fashion, and the rencontre between the animals perfectly aroused the sleepy priest.

"By the foot of Pharaoh!" he exclaimed, (and that's the first oath I've sworn to-day.) I'll make an example of ye if ye don't let the basties alone; there's no pace in the house whin ye're in it; the poor ould cat—the cratur!—can't escape ye (pusheen! pusheen! agra!—never heed him.) Is that the work ye've been after all day? Holy Mother! I'll engage it's far from ye to go down to that beggarly black-guard, Luntly Murphy—and put him in mind o' the barley male he never sint; and it's long till ye'd gather a few goose or turkey eggs in your dandy pookets, though ye're ready enough to ate 'em, when they come into the house; and more than tin times, and tin to the back o' that, I've tould ye to spake to Jeremiah Callagan, about the bill he sent in for my new jock, after his 'greeing to set the last two christ'nings fornt it; and though I dare say ye've been philandrin' at the Bleach Green, it's long till ye'd put in a word about the towlinen, that's waiting to be whitened these three weeks—and—"

"It's little I expect from the Bleach Green," interrupted the hopeful Stephen; "and if ye knew all, uncle, instead of blowing me up, ye'd be advising me how to act with that boy, Alick Sullivan, who I see plainly—fool as I was not to see it afore—has undermined me with Mary."

"Bathershin!" replied the priest, "that's one of your notions, because ye haven't courage to ask the girl to marry ye; sure, I know how they love each other—jist like brother and sister. I'd like to see first cousins marry in my parish—the heretics!—barring I got'em a Dispensation—a likely matter, I'm thinking!"

"For all that, it's as true as light in heaven; he threatened to knock me down for walkin' with her this evening; and that mad brother of his made open game of your reverence."

I wish you, my gentle reader, had seen the Reverend Neddy Cormack at that moment; he rose from his seat, swelled and strutted about the room in proportionate rage; and at length broke forth into the following miscellaneous ejaculations:

"I'll excommunicate 'em all! To dare to spake of me after that sort! I suppose the next thing 'ill be that they'll think for themselves, as if their conscience was their own! Am I not parish priest of this entire parish of Killane?—answer me that—and see if I don't

have my own way! Saint Peter—and Saint Ambrose—and Saint Obadiah—and all the Saints!—make game of me! Oh, the heathen assembly of Babylonians! Let them do it without a Dispensation! I'll sind every mother's son o' them to the Holy Island barefooted—I'll make 'em say three avys for every bit they put in their mouths! And as for that dancing, mopping knave, I'll lay the length and breadth of my Dublin riding-whip over his unchristian shoulders! I'll go down to the Bleach Green this minute, and make them pay well for absolution!"

"It was only the one that had no sense that did so, uncle, dear," interrupted Stephen, fearing that he had gone too far, and that the priest would really go out; for he had taken his great coat off the peg, and fastened it under his throat by the solitary button which generally secured it. "As to the rest, they always trate ye as becomes God-fearing people; and, any way, it might be better to work with them on the sly, may-be."

"Demean myself to work on the sly, with my own people! I scorn y'er advice, Stephen Cormack! I'll shew 'em what's what—trate the nephew of their parish priest that way!—refuse him, indeed!"

"I wasn't to say refused, sir," stammered out Stephen, "because I hadn't asked—that's not asked entirely."

"And how dare you be after putting me into a passion for nothin', you poor, pitiful sleeveen! If you don't know how to make love to a young woman, couldn't ye jist ask me to shew ye, and not wait till the wind changes? D'ye think I've been hearing confessions from all manner of faymales for the last forty years, without knowing how to manage 'em—and to presume to come to me with your misrepresentations! Stephen! Stephen!—ye're a great sinner!—how often have I tould you that telling a lie to me was quite a different thing from telling it to any one else; will ye never learn discrimination? Oh, Stephen!—you must say double prayers this night, for desaving the church!"

The nephew explained—the coat was replaced—whisky punch resorted to as peace-maker between the hopeful pair—and measures, which will be explained hereafter, were planned and resolved upon.

It is refreshing, after such a scene, to revert to that which on the same evening took place at the Bleach Green. When the frugal supper, seasoned with a due portion of good humour, though of a less boisterous nature than usual, had been discussed, Mary silently and quietly arose to withdraw; but as she passed her father, he looked upon her with even more than ordinary tenderness, and said, "Mary, darling, what ails ye? Y'er cheek is pale as y'er own white roses! What ails my lily-bud!"

"Nothing!" she would have replied, and a feeble smile struggled on her lips; but her eyes, "more bright than clear," and the in-

creasing paleness of her cheek, stayed the assertion.

"There's something the matter with her, sure enough," observed the mother, anxiously rising from her seat.

Alick rose also; and, in a trembling voice, said, "Aunt—uncle—I'll tell ye all about it. Mary, love, sit down till I—Jessie, don't stir—we're all one family."

Mary moved her hand to implore silence; and, after the pause of a few moments, gathered strength to articulate, "Spare me, cousin!—I cannot, cannot bear this, though I deserve it all, and may-be more." She disengaged her hand from her father, and left the room. Don't follow her yet, Jessie," said Alick; "leave her to herself, aunt, honey, for a few minutes—her heart is full, and so is mine." And then he pressed his hands to his forehead, and leaned his elbows on the table.

How beautiful, how sacred, are the feelings of affection in pure and guileless bosoms! The proud may sneer at it—the fashionable may call it fable—the selfish and dissipated may affect to despise it! But the holy passion is surely of heaven, and is only made evil by the corruption of those whom it was sent to bless and to preserve.

Mary latched the door of her little chamber, and, hardly conscious of what she ought to pray for, threw herself on her knees:—

"But this she knows, in joys and woes,
That saints will aid, if men will call—
For the blue sky bends over all."

For the first time in her life she experienced a feeling of self-degradation.

"What can he think of me!" she murmured. "He never talked to me, but brother-like; and when he gave me this token, he *looked* to be sure, but it was *only* a look after all. And then to hear that I kept it sacred, with the holy scapular and crucifix! I'll not keep it so any longer," she continued, hastily unknitting with trembling fingers the slender ribbon.

She drew the little trinket nearly off the string; half a dozen threads more, and it would have fallen to the ground; tears, round and eloquent, as they poured on the cherished gift, told more than a thousand words could have expressed. After a long pause, she guided it slowly back to its former place—silently replacing it in her bosom.

"He has done nothing to offend me," she thought—"and why should I revenge my own fault on the poor little keepsake? Sure, it can do me no harm!" Women's hearts are sadly prone to deceive, not others, but themselves.

Alick's love-tale was not long telling. His aunt, with woman's shrewdness, had suspected there was more than brotherly and sisterly affection between the youthful pair; and his uncle had often thought that it would be a good plan to direct all the family property, which for persons in their situation of life was considerable, into the right channel. The

catholic prejudice against first cousins marrying was the only objection that presented itself to all parties.

"Goold 'ill get a Dispensation, uncle," said Alick—"Goold, the bright goold 'ill do it—priest or bishop can't stand that, by no manner o' means."

"May-be so," replied Sullivan; "but there's y'er own father and mother—to say nothing of Mary—they must all be consulted."

"Sure they love her, like their own hearts' blood," said the youth; "and as to Mary—ask her—I know *now* that she loves me; though I never could dare even to guess at it till this day."

"Ye're mighty *sure* always of what is by no means *certain*, you men," observed Jessie. "Mary gave you no encouragement to-day, to my certain knowledge; for I wasn't away from her for five minutes since sunrise."

"You stuek pretty close, indeed, I'll grant that for you, Jessie, which I can't say I thought particular genteel; but I won't quarrel with ye for it; for only for you, I'd never have found out the token she wore round her neck."

"Ho, ho!—and it was you gave her that, and she never to tell me; and me told her all about my bachelors, three and four at a time! Oh, I had no thought she was so close!"

"True love is never talkative," observed the mother, "but I don't approve of love-tokens, at all, at all."

"Whisht, Nelly, astore," retorted the father.

"Ye forget the red love-knots, and the blue, and the ginger-bread-husband, and the Dublin cap, I brought you myself, when we were in the same way: so, go to poor Mary, agra; and don't seem to know any thing of the token; and my brother and I'll go up to Father Cormack to-morrow, and try the only means to bring him to reason. And go home to bed, boys," (Watty had seated himself in the chimney corner after supper, apparently heedless of the conversation,) "and pray to the Holy Fathers and the Saints to give ye their blessing, and look over ye."

"Let me just go to the door, and bid Mary good night, through the chink," entreated the lover: "It 'ill be such a relief to my heart, just to hear her say, 'God bless you, Alick!'"

Alick, in this point, would have his way; and the gentle response he longed for came upon his ear like fairy music.

As they retreated from the beloved cottage, Walter looked earnestly in his brother's face—"So, ye want me to have no cousin Mary!—and marriage puts coldness between born brothers—and Watty has no comfort but—" The poor fellow burst into tears.

"You don't understand it, machree. When Mary, by the blessing o' God, will be my wife, she will be your sister, and you shall live with us if you like, and Mary will love ye even better than she does now."

"And give me red neckerchers, and let me tend her flowers, and plait my Sunday frills,

and all—and be my sister, and you my brother still?"

"And love ye ten times more than ever Wat-ty!"

"Huzza!—then I'm for the wedding in earnest, and let me see who'll oppose it!" And both brothers entered the mill-house just as the full moon had risen high, giving light and glory to the attendant clouds.

The next morning the elder Sullivans—their drab great coats garnished with huge brass buttons; their Sunday gear from top to toe brushed and polished up; and their yellow Dublin wigs carefully placed over their own reddish hair—each mounted on a sleek, fat nag; the miller bearing before him, as a peace-offering, a sack divided in the middle, and filled, one end with *cuttings*, the other with white flour; while he of the Bleach Green, bore as a gift for the altar a twenty-two yard piece of "fine shirting." Thus caparisoned, thus laden, the two brothers set out to propitiate the Rev. Edward Cormack.

While they proceeded on their way, their wives met by mutual consent; and it was no common sight to witness the kindly eagerness they evinced in vying with each other, as to who should bestow most on the young couple.

For Alick and Mary, I confess they treated Jessie unhandsonely—they left her to her own meditations, and

"Within a vale, a little vale,
Strewed with its own sweet flowers pale,
And made by steep surrounding hill
More lonely, yet more lovely still,"

they were seen, seated under a fragrant lime-tree, discoursing, I suppose, as lovers generally do; which is, I believe, saying very little, and looking—but no matter—Mary's satisfied and happy countenance told that the bitterness of self-reproach was past; for Alick, she now knew, had always loved her, with a love passing the love of kindred.

"Thank ye, thank ye kindly, good neighbours and parishioners," said Father Neddy, when the Sullivans and their burthens were fairly entered into his abode: "God 'ill reward ye for thinking of the poor lone priest. Molly take care o' the meal, and prime care o' the linen. I've hardly a tack of a shirt to my back, and the skin's wore off my bones with the sackcloth and ashes for the sins o' the people; but it's dacent to wear fine linen on a Sunday."

The brothers, encouraged by their reception, explained the nature of their mission, and were much astounded at the reply of the wily priest.

"There's no people in the parish I'd sooner oblige; but it's clane out o' rason—against the Mosaic, Christian, and what's more, Holy Roman law. In the eyes o' heaven, and her handmaid, the church, they are all as one, as born brother and sister. Did ye never hear what the blessed council o' Trint said? But how should ye, poor ignorant men!—don't look angry, boys, dear; I mean ignorant of

spiritual, not temporal matters—how should ye know any thing about it? It will be next to a clane impossibility to get the sows o' one of the family out of purgatory, if so be ye let such a marriage take place; seeing that ye've been all aiders and abettors in such a contempt of the glorious commandments."

"But, y'er reverence—sure y'erself married Andrew Bonner's niece and son.

"True for ye; ye've a good memory, Corney—a grate blessing as it's applied—true for ye. May-be ye don't understand our infallibility—infallibility of the *spirit* it manes, which wars against the flesh, and the flesh against it; and sometimes, ye see, when the spirit sleeps, the flesh (which, you understand, has, even in holy men, a spice of the ould boy in it, seeing it is of the earth, earthy—oh, what it is to know the scriptures, as one may say, by God's act o' parliament, which we do!) goes wandering, and sometimes wrong. And even I, y'er parish priest, had to do pinnance for that wedding; and ye may believe it, that to this moment, notwithstanding the lashins o' silver—to say nothing of the powers o' gould—spent for his sake, Andrew Bonner's sowl is much too warm at this moment; only that's between you and me, and the wall. See how Providence turns things! Ye thought that wedding made for ye; and it is quite the other way. Tin!—I wouldn't grant you a dispensation for twenty guineas, nor twenty, nor twenty, nor twenty, and that's four score—see that now! So, go home—repent o' y'er sins. Send Mary to me, till I rason with her—she's a God-fearing girl, and 'ill listen to rason, wonderfully for a woman—and keep y'er house in order, and teach y'er children the grate first law—obadiance. And I'll make it my own business to look out a wife for Alick. Not a word more—it's no use. Sure ye wouldn't go against the priest!—begone, both of ye, and take my blessing along with ye; and now I'll go finish my matins." And Father Neddy Cormack sank down on the hassock in front of the great chair, and, to quote a favourite expression of his own, "peppered away at the prayers."

The brothers did not utter a word as they rode homewards, but exchanged looks of mournful import as they saw Alick running forward to meet them—hope and joy animating his every movement—the wandering, affectionate Walter following his footsteps, and as eager almost as his brother to hear the news. It needed not telling—and both father and uncle were affected to tears, at the deep and earnest anguish which overspread, as a pall, the countenance of poor Alick.

"And was it for this she loved me—and was it for this I thought of her day and night—and would the Almighty suffer an unholy love to enter into such a girl as Mary, who looks more like an angel than an earthly woman? Oh, Mary, Mary, I can never see you more! Father—uncle—don't gainsay me!—I'll go to sea—I can't remain at home!"

With such-like exclamations, and much bitterness of heart, they arrived at the mill. Mary's father, in a little time, went home; and it seemed as if the sad intelligence he brought had transformed his daughter into a marble statue: the colour forsook her cheek, her limbs stiffened, and they laid her on her humble couch, as one from whom the spirit had well nigh departed.

To persons unacquainted with the power once possessed by the priesthood, over the minds and actions of the Irish peasantry, such submission to the will of one man, and such a man as Father Cormack, may appear extraordinary; but those who remember the influence they *had*, and exercised, not a great many years ago, will be fully aware of its overwhelming extent. Most sincerely do I believe that it was in general exerted, not for evil, but for good; and it is, perhaps, matter of astonishment that "they bore their faculties so meekly."

The day after, Alick and Mary avoided each other as if by mutual consent; and as the evening approached, the poor girl wandered to the little vale that had been so lately the scene of her innocent hopes, and seated herself under the very lime-tree where she had sat with her lover.

She was roused from her reverie by no other than Stephen Cormack, who, in a tone that sounded to her ear like an insult, said, "he was very sorry to find her so lonesome, but glad to get spaking to her on something that concerned them both."

Mary rose up with what might be truly called dignity, and replied, "she knew of nothing that could concern them both."

"Oh, truth and honesty, Miss Mary! I haven't been coming after ye these two years, and you not know my honourable intentions. Sure, it's Mrs. Stephen Cormack I want ye to be; and bring ye mistress over my uncle's house, who can lay down goold for goold with ye'r father. Ye needn't look so scornful either; there's as good grass in the meadow as ever was mowed."

"Stephen Cormack," said Mary, "if I looked as you say, I didn't mean it. In whatever way a man proposes marriage to a woman he does her honour; and I am grateful as I can be for what you have mentioned—but plain speaking is best. Were you King of England, or Emperor of all France, and I a poor lone outcast from home and family, I would lay my head under that tree, and die, sooner than be your wife."

"And more fool you, for that same!" he retorted, bitterly. "It's not every one would have ye now after you and ye'r born first cousin's been spoken of over the parish for company-keeping."

"I seek no man's love," replied Mary calmly; "but a woman calls you *coward*, Stephen Cormack, for daring to say to her, when no friend's by, what, if even her humble house-

dog were resting at her feet, you wouldn't dare spake."

As she uttered these words she turned away towards the path that led to her home; but the young man seized her hand, and sought to detain her.

"What would ye with me, Stephen?—you know my mind; and ye know that Mary Sullivan is not given to change."

"Jist listen, Mary;—you and Alick never can be one in this world; and where 'ill ye find a boy that loves ye better than myself?"

"You have y'er answer, sir; and if you have my contempt, instead of my *pity*, ye may thank y'erself."

"Then, by the Holy Fathers, ye shall bitterly repent this treatment; and as I'm a living man, Mary, I'll see the day yet, when ye'll kneel for me to marry ye, and lie at my marey, like that clod o' turf!"

The fellow kicked the green sward in illustration of his words; but at the same moment was extended at Mary's feet, by a blow from the stout shillala of our faithful ally, Walter, who appeared, as it were, from the bosom of the earth, to avenge the insult offered to his cousin. The anger of the half-witted man, once excited, was not easily quelled. He repeated the blow, even while Mary was clinging to his arm, and would have persisted in his vengeance, had she not roused her energies, and commanded him to forbear. She hastened home, almost dragging Watty with her, and sent her father to convey the priest's nephew to his dwelling; but when he arrived at the glen Stephen was no where to be found.

Mary retired early to her chamber that night; but sleep deserts the unhappy and unfortunate. It was not so with Jessie: the light-hearted girl slept as if she had never known and never could know either care or sorrow.

The family, at length, were all at rest. Mary arose from her bed, and opened the little casement, thinking the fresh breezes of night would cool her fevered brain. She thought a shadow passed across the yard; and even rested on the humble shrubs that Alick, in happier times, had planted. She listened—the house-dog did not bark, nor could she hear a single footstep; but the shadow returned—approached. She shut to the window hastily, and the noise it made evidently apprized the intruder that some one watched his ramblings. The bushes were separated, and, to her relief and astonishment, she recognized Walter's well-known face, peering upwards. Again she opened it, and enquired if any thing had happened at the mill.

"Whisht, agra, whisht—why a'n't you at rest?—I wouldn't have been here, only I thought I could wish you a silent good night, under y'er windy. And I wint my rounds, and found my little birds sleeping and happy. An' it's rejoiced I am to see ye; and now the moon's coming out clear, you can see me too."

I don't look like a fool now—do I, Mary?—fit to visit a King—a'n't I?"

Watty was, indeed, metamorphosed. Over his usual gear he had buttoned his father's grey coat; and his brother's hat surmounted the scarlet kerchief he always wore round his head; he had also drawn on his father's top boots, and brandished his uncle's heavy whip in his hand.

"I've saddled Alick's pony," he continued, in a half whisper; "It's a merry bit of flesh, and follows me like a dog. And, Mary, a lannen! I'm going on a long journey—and jist clasp y'er two hands in the moonbames, and bless me, bless me!—and pray that God'll increase my wit jist for twenty-four hours; and thin He may take it back agin, for I've sense enough to see that it's the innocent things that's happiest in this world. Do, Mary, bless me!—ye ought, if ye knew but all; for it's for his sake and yours that I'm going."

The affectionate creature knelt as devoutly as if he solicited the prayers of the Virgin Mother, while his cousin, astonished at what was so inexplicable, implored him to explain his meaning.

"Bid God direct me, Mary! I haven't words to make ye understand what I'm after; but I know my own know, and there's the charm of a secret!—and the pony's calling me:—give me the blessing, or I must go without it—and keep up y'er heart—and may-be the little sense that I have, stirr'd for good, will turn out better than a great mountain o' sense, not stirr'd at all."

Mary gave the blessing so earnestly implored. The instant it was delivered, Walter was out of sight; and in a few moments she heard the well-known trot of Alick's pony, tripping along the high road that skirted the Bleach Green.

The succeeding day passed very gloomily in both houses. No one could conjecture Walter's purpose, or whither he was gone. He seldom rode, though he rambled occasionally, far from home, and visited family connexions even in the North, where he was always a welcome guest; for the strange mixture of keenness and simplicity that formed the distinguishing feature of his wandering mind, rendered him, when in a talkative mood, very entertaining; and above all, the skill and taste he evinced in singing national ballads ensured him a kindly welcome in every cottage.

The evening was dull and rainy; and the night set in with the cold shivering feel, so unnatural in summer time.

Sullivan occupied the "ingle nook"—his legs stretched out—his arms folded, except when he raised his hand to re-light or fill his pipe—that constant companion of Irish rest or reflection. His wife busied herself about household matters—Jessie was retrimming her Leghorn bonnet—and Mary sat spinning opposite her father. Her foot moved as swiftly as usual, and her finger twisted the delicate

thread, as if her mind had regained its tranquillity; but it was evident, from the varying expression of her countenance, that—

"—Many, and sad, and deep,
Were the thoughts folded in her silent breast."

"Come, Jessie," said the father, "sing us a song; not too merry, nor too sorrowful; and, may-be, my little lark here will join you in it."

Mary replied with a sweet smile; but, nevertheless, her voice was not heard in the simple lay.

"Come, girls," said the father, "come—it's time to go to bed, darlins!—God send us a fine sun-rise!"

"And a happier one than we've had lately," added Mrs. Sullivan. "There's something come over the house that's turned every thing."

"May the Holy Saints protect us!" said Mary: "Somehow, I feel loath to go to bed—there's a weight on my heart, and a mournful sounding in my ears—I wish day-light was come!"

"See there, now, what you put in the child's head, Nelly, with y'er croaking! Whatever present trouble we have, Mary, my blessing, I feel that for your sake it will all pass. The Lord sent ye just like a delicate plant of sweet scent among us—a thing to mind and love; and now, agra, when the winter and storm have gone over, and the little plant has grown, and budded, and blossomed, it wouldn't be natural (and he that made Nature 'ud never turn against it) to cut it down."

"It may wither, father," murmured Mary, looking mournfully in her parent's face.

"It shall not wither, while I've a heart to press it to, or an arm to shelter it," he exclaimed, folding her to his bosom; and if tears did mingle in that pure and holy embrace, Corney Sullivan was neither less brave nor less manly for it.

The inmates of the Bleach House had long retired to rest, when Mrs. Sullivan started from her sleep, and shaking her husband violently, asked him if he had not heard a scream. Before he could reply, "Father!—Father!" was shrieked, with all the wildness of despair—and, merciful Providence!—in Mary's voice. He rushed to his room door, and endeavoured to force it open, but he strained every nerve in vain. Like many doors in Irish cabins, it opened from the outside; and it was evident that heavy pressure had been resorted to, to prevent its being pushed forward. Again the mournful wail, "Father!—Father!" burst upon his ear. He stormed in impotent rage—he conjured those without, by every holy and sacred tie, to let him go forth. He then bethought him of the little window that opened on the thatch.—Alas! his head could hardly pass through the aperture. With frenzied eagerness he endeavoured to tear out the casement, even as a maniac attempts to rive his fetters. At length he succeeded; and the mud wall crumbled beneath his hands. He

listened—the affecting words were not repeated: within, the sound of footsteps had ceased, but suddenly without all was bustle; and as he renewed his exertions the tramp of horsemen came heavily upon the ear. Again he flew to the door; it was unfastened: extended on the earthen floor of the kitchen, he beheld Jessie in a state of perfect insensibility; he rushed to the fore-court—even the sound of the horses' hoofs had died in the distance; he sped to his brother's house—they were not long in coming to his assistance, and accompanied him, speedily, to the plundered nest. His wife's state of mind may be better conceived than described; and the only account Jessie could give of the outrage was, that she was roused from her sleep by masked and armed men entering their chamber, and that, despite her efforts, they rolled a horseman's cloak round her cousin, and dragged her forth.

To rouse the neighbours—saddle, spur, and away after the lawless plunderers, was the universal resolve. It may readily be believed that Alick was foremost in exertions; but the ruffians had anticipated pursuit. The saddles in the sheds, dignified by the name of stables, at both houses, were cut to pieces; and a brown farm-horse, with the exception of Alick's pony the only good roaster in their possession, was cruelly maimed.

"Oh, if Watty had been here, this could not have happened!" they exclaimed; "he has the ear of a hare, the foot of a hound, and the eye of an eagle;" but it was vain. And the grey morning had almost dawned, before a party, consisting of seven tolerably well-mounted and well-armed men, sallied forth in pursuit of the lost treasure. Various were the conjectures as to the probable authors of the abduction, and the course the miscreants had pursued. The Sullivans were silent on the former topic, but seemed to opine that Mary had been carried towards the very lawless neighbourhood of Keenahan's wood.

The crime of conveying the daughters of respectable farmers from their own homes, and forcing them to marry, frequently persons whom they had never seen, was at one time not at all uncommon in Ireland; even in my own quiet district, I remember, about sixteen years ago, a circumstance of the kind that made a powerful impression on my youthful mind, although there was much less of villainy about it than characterized "the lifting" of Mary Sullivan. Unfortunately, the friends of the perpetrators, on such occasions, seem to argue themselves into the belief, that when such affairs terminate in *marriage* no evil has been committed.

The parties agreed to separate—four to pursue the by-roads, leading to a wild district of morass and hill, called Keenahan's wood; and three, the more direct and better known way, to the same place, in another direction. The neighbourhood of Keenahan's wood had been

famed as the residence of a sort of Catholic Gretna-green Irish priest—a jovial out-cast friar, who laughed, and poached, and married. Although none of the regular clergy associated with him, he concluded all sorts of run-away and forced matches; it was, therefore, natural to suppose that Mary had been borne in that direction. Alick, his father, and two friends took the former road; and Corney, Sullivan, and two others, the latter. As they passed Cormack's house, Alick looked fixedly at it; and his father almost involuntarily exchanged glances with him, when they perceived a head, which could not be mistaken, withdrawn from one of the windows, and an open shutter closed.

"Father Neddy's early at his devotion," observed Alick, in a low and bitter tone.

"I wonder what he thinks of seeing so many of us astir in the dim o' the morning," replied the other.

"May-be he knows by inspiration," continued the youth, with increasing bitterness; "but if it is as I think, I'll drive, and tear, and throw open—ay, the very altar; and I'll have justice and revenge before I lay side on a bed, or taste drink stronger nor water."

"Whisht! for mercy's sake, whisht!" exclaimed the father: "wait awhile, and don't be so rash."

They stopped at every hamlet—they questioned every individual, but for many miles received no intelligence. At last, a beggar-woman who had slept under shelter of a ditch during the night, and was, to use her own phrase, "getting the children to rights, and making them comfortable," said, that about two hours before, three men had gone that way—she had looked up, upon hearing them pass—"they were riding aisy," and one of them carried a slight woman before him on the horse, "which struck her, strange," as she lay more like a dead than a living thing. They took off the high road across the bog, in the direction of Keenahan's wood; "and she soon lost sight of 'em, as daylight wasn't clane in."

Our friends followed the track she told of, and heard again from some turf-clampers that the same party had passed them about an hour before. The information, however, did not appear to increase the chance of their search being crowned by success. In the direction pointed out by the turf-cutters all trace of road was lost; the ground was uneven, and they were obliged to lead their horses. Scrubby, and often gigantic furze, thickened on the borders of the wood, so as to present almost a positive barrier to their progress; while every now and then, a deep pit-fall, or a treacherous shaking bog, impeded their course; and it required all their strength and dexterity to extricate themselves from the clayey thickness of the soil.

Keenahan's wood shewed darkly in the distance, as it crept up the Slivoath mountain,

whose craggy top frowned amid the thin and fleecy clouds.

"There can be no harm," observed the elder Sullivan, "in going to Friar Leary's: sorra' a job of the kind done that he hasn't a hand in; and something tells me we shall soon find our lost lamb."

It was agreed that one of the party should take charge of the horses, while the others proceeded slowly and cautiously on foot, under cover of the wood. They could not expect any information from the beings who inhabited the dreary and dangerous district they now entered, as they were generally believed to subsist by plunder; for, in times of national tumult, suspicious persons always found shelter in the fastnesses of Slivoath, and many bloody acts of violence had been perpetrated under the dense trees.

The few half-naked urchins whom they met, either pretended total ignorance of the friar's dwelling, or, as they afterwards discovered, invariably set them wrong. Thus, fatigued in body and mind, they struggled through the tangled brush-wood; and although the sun was high in the heavens, its rays could hardly penetrate the deep thickness of the matted trees.

A broad and brawling stream, occasionally bubbling and frothing over the impediments that huge stones and ledges presented to its impetuosity, divided the path, (if the course they had pursued might be so called,) and formed an opening, where the air, relieved from its wearisome confinement, rushed in a swift, pure current over the waters. The banks, on the opposite side, were steep and dangerous. Huge masses of the mountain rock, round whose base the stream meandered, rose abruptly from the surface: some were fringed by the thorny drapery of the wild briar and ragged nettle; others were bleak and barren, and the sunbeams glittered on flints, and portions of red granite, that, like many of the worldly, basked in the sun of prosperity, and yielded nothing in return.

The party followed the course of the mimic river, and the mountain grew higher and higher as they proceeded. The depth of the water, too, had evidently increased; probably owing to the late rains; for it washed over a rustic bridge, well known in the district by the name of "the friar's pass," and which, they rightly conjectured, led to the abode of "the Irish Friar Tuck."

Above this simple structure, that consisted of two huge trees tied together, a portion of the mountain jutted, and formed a semi-arch of wild and singular beauty. Its summit was thickly imbedded in bright and shining moss, and its glittering greenery was a delightful relief to the eye that had so long dwelt on noisome weeds and rugged rocks.

While the little party were gazing on the fairy spot, a loud shout thundered on their ears: for a moment they were petrified; and

then involuntarily rushed to cross the bridge.

Their progress, however, was arrested by the scene that presented itself, in what, as they gazed for a moment upon it, appeared mid-air: Walter Sullivan—his black hair streaming like a pennon on the breeze—in eager pursuit of Stephen Cormack, who seemed anxious to gain the path that descended to the stream; but with another shout, or rather howl, Watty sprang on him, as the eagle would on the hawk, and both engaged in a fierce and desperate struggle. Neither were armed, but the fearful effort for existence gave strength to Stephen's exertions. With the ferocity of tigers they clutched each other's throats, and as they neared the edge the half-maniac redoubled his exertions to throw his weaker antagonist over it. Alick and his father flew up the cliff; nothing but the supernatural energy with which Walter was imbued could have saved Cormack's life. He had succeeded in loosening the hold upon his throat, and then, taking him round the waist as if he had been an infant, upheld him, for a moment, over the abyss, and hurled him forward; had he been pushed over, his doom must have been instant death; the pointed rocks would have mangled him into a thousand pieces; but the crime that would have attached to the hitherto "harmless innocent," was providentially prevented, and Stephen fell into the stream.

The combat I have taken so long to relate occupied but a few seconds—before the worthless youth's associates in crime were able to effect his rescue. Where the wild man had wandered shall be presently related; he was on his return, and by way of shortening his road determined on crossing Slivoath and the wood; he came unexpectedly upon the gang, who had been obliged to dismount, and were forcing his sweet cousin Mary up the narrow and winding path, leading to the hut or cell where the friar resided; armed with but his riding-whip, he instantly fell upon them, and, as "conscience doth make cowards of us all"—they at first imagined they were overtaken by the party, which, notwithstanding their precautions, they had little doubt would muster with the morning dawn. The eagerness evinced by Walter to punish the principal aggressor has been already shewn, but it was fortunate for him that his friends arrived at the critical moment; he could have had little chance of escape, as the other ruffians had recovered from their surprise, and doubtless would have had slight scruples of conscience about despatching him.

Mary was soon surrounded by her friends, for her father and the men who had taken the other road joined them shortly after the rencounter had taken place.

Alick's pony was invaluable; the creature seemed to know its way by intuition, and had now the honour of carrying Mary. Alick guided the bridle, while her father supported her with his arm. Stephen's object had evidently

been to force a marriage; and had the rescue been delayed a few minutes longer, his plan might have been successful.

"It's no time to talk of it now," observed Alick; "but I'll have my revenge yet. I'll go to the Bishop—and if that won't do, to the Pope; and I'll have that man—"

"Alick, avourneen!" interrupted Walter, "if it's no time to talk, can't you hould y'er tongue?—look, I've no manner of compassion for any of ye; this very minute, the only people to be pitied is jist me and the pony—who's as good as gould, and goes as smilingly along as if he hadn't travelled near seventy miles, since ere last night;—then I pity myself, because I'm a fool—and so, I suppose, can never have a sweet-heart, but must live alone, like that great poplar tree, that even the birds fly by without resting upon. It's very quare, I never found even a sparrow's nest in a poplar!"

"Do tell us where you've been, Watty!" enquired Alick, anxious to change the conversation.

"All in good time—not till we get home; and mind, uncle, at the Bleach House ye must give us all supper; and Mary, if ye're not able to sit up, I'll support ye—but to rest not one of ye shall go, till ye've heard my travels."

"Some folly, I'll go bail," observed his father.

Walter looked at him—nodded, but only replied, "time ill tell."

The day was fully spent, and the gentle twilight had been succeeded by the deepening darkness of night; gradually the pale stars came out in their meek beauty, illuminating the blue arch of heaven with their sparkling fires. The party were too fatigued to keep up any conversation, always excepting Walter, whose spirits were overflowing, and who sung snatches of old ballads with untiring perseverance. When they came within sight of the village, through which they must pass before they arrived at the Sullivans' home, the party halted and gave three loud cheers; in a moment every living soul, even to the toddling wee thing hanging to its mother's apron, rushed as with one feeling to meet and congratulate them; the joyous shout spread even to the silent dwelling where the mother of Mary, sick and despairing, was rocking herself over the ashes of the turf fire. Jessie had joined the villagers, and, in her boisterous happiness, kissed and embraced every one she encountered.

But who can relate the meeting of the mother and daughter!—how the aged woman laid the pale girl on her bosom; pushed back from her delicate features the clustering and disarranged tresses; again and again pressed her lips on her fair brow, and repeated over and over, the sweet words, "My child, my own born child, is safe!"—my child, my own born child, is safe!" Nor was her aunt less fervent in her demonstrations of affection.

In the excessive joy of this happy restoration,

few thought of the sorrow that still weighed on the hearts of Alick and Mary. Nor was it until Watty had three times shaken his aunt by the shoulders, and demanded supper for himself and his companions, that the poor woman would resign her child.

"Ye're keening over her as if she were dead—so ye are—and I want my supper; for after that I've got a message for his Reverence, Father Neddy, that I swore to give afore I'd lay aside on a bed this happy night."

Rashers of bacon, fresh eggs, new milk, strong ale, and plenty of hot whiskey-punch, formed the regale.

"Jessie," said Mrs. Sullivan, "if ye were handy now, ye wouldn't be long twisting the necks of five or six chickens, and they'd do iligantly in the red ashes."

"No, no!" vociferated Walter, "I'll not stay in the house if a living thing is made dead this night. I've got the means of making ye all kings and queens; one round, loud huzza—now a glass a-piece—and now for a fool's toast—May ould Nick make the bed of all who contrive mischief!" Alick, come here, agra—read that, astore! I never saw the good of teaching people to dirty clane paper, until I got that scrap from his high Reverence, Doctor O'Brien—Bishop of this and other districts."

All stared in stupid astonishment, as Alick took the proffered document; he unfolded it, but kept the contents most religiously to himself; it was soon evident he could not read it aloud; his cheek flushed—his eye kindled—his hand trembled; yet still he held it fast, as if fearful that if aught touched it, save himself, the illusion would be destroyed.

"Give it me, Alick," said Walter, taking it from him, "give it me. Now, father, read it; I know what it is—but I'd like to hear it set out regularly. Why, you look as much bothered as Alick—now for it!"

The father did indeed read—what gave universal happiness to the entire party—A DISPENSATION, under the bishop's own hand; fully authorizing the marriage of Alick and Mary Sullivan. The ecstasies, and happiness, and above all, the gratitude felt and spoken, can be much better imagined than described.

Astonishment was loudly and universally expressed, as to the how and the where of Walter's plans. Watty, however, was never long in one mood, and he seemed disposed to hold his tongue, just at the moment they wished him to be particularly communicative.

"Let Mary ask him—let Mary ask him to tell, and he will!" said Jessie.

"May-be I might then; if she'd ask me purty, and call me brother." This was obviously a difficult task for the blushing bride-elect; but on Watty's placing his ear very near her lips, she, I suppose, complied, for he seemed satisfied; and seating himself on the table, in the midst of his animated and delighted auditory, recited his adventures.

"Ye mind Doctor O'Brien's sister's son, who is to be a priest, and was staying for a while at the squire's—well, he was very kind to me, as you may remember; and took a power o' pains to insense me into many things, and was desperate civil to me all thro', and often wanted me to go up to his uncle's place; indeed, I think he'd ha' made a priest o' me, if he had his will;—ye may laugh—but sure it's faith is the great thing in a priest; and father, if ye had given me the larning, I'd ha, been a jewel of a priest; but no matter—somehow, it came across me, that Father Neddy took too much entirely upon himself, about the *dispensation*." (Here a general "Oh, oh, Watty!"—"asy, Watty!" murmured amid the hearers.) "If ye don't let me tell my story my own way, ye may do without it," said the orator; "I'm not afraid to repate it—like many others in the world, he took too much upon himself—save us!—don't worms ate priests' flesh, as well as ours? There now, Mary, honey, if it vexes you I won't brathe a morsel more about it! Well, I be-thought me I'd jist make myself dacent, and go *unknowingly*, and lay the whole case before his holiness, the bishop; seeing I was sure o' the good word of my ould play-fellow, his sister's son: so I set off, as you know—but you don't know that when I got to his house—my darlints!—it's off he was—a big piece the other side o' Keenahan's wood, and my honourable friend with him, going a 'visiting' for a bit. Well, I took after him—Rory and me—and of coorse I first axed to see the young gentleman; and sure he's the ould thing, only a dale more stout and hearty; and—I'm sorry for him—very much given to shooting queests, which I tould him was very unchristian. (Here another "Oh! Oh! Oh!" burst forth; but Walter continued.) "Well, he has a kind heart!—he remembered all of ye; and said my family was at the top of the country for dacency. So he brought me straight to his uncle, and wouldn't put me up what to say—only bid me tell my story my own way; and then I thought o' the blessing you gave me, Mary, and spoke up, nothin' daunted. He's a fine man, the bishop, as you'd see in a month o' Sundays; tall, like a mountain ash, with hair as white as the foam o' the waves, and a voice so soft—yet so grand! 'Did you say,' says he, in fine English, 'that the girl and boy have grown up under one roof, and taken heart-love to each other from their early years?' I remember his very words.

"Jist, y'er grate reverence," I made answer, 'like two birds in a pigeon's nest; and a cool look, nor a hard thought, has never come betwixt one of the family.'

"I wonder why Father Cormack should so go against it," says he again.

"If y'er honour's glory 'ill permit, I'll tell ye," says I. "He has a bit of a nevvty that's taken a wonderful fancy to Mary's face and Mary's farm—his reverence knows him." (I

knew the young master had an ould grudge agin him, for a dirty turn he did.) So with that he spakes up, and says his say, out o' the face, and fitted his jacket nately, like an honourable, honest man.

"Well, they began talking in an unknown tongue, after the fashion of a batch of crows—caw—click—caw—caw—and at last the bishop says, 'You know that a Dispensation is a grate expinse, and those who expect the like favours from the church must help to support it.'

"To be sure," says I, 'but as I mane all this as a surprise—and thinking of the state the craturs are both in, dying with such a complaint, and all, I trust y'er reverence's holiness will be light upon me.'

"Sure, I'd have given hundreds for it," exclaimed Alick.

"It's you 'ud be the fool then," observed Walter; "It 'ud be no better for that—I pulled out my bag—(I had five guineas in all)—"

"Where did ye get the money?" enquired his father.

"Don't ye remember," replied the young man, "that whenever my head is steady enough to do a turn o' work, ye pay me for it?—and I saved it all up—for my heart tould me that some o' ye might want it, one of these days; wild Watty has no right to it—for sure he's been a pain or a reproach to ye all his life—little better than a born natural." The tone of deep feeling, with which the poor fellow uttered these words, contrasted painfully with his former cheerful voice; it was like the tolling of a funeral knell, even while the sound of joy-bells lingered on the air; but after a brief pause he resumed.

"Five guineas," said the bishop, 'is the lowest penny.'

"Och, murder!—y'er honour's reverence 'ud never think of that, sure!" said I—"three guineas and a half—(I'd scorn, poor as I am, to offer ye trash o' paper) I'll give that any how." Well, he considered a bit, and the two began ci—caw—cawing, in the foreign language, which I own I didn't think manners—except for quality—to be sure they've ways of their own—well, he offers me the thing for four guineas; and done, says I, and tould it down to him on the sod, honest, as the saying is, as a judge. Well, (now listen, boys, for the flower of the story!) he takes up the gould, and he looked at me somehow—so kind that my heart went bob—bobbing—and my eyes felt quare. "Take it back," said he—and with that he handed it across to me—and keep it to buy a wedding shute, and an ould man prays that at the day o' judgment all may make as *clane breasts* as you have now; keep the money, and there's the Dispensation.'

"Now, boys and girls," added Watty, grinning—"isn't it the hoight o' condescension in me to be discouraging you here—after talking face to face to a bishop? Look at me, I've seen one of the world's wonders—a priest re-

turn money!—but I expect to see another—a wife that won't *scauld*. Ye all know the rest," he added, when the merry laugh had subsided excited by his last remark; "how I was returning by way of a short cut through the wood, and—but where's the good o' going back, as ye say that spilloque of a villain got off?—well, may-be so best—only I don't like to think of it."

After many demonstrations of Irish joy, which I beg it clearly to be understood is much more boisterous than sober English custom would warrant, and various congratulations, the party separated.

"Now I'm off to the priest," exclaimed Watty.

"You're not, take my word for it," replied his father; "what 'ud you go to the priest at this hour for?"

"Jist to do the bishop's bidding—sorra 'a thing else—didn't he tell me to tell Father Neddy, with his compliments, that he'd be with him the morrow?—and—by the powers I clane forgot it!—he said he'd have the pleasure of marrying Mary and Alick, his holy self, the next day.

As he concluded this sentence, there commenced in the cottage a confusion of tongues, and noises not easily described. Mary, who had been exchanging a few parting words with her lover on the narrow step leading to her little chamber, leaned against the rail for support; the only face that beamed unalloyed pleasure, and the perfection of happiness, was Alick's—he pressed Mary's hand closely to his heart; and then, with a delicacy of feeling that would add a new grace to any rank, however exalted it might be, beckoned Jessie to assist her to her room; and, giving utterance to the joy and hope which filled his bosom, gently and affectionately bade her good night.

"It's quite an impossibility! Watty, ye'll never come to good for not telling us afore—sure that was the first thing ye should ha' thought of!" said the father of Mary.

"A bishop, body and bones, coming to marry a child o' mine!" exclaimed the mother; "and not a thing in the house!—the hens in the laying time—thin as frosty snipeens; and the chickens not as big as larks! Sorra a grain o' tea have we, nor a drop o' wine—it can't be, that's sartin!"

There was too much anxious conversation going forward in the kitchen, for Jessie to remain long in Mary's room; from which she soon flounced forth, exclaiming, "It's out o' the question; and a dirty turn o' ye, Watty, not to tell it at once, and ye more nor two hours in the house; and not a stitch o' book muslin to be had nearer nor Ballybay, nor so much as a yard o' satin ribbon. Oh, joy be with you, sweet Dublin!—one has only to cross a street, and the most beautifullest o' things for funerals or weddings are to y'er hand. If y'er pockets are full o' money, sure it's there ye

can empty them, and that without any trouble to signify; while *here*, one may live for ages, and see nothin' worth dressing for—nothin' but the likes o' ye, Watty, and folk too busy in love to think of any but themselves, and a pack of old fogies that I wouldn't be seen spaking to in darlint Dublin."

"Ye're wrong, Miss Jessie," replied Walter, "in one thing; sorra o' the likes o' me, here or elsewhere, ye'll ever see. As to Dublin, or any other place, you girls 'ill contrive to spend y'er money, if ye have it; but look—I'll go off in the morning to Ballybay, and bring ye as much finery as ye want—and tay, and sugar, and wine, and every thing—for a wedding we must have; and now I'm off to the priest's."

The miller accompanied his son; and neither family went to bed that night, so busy were they with preparations for the coming feast—for in that light an Irish wedding is always considered. After the seniors had maturely deliberated on the affair, it was an agreed-upon-matter that it was perfectly impossible to put off a priest, much less a bishop; and I confess myself unable to describe the extreme preparations that consequently occupied the next morning, day, and night. Such doings had never been heard of in the country. Literally, the fatted calf was killed; and Walter executed his commissions to the satisfaction of every body, except Jessie, for he brought her white calico instead of muslin—declaring it was worse than mad to pay so much more money for what was no better than a cobweb.

Sweet Mary Sullivan!—she appreciated too highly the affection of Alick, the wild, devoted kindness of poor Walter, and the condescension of the bishop, to urge obstacles which she did not feel ought to exist. The desire of her heart was fulfilled—the affection that had grown with her growth was to flow on undisturbed in its unpolluted course; and she silently thanked God, and prayed that she might continue worthy of Alick's love.

To a delicately-minded woman, the wedding-day is one of mingled mournfulness and hope. To be another's—to resign to another's care her will, her happiness—to think that every feeling must be moulded to please one, who accepts her submission as a duty, not a favour—is a sacrifice indeed; but the hope, that, in return for the homely comforts, the cheerful acquiescence, the soothing voice, the ready smile, the delightful tranquillity that woman's love sheds over the humblest home—the hope that these tendernesses will be repaid by the wise guidance, the steady counsel, the noble friendship into which the tumultuous feelings of the lover subside, when he is called husband, cheers and supports the most sensitive mind under a change so decided and entire.

Doctor O'Brien was received with slavish obsequiousness by Father Neddy Cormack, and the house was put in especial order for the

purpose. He, however, declined accepting the priest's invitation to remain. He was going on to the squire's he said, to spend the night; but hoped to have the pleasure of meeting his reverence to-morrow at the Bleach House. Father Cormack must see, he added, the necessity of his appearing there; as he had heard on his way that a very dreadful outrage had been committed on the Sullivan family, into which some enquiry must necessarily be made.

I am sorry for it—but the next day Father Neddy was at the "pint o' death wid the agee, and a smodering about his heart, and a pain in his head, and not able to touch a drop o' liquor"—according to Katty O'Flinn, who smelt the wedding preparations afar off; as did some dozen of variegated beggars, who afterwards, seated on the green sward, enjoyed the remnants of the treat—a peculiar privilege which that class of persons have enjoyed time out of mind; to them a wedding or a funeral are alike signals for feasting; and I have often been amused at the mixture of rags and happiness such gypsy-like groups present.

Need I add that our bride looked lovely—that the bridegroom was grateful for his long-sought treasure—that the bishop was gracious, and departed with the heartfelt prayers of his people? No!—but I must add that the air of that part of the country disagreed so much with Father Neddy Cormack, he soon found it necessary to "quit," for another province; and that the bishop's nephew was appointed to his parish—a circumstance at which Walter rejoiced exceedingly; the more so, as the young priest good naturedly promised to forego his once favourite amusement of "shooting wood-queests."

From the Musical Bijou.

WE RETURN NO MORE.

BY MES. HEMANS.

"We return no more!"

Burden of the Highland Song of Emigration.

"We return—we return—we return no more!"
—So comes the song to the mountain shore,
From those that are leaving their Highland
Home,
For a world far over the blue sea's foam;
"We return no more!"—and thro' cave and
dell,
Mournfully wanders that wild farewell.

"We return—we return—we return no more!"
—So breathe sad voices our spirits o'er,
Murmuring up from the depth of the heart,
When lovely things with their light depart,
And the inborn sound hath a prophet's tone,
And we feel that a joy is forever gone.

We return—we return—we return no more!"
—Is it heard when the days of flowers are o'er,
When the passionate soul of the night-bird's lay
Hath died from the summer woods away?
When the crimson from sun-set's robe hath
pass'd,
Or the leaves are swept on the rushing blast?

No—it is not the rose that returns no more,
A soft spring's breath will its bloom restore,
And it is not the song that o'erflows the bowers
With a stream of love thro' the starry hours,
And it is not the glory of sunset's hues,
Nor the frail flush'd leaves that the wild wind
strews.

"We return—we return—we return no more!"
—Doth the bird sing thus from the brighter
shore,
Those wings that follow the Southern breeze,
Float they not homeward o'er vernal seas?
Yes from the lands of the vine and palm
They come with the sunshine when waves grow
calm.

"But *We*—*We* return—we return no more!"
The heart's young dreams when their bloom is
o'er,
The love it hath pour'd so freely forth,
The boundless trust in ideal worth,
The faith in affection—deep, fond—yet vain,
These are the lost that return not again.

From the Quarterly Review.

THE GREEK QUESTION.

(Concluded from page 182.)

Something must, we suppose, be said concerning the unsatisfied claims of the Greeks; for, much as has been conceded to them—far more than, unaided, they will be able to maintain—still larger pretensions have been urged for them; and these pretensions have obtained an easy credence from that ample portion of the community, which is at all times ready to prove its liberality by believing all that is bad of sovereigns, and all that is good of insurgent subjects. We must, therefore, we fear, inquire into this matter a little more largely than we would wish.

The Greeks had, it is allowed on all sides, repeatedly and earnestly sought the *mediation* of the allies. On this head, therefore, they have no ground or shadow of complaint: they cannot charge the allies with intermeddling in a quarrel which did not belong to them, and undertaking to adjust rights which did not lawfully fall within their cognizance. This, and much more than this, may, we apprehend, be said (whatever be the validity of the answer) on the part of Turkey. But the Greeks called in the umpire, and have no right to complain of his acting as such.

Still, it must be admitted, that this consideration does not release the sovereigns from the duties either necessarily belonging to the character in which they acted, or imposed on them by restrictions and conditions of their own creating. Let us see how this part of the case really stands. The Greeks and their partisans urge, that, by the Third Article of the Treaty of London, the final settlement of all matters in question was reserved to 'a negotiation between the high powers and the two contending parties.'

Here let us pause a little. Does this article of itself give the Greeks an absolute right to

a voice in the ultimate determination of the points in difference between them and the Porte? Clearly not, we apprehend. The treaty, and every article in it, gave no right whatever to any but the powers who were parties to it. It defined the objects of those parties in the enterprise they were about to take in hand, and the manner in which they would conduct and conclude it. If, in the course of their operations, they should unanimously deem it expedient to depart from any or all of the provisions of the treaty, there was nothing, and, in truth, could be nothing, in their own treaty to tie up their own hands.* But though there was nothing in the treaty itself which gave a right to others, might not such right accrue from the acts of the allies founded on that treaty? Might not, for instance, a demand made on the Greeks, in virtue of the treaty, and complied with by them, give them a right to all the benefits stipulated for them in the same act? That, we conceive, must altogether depend on the answer to a previous question—Was the compliance of the Greeks with the demand made upon them, conditional on the promise of fulfilment of the stipulations of the treaty in their favour? The answer to this question depends on a matter of fact. Let us look to the evidence of that fact. The first conference of the plenipotentiaries in execution of the treaty authorized a declaration to be made to the Greeks in the name of the three powers, by their admirals in the Levant. (A. 184.) It is on this declaration, and on it alone, that the claims of the Greeks must be founded. Now what does this declaration say? After first stating the request of the Greeks, 'that the allied powers should interpose in their favour,' it proceeds to announce that—

'the courts have agreed, by a formal treaty, to offer their mediation to the Porte, to put a stop at the first place to the course of hostilities, and to arrive at length at a definite pacification by settling the relations which should for the future exist between that power and the Greeks.' 'In order to facilitate the success of this mediation,' it is 'proposed to the Greek provisional government to suspend, by an armistice, every act of hostility against the Sublime Porte,' and 'its immediate assent to this proposition' is demanded.—(A. 183, 184.)

In all this there is no inducement held out to the Greeks by the promise of any specific stipulation—nothing beyond the announcement of the general object of the treaty. The Greek provisional government immediately—'acknowledging with gratitude, on behalf of the whole nation, the benevolent disposition of the three great powers'—accept the proposed armistice (B. 146); and in order to show what their real feelings on the occasion were,

*This, of course, must not be understood to recognize the right of contracting powers to deceive other parties by putting articles into treaties which they do not intend to execute. We only mean to say, that if they act *bona fide*, they have a right to depart from the treaty of their own making.

they, at the same time, transmit a copy of a proclamation already issued by them to the people, which proclamation is worthy of remark on several accounts: first, as testifying the absolute necessity to the Greeks of the interposition of the allies, whose 'benevolent intentions and compassion' for them are loudly set forth; secondly, as recognizing the right of the allies, under the circumstances, to interfere in the internal concerns of Greece; for it expresses the hope and conviction of the provisional government, 'that the powers will contribute to support its measures in favour of internal order, against the enemies to the tranquillity of their country'; thirdly, and chiefly, as admitting the principle of the treaty itself—an admission, in truth, which the Greeks could not withhold, for on it their whole case depends, but which is absolutely decisive of the point in question; for that treaty is founded on the right of interference on the part of foreign powers, in cases where they shall deem interference necessary, and to the extent in which they shall deem it so. No parts of that treaty—no stipulations, in it, can be construed so as to contradict the principle on which it is founded. This is the language held to the Porte in the very communication which fixes the full extent of the sacrifices demanded of it:—

'The undersigned, at the commencement of the present note, recapitulated the views by which the deliberations of the courts have never ceased to be governed. The resolutions which they have finally adopted are in accordance with those views. *It would be a vain objection to urge against the alliance, that it had sometimes altered the course which had previously appeared to it calculated to lead to the attainment of the object of its efforts. It was necessary to adapt its measures to circumstances.*' 'In recognizing the mission which the alliance has undertaken for the pacification of Greece, has not the Sublime Porte sanctioned, by anticipation, all the resolutions consequent upon the great principles proclaimed by the courts?'—(A. 325.)

Now, if this be valid reasoning when addressed to Turks, does it cease to be so when spoken to Greeks? If it justify a departure from the terms of the treaty, so as to make Greece a free and independent state, instead of being a tributary vassal to the Porte, as professed in the treaty, does it not also justify the exclusion of the Greeks from the final settlement of the limits of the new state? Although, therefore, the stipulations in favour of the right of the Greeks to be heard, or even to have an effectual negative, in the decision of any of the matters concerned, were much stronger and much plainer than those of the third article are pretended to be, still they must yield to the principle itself of the treaty, should the course of events, or any other cause, make the observance of them incompatible with the higher and prior claims of that principle.

To apply these remarks to the pretensions now set up for the Greeks. It is said that the allied powers have exceeded their right, first,

in deciding on the form of government, which the Greeks are to acknowledge. In answer to this, it is sufficient to say, not only that the whole case proceeds on the principle of the powers having a right to make such a settlement as they shall judge necessary for the repose of Europe, but also, that the Greek Senate itself admits the valid exercise of their right in this very particular. After speaking of the government which the Greeks had previously chosen for themselves, it proceeds thus:—

'Considerations of high policy change, at present, this system of administration; and Greece, destined to be governed by a monarch, is about to possess, in that character, his Royal Highness Prince Leopold.'—(L. 63.)

This is part of the very paper in which the Senate urges its second and main ground of complaint—the exclusion of the Greeks from the final discussion and decision of the question of *boundary*. This, it is insisted, is in direct contravention of the third article of the treaty, which says, that

'the limits of the territory on the Continent, and the designation of the islands of the Archipelago to which it shall be applicable, shall be settled in a subsequent negotiation between the high powers and the two contending parties.'

Now, the real facts of the case are these: the Greeks, as we have already seen, were consulted, their wishes received, their arguments weighed, their every suggestion attended to, by a most patient, a most favourable, we are almost justified in saying a most *partial* auditory, commissioned for that very purpose by the allied powers, and sent to Greece itself, where they continued thus occupied during many months, and whence they sent a report of their proceedings, and a statement of their opinion, so inordinately advantageous to the Greeks, and injurious to the Porte, that shame itself extorted from the allies a slight modification of it in the final settlement. True, there was no 'negotiation between the high powers and the two contending parties,' and why? Because the Turks, from a feeling of natural and honourable pride, as well as from religious scruples, would not treat with their insurgent subjects—their rayahs. To soothe this feeling, to evince some tenderness to an unoffending power, doomed to suffer so much hardship, the allies consented to 'waive the establishment of direct relations between the plenipotentiaries of the Porte and those of Greece;' and, in lieu of it, themselves 'to receive and act upon the ideas and desires of the latter, who would thus enjoy the faculty of being *consulted and heard*, which was promised to them (and all that, in fair construction, was promised to them) by the treaty of July.' (A. 257.)

If this answer be not deemed sufficient, it is enough to say that it had become *necessary for the very purposes of the treaty*, that the allies should take the final settlement altogether on themselves—resting the proof of this necessity on the notoriety of the facts and events which

had created it. But we will go farther. We appeal to the common sense of all who will listen to that homely guide, and ask confidently, whether a more shameless complaint was ever urged by the most shameless of suitors, than this which is now advanced by and for the Greeks? Let us first consider what to them is the result of the interference of the allies, in their contest with their lawful monarch. The whole of the Peloponnesus, with its adjacent islands, as also the Cyclades, the island Eubœa, the whole of Greece Proper, except Acarnania and part of Ætolia, are erected into an independent sovereignty, under the guarantee of the greatest powers of Europe. Now, at the time when the allies first interposed, could (we do not say their utmost expectations, but could) their wildest dreams extend to anything like such a result? In one main point, it is absolutely impossible; for the very treaty which may have set their imaginations afloat, did also strictly restrain them to a state of tributary vassalage. But in respect of *territory*, what may have been their fair pretensions? In order to answer this inquiry, it will be necessary to look to the condition in which they then stood. This condition was perhaps the most forlorn, the most abject, the most hopeless, that history records of any cause which was not utterly extinguished. The time, when the allied powers thought it necessary to interpose, was in the summer of 1827, when Athens, the last possession, and the last hope of the Greeks, beyond the Isthmus, had just fallen, and when before its walls, the last army they could raise, led by our gallant and generous countrymen, General Church, and supported by a fleet under Lord Cochrane, on whose high genius and not unjust renown they reposed the most confident reliance, had fallen too—had been dispersed—annihilated. In the Peloponnesus, meanwhile, hardly a fortress remained to them. Their government, (if they can be said to have had a government,) conscious of its insecurity, had transferred its seat from the continent to an island; two victorious armies of the Turks were in the full career of triumphant activity; a large and powerful fleet from Egypt was about to sweep the seas of every bark which should dare to carry the rebel flag, and, bearing a numerous, well appointed, and highly disciplined army, to extend to the islands the same measure of vengeance which had been dealt out to the insurgents of the continent. In short, the problem, whether the Porte could indeed subdue the insurrection, seemed about to be solved in such a manner as should take from the allies their only pretence for interference, when their decree went forth. They commanded the Ottoman emperor to stop short in what he confidently proclaimed, and they did not deny, to be the legitimate exercise of his rights as a prince, in reclaiming the obedience of a rebellious people.

In truth, it is very questionable whether the allies, if they had been acquainted with the real

state and prospects of the parties at the date of their treaty, would have felt themselves at liberty to proceed with it. At any rate, the knowledge of these facts, had it been spread through Europe, could not have failed to excite the most lively remonstrances from powers not less interested in the general tranquillity, and in the maintenance of the law of nations, than England, Russia, or France. Luckily for the Greeks this was not the case. The remoteness of the scene of action withheld from western Europe all accurate knowledge of the overwhelming losses they had recently sustained, and the still more overwhelming catastrophe which impended from Egypt, till the allies had already taken their part, and committed themselves before the world.

That this is not an exaggerated picture of the desperate state of the fortunes of the Greeks, and of their utter inability to make head against the Ottoman power, at the period of which we are speaking, is evident from what actually occurred. We have the testimony, indeed, of the Russian plenipotentiary, who, in a memorial, read at the conference of September the 10th, 1827, speaks largely of

'the successes, on the part of the Turks, which have signalled the opening of the present campaign, the loss which the Greeks have experienced of one of their bravest commanders, the fall of Athens, and the new enterprise of Ibrahim Pacha in the Peloponnesus—above all, the *destitute condition of the Greeks, in regard to arms, stores, and money, whereby they are daily exposed to the chance of utter destruction.*' (A. 187.)

Even when the disastrous battle in the bay of Navarino had deprived Ibrahim of his fleet, and, with it, of all means of communication, succour, or supply by sea—when every harbour was sealed against him by the victorious squadrons of the allies—he yet was able to overrun the Morea, to occupy almost every fortress, to maintain himself in all his military positions, and to brave the utmost efforts of the Greeks, who, with all the maritime advantages from which he was utterly shut out, were yet too feeble even to disturb his troops in gathering and carrying off the harvests. (See A. 242.) In the following year, Capo d'Istria himself, who, as the faithful officer of Russia, had, at an earlier period, resolutely opposed the introduction of French troops into the Morea, was compelled to solicit their aid; and, more than this, without waiting for their arrival, to address to the admirals the most urgent entreaties to procure, through a convention, the evacuation of the Morea by Ibrahim and his Egyptian troops, in order, as he expressed it, 'to prevent its *entire devastation.*' (C. 4.) Even this was not all. When, by virtue of that convention, Ibrahim and his Egyptian force were withdrawn, the Turkish troops alone were able to retain the fortresses against the Greeks, and did not, in fact, relinquish them till, by orders from Constantinople, they withdrew, as has been already stated, before

the army of France. In the meanwhile, the communications with Constantinople, and the supplies from thence, (such was the deplorable weakness of the Greeks,) continued without interruption.

We have thus seen the condition of the Greeks in 1827 and 1828—we have seen their humble suit to the allies for their mediation in their favour with the Turks—we have heard from their own mouths of the 'gratitude,' which they then acknowledged to be due from them to the allies for their '*benevolent intentions and compassion*'—we have seen how much value they then ascribed to the 'decision of the great powers to put an end to their war by their powerful and efficacious intervention.' In short, as is truly stated in the instructions to the residents of the three courts in Greece, respecting the protocol of the 3d of February, (A. 314), we have seen that '*Greece owes her existence to the succours of every kind which the three powers have lavished upon her; they have effected her deliverance, have taken her under their immediate protection, and have saved her from irretrievable ruin*;' and, after all this, because the allies do not include in the limits of their new state—in other words, do not take from the possessions of their lawful masters, more than nineteen-twentieths of all the territory in question, they affect the air of aggrieved and injured parties, borne down by the iron rule of oppressors, whom they had called in as friends. Count Capo d'Istria gravely speaks of 'abandoning territories which they had conquered at the price of their blood,' (L. 45), because Acarnania and part of Ætolia are not assigned to them. Now, what is the plain matter of fact respecting those provinces?—That the allies found the Greeks actually driven from them, and the Turks in peaceful possession; that, even with all the support they received from the allies, the people of those and the other provinces of continental Greece were, according to the testimony of Capo d'Istria himself (A. 267,) '*but just beginning to be restored to their homes*,' in the month of May of last year. And how did they then recover those homes? was it by the sword, and at the price of their blood?—So far from it, that they stayed patiently in the Morea till the Mussulman troops, who occupied the fortresses of Roumelia, and formed their garrisons, 'abandoned by their government to a state of utter destitution,' in consequence of the measures of the allies, 'and deprived of resources from without by the blockade of their coasts,' effected by the same allies, 'had themselves requested to return home.' So much for 'territories conquered at the price of Greek blood!'

There really is a power of face in this worthy president which sets all comparison at defiance, and would not deserve to be treated gravely, if his representations had not gained credit in quarters which ought to have known better. The same authority has so far beguiled Prince Leopold, that his Royal Highness

is pleased to 'protest against the Greeks being forced into any arrangements considered by them as contrary to their wishes, and destructive of those rights, which, as the president justly observes, their great sacrifices gave them a right to insist upon.' (L. 58.) Why the Greeks should not be 'forced into an arrangement,' necessary to the repose of Europe, as well as their late masters, though it be 'considered by them contrary to their wishes,' is a question more easily asked than answered. But this by the way.

His Royal Highness speaks of 'rights which their great sacrifices gave them a right to insist upon; and such an expression, issuing from so high a quarter, and appearing in a document drawn up with no ordinary care, and, if report say true, by no ordinary penman, must not be passed altogether without notice. These rights, then, are what?—A right to the territory Acarnania, and part of Ætolia. The sacrifices what?—Simply and merely, acceptance of the armistice. This is the only demand which was made upon them; and what, to a people circumstanced as the Greeks were in the summer of 1827, was the demand of an armistice? was it not, in truth, a tendering to them the only means of escape from utter ruin? Rather, was it not a boon which they had themselves earnestly besought the allies to obtain for them? Strange and incredible as it may now appear to those who attend only to the clamours of the Greeks, and the declamations of their friends, such is undoubtedly the truth. We have evidence of it in the proclamation of the Greek government itself, when it announced the armistice:—

'By the first article of the treaty of the 6th of July,' says the proclamation, 'the powers engage to insist on the conclusion of an armistice, as a preliminary step. The Greeks certainly cannot oppose what they themselves requested in the Assembly of Epidaurus.' (B. 147.)

Yet this was the one solitary sacrifice they were required to make; and, when we contemplate the imposing superstructure reared, in the name of Prince Leopold, on this slender foundation, the mind of the sober observer is lost in astonishment: he can ascribe so astounding a declaration only to the influence of those honourable, but delusive feelings, which his Royal Highness must delight to cherish for a people whose future fortunes he once deigned to consider as identified with his own. The truth is, that the Greeks, instead of making sacrifices, positively refused to make any, even in respect to the armistice. In April, 1829, as we have already seen, the allies, having resolved to require the Turks, both by sea and land, to maintain the armistice which, on the 10th of September preceding, the Reis Effendi had declared to exist *de facto*, demanded that the Greeks also should desist from all hostilities, and withdraw their troops within the limits of the territory which the allies had taken under their provisional guarantee. The Greeks have

ing now, by means of the fleet and army of the allies, attained a position in which they thought they could pursue hostilities with advantage, declined compliance with this demand. (C. 25.)

So much for their sacrifices; next for the right supposed to accrue from them—the right to Acarnania and all Ætolia being included in the new state. Strenuously as it is now asserted, it was not so much as thought of, when the armistice was accepted by the Greeks: so far from it, that Admiral de Rigny tells the French ambassador at Constantinople, in a despatch written at the time, that the armistice was 'opposed by some of the Roumeliots,' (the people of the very districts in question,) 'both in and out of the assemblies; mark the reason—' they think that because their prospect of being included within the boundaries is very uncertain, they have little risk to run by opposition.' Again—'The Roumeliots, who have been driven back in numbers into the Morea, and whom an armistice would detain there, wish to return to Roumelia—some to continue that species of warfare which is their element; others to excite those provinces again to insurrection, hoping that those provinces may, on that account, be included in the limits which may hereafter be fixed.' (B. 152.)

So great reason have they and Prince Leopold now to complain of their being excluded! and to ground that complaint on the sacrifice they made by accepting the armistice!—So great reason, too, has their Senate to ask, 'Can the inhabitants of the Greek state, united as they are to them (the people of Roumelia) by the ties of fraternity and by solemn oaths, abandon them to their wretchedness?' (L. 65.) A question, to which Prince Leopold has been advised to give the following answer:—'These people will never submit again to the Turkish yoke without resistance; and the other Greeks will not, and cannot, abandon them to their fate.' (L. 58.)

But, after all, the special pleaders in this cause may still choose to rest it on the strict construction of the third article of the treaty, and may contend, that inasmuch as the Greek people assented to the proposition of an armistice, they thereby entitled themselves to a voice in the final settlement of the limits of the new State. It will be necessary, therefore, to look a little more closely into their conduct, as well as their words, in relation to this armistice. The case opens a little inauspiciously for them in the following communication from Admiral de Rigny—(B. 149):—

'Your Excellency will doubtless appreciate our motives, in advising the Greeks to make a kind of declaration [on accepting the armistice]; it is evident, that it was necessary to bind their [the Greek Government's] inconstancy and fickleness by some engagement, and that a manifesto, properly worded, would accomplish more than one object at the same time.'

Of the necessity of finding some means of binding their 'fickleness and inconstancy,' in

other words, their disregard of the most sacred engagements, subsequent events afford ample proof—and not less, of the invalidity of the means devised. We will state exactly what was the engagement into which the Greeks had entered with the allies, and on account of which they claim all the benefit of the strictest construction of the third article of the treaty of London in their favour.

The plenipotentiaries of the high contracting parties, in execution of the treaty, addressed, *in limine*, as we have seen, a declaration to the Greek Government, which, having stated that, in compliance with the earnest request of the Greeks, the allied powers had determined 'to offer their mediation to the Ottoman Porte,' thus proceeds:—'In order to facilitate the success of this mediation, the undersigned have been ordered to propose to the commission of the Greek provisional government, to suspend by an armistice, every act of hostility against the Sublime Porte.'

Now, it must be here observed, (in order to preclude cavil,) that the engagement required of the Greeks was not made to be contingent on the accession of the Turks; it was absolute and unconditional. Nor was there anything unfair in this; for, besides that the allies had a right to annex to their compliance with the Greek petition whatever condition they might think fit, they undertook to establish and enforce an armistice *de facto* on the part of the Turks at sea, by means of their fleet—an undertaking, of which it is unnecessary to say how well it was fulfilled. The Greek government returned the following answer:—'Acknowledging with gratitude, on behalf of the whole nation, the benevolent disposition of the three great powers, we accept the proposed armistice.' This answer was dated on the 2d of September, 1827. A proclamation, calling on the Greek nation to observe the armistice, had been published by the government some days earlier. On the 11th, an assurance was given to the Porte, on the authority of the ambassadors, that the effect of the *de facto* armistice was such, that the allied squadrons would equally prevent both parties from committing hostilities by sea.—(See B. 142.) On the 18th of the same month, Sir Frederic Adam wrote to the English Admiral, informing him,

'That a Greek squadron, under the command of Lord Cochrane, having on board a strong division of troops, was already at sea, with the design of making an attack on some points of the provinces of Albania to the north of the Gulph of Preveza.' [Provinces, by the way, into which the insurrection had not hitherto spread.] 'The land forces were from two to three thousand men, under General Church, and another corps under General Macri, which was to embark from the Morea, near Cape Papas [almost under the eyes, therefore, of Ibrahim at Navarino]; and the object of this expedition appeared to be to raise the Greeks in the provinces of Albania'—(B. 163.)

Such was—the perfidy, shall we say? or—the

imbecility of the Greek government? Admiral de Rigny authorizes us to hope the latter; for thus he writes:—'And what is this same government? Nobody obeys it. The generals-in-chief, whom it has appointed, almost hold it in derision.'—(B. 159.) But, be the fault with the government, or with the chiefs, the result is the same. They forfeited any privilege to which faithfulness to their engagements might have entitled them. Admiral Codrington, of course, prevented the success of a proceeding so contrary to good faith, and to the honour of the allies, as was this expedition. But there is much reason to believe that it produced the unhappy catastrophe at Navarino; for Ibrahim's alleged breach of promise not to leave that harbour, which caused the hostile movement of the allied squadrons, seems to have been provoked by his hearing of Lord Cochrane's force in the bay of Lepanto, and its probable destination.* Indeed, it cannot but strike every fair mind, that there was much—very much of hardship in Ibrahim's case; more especially considering the conduct pursued by the Greeks after their acceptance of the armistice, and tolerated by the allies. But this is a matter which we reserve for more detailed consideration by-and-by; at present we pursue our examination of the fidelity of the Greeks in observing the armistice.

We will next take the testimony of M. de Rigny, who thus concludes the very letter, in which he gives an official statement of his and Admiral Codrington's success in obtaining Ibrahim's promise not to leave Navarino:—

'One work remains even more difficult than that which we have already accomplished, even supposing it to be necessary to follow up that work in a short time by the employment of force; it is, to annihilate, if possible, that piracy which has become so inveterate among the Greeks. It will not be heard without a feeling of surprise, that at the very moment when the squadrons of the allied powers are on the point of engaging in a contest with the Turks in favour of the Greeks [Admiral de Rigny, it seems, saw matters in their true colours and did not always embarrass himself by affecting to reconcile the conduct of the allies with their professions of neutrality], 'merchant vessels, English and French, are carried off from the coasts of Syria to Egina' [the seat of Government], 'seized upon and pillaged, because, under the right of search so unfortunately conceded, the Greek pirates, caring little for the fate of their country, have no other object in view than to make a livelihood by piracy, and to bear away to Hydra their plunder, converted by the greatest abuse into lawful prize.' [These latter words bring home the abuse to the public authorities of Greece.] 'It would be shameful, it would even be ridiculous, to suffer any longer the existence of such abuses; but it is necessary to act with vi-

* The Turkish fleet had put to sea about the 20th of September. It steered towards Lepanto, and it is conceived that its object is to surprise Lord Cochrane, who was supposed to be at Missolonghi.—Letter from Commander Hotham, of the *Parthia*, to Captain Crofton, of the *Dryad*.—(B. 170.)

gour, and adopt decisive measures. I know of none others than those I have so often proposed to employ."—(B. 168.)

What those measures were has been already intimated, and how the suggestion of them was followed by the conference at London. But Greece was, at that time, not the only country, in which 'the government' was an object of 'derision.' Happily, the admirals did not always wait for instructions from ambassadors and plenipotentiaries, but, obeying the dictates of their own sound heads and honourable hearts, sometimes acted for themselves. In one of these happy moments, *three days only after the battle of Navarino*—having heard that the Greeks, in spite of the armistice to which they had so solemnly pledged themselves, had actually prepared an expedition against Scio—they were not satisfied with a warning against persisting in it, given by the captain of a French frigate to the Sciot commission, to the Greek government, and to the commander of the intended expedition, Colonel Fabvier—(B. 180.) but they also determined to address the following letter to the committee of the legislative assembly of Greece:—(We give it *in extenso*, because every word of it is 'germane to the matter' in hand, and because the piquancy of its style is, we confess, most refreshing to our palate, after the dainty dishes of diplomatic delicacies with which we have been so largely regaled.)

'Messieurs—We have learned with lively indignation, that, while the allied squadrons were destroying the Ottoman fleet, which refused compliance with the armistice, the Greek corsairs did not cease to infest the seas; and that the admiralty court, the only tribunal recognized by Greek law, sought excuses for justifying their excesses under legal forms. Your provisional government appears to think that the chiefs of the allied squadrons do not agree on the measures requisite to put down such illegal pillage. It deceives itself: we will not suffer these piracies to continue under any pretext. We will not suffer the Greeks to make any expedition or blockade without the limits of Lepanto and Volo, comprising Salamis, Egina, Hydra, and Spezia. We will not suffer the Greeks to carry insurrection either into Scio or Albania, thereby exposing their populations to the frightful reprisals of the Turks. We regard as void all letters of marque given to corsairs, found without the limits above-mentioned: the allied ships-of-war will have orders to arrest them. There is no longer remaining a pretext; the maritime armistice exists on the side of the Turks, since their fleet exists no longer. Take care of yours, which, should occasion demand it, we will serve in like manner, in order to stop a pillage, which must eventually finish by placing you beyond the law of nations. Your provincial government being actually deprived of all force, it is to the legislative body that we address these last irrevocable resolutions. With regard to the tribunal of prizes which has been instituted, we declare it incompetent to adjudge any of our vessels without our participation.'

Mortifying it is to find, that even this plain and manly assertion of the dignity of their sovereigns and of the demands of justice, was made ineffectual by the weakness of our diplomacy. A month before, the French ambassador at Constantinople (would that we could say the *English*!) having proposed to take steps necessary to enforce the armistice on the part of the Greeks, his brethren, the ambassadors of Russia and England, did not concur in his views—(see B. 170, 171;) and the protocol, containing their decision, arrived most inopportunistically, just in time to paralyze the proceedings of the admirals. The following account is given of this matter by the French ambassador to his court, in a letter dated 11th of November, 1827:—

'The Greeks, with Colonel Fabvier, landed at Scio on the 27th of October. The Turks retreated to the citadel, from whence they are reported to have since made several successful sallies. The admirals had written, on the 24th, a strong letter to the legislative body of Egina, to prevent this expedition, as well as to announce their determination to eradicate piracy. But since then, perhaps unseasonable, departure of his two colleagues for Malta, and at the moment that he was about to cause the expedition directed against Scio to return, Admiral de Rigny received our protocol of the 17th, which made him judge it necessary not to act without a fresh reference to the conference on the subject. I am in hopes of being able to inform him to-morrow, that we do not intend to prevent the execution of arrangements which the admirals have considered indispensable to secure the execution of the treaty on this point.'—(A. 192.)

Whatever may have been his excellency's hopes, there is no evidence of their having been realized; for, 'to-morrow's' protocol (B. 194.) says not a word on the matter. Meanwhile, another expedition had actually sailed against Negropont, under the command of Griotti.—(B. 180.) We will not pursue the detail. Be it sufficient to say, that the system of piracy, as explained above, if not with the declared approbation, at least with the connivance and tacit encouragement of the Greek authorities, continued through the whole time of the negotiations.

We have thus considered the real nature of the right of the Greeks to complain of the non-fulfilment of the letter of the third article of the treaty in their favour; and we will not insult our readers by thinking any further remarks upon it necessary. But it is right that we should add to all that has preceded, the account incidentally given of the character of the Greeks in the papers before us. This will assist those who need any further assistance in making up their minds on the merits of this case, as far as the Greeks are concerned. Prince Leopold calls them 'a passionate and ignorant people,' and this, we apprehend, is the most favourable representation that can be made of them. It certainly is the most favourable which can be elicited from the papers be-

fore us. Count Bulgari tells us of something besides ignorance—

'Greece does not contain, in general, among the most influential class, either the virtues or the knowledge, upon which well organized political societies generally depend. . . . As long as liberal institutions are neither consecrated by the moral habits of the people, nor by time, it must be confessed that the three allied courts would destroy with one hand the work which they would have founded with the other, if they should consent to establish in Greece an order of things, the danger and absurdity of which are sufficiently demonstrated by seven years of anarchy, by the immorality and the ignorance of the more influential class, and of the higher orders of this country.'—(A. 278, 280.)

Admiral de Rigny goes a little more into particulars:—

'There exists in the interests, the opinions, and different situations of the Greeks, such a variety of jealousies and rivalries, that one is often lost in the labyrinth of their pretensions and bad faith.'—(B. 150.) 'I do not think it possible that you can have an exact idea of what these people are. One must serve them in spite of themselves. It is necessary, too, I repeat, to leave to some of them, whose life depends on warfare, some corner to carry it on, without bad consequences, and without obliging us to go to set matters to rights. On other occasions lines of neutrality have been drawn. I think that, in this case, some such neutral ground must be left, where they may come into collision with the Turks as they please. [The allies seem to have acted on the spirit of this advice, in their arrangement respecting Acarnania.] 'I shall not be surprised, if you do not find this very clear; but do you think it possible to change with the stroke of a pen a state of things which has existed on certain frontiers for three hundred years?'—(149.)

'We can only judge of the effect of the treaty upon them, as it relates to individuals; the mass of the population will undoubtedly feel its value, but the majority of those individuals who fill different situations, more or less prominent, and who, whether in or out of office, are always intriguing, only search in the treaty for what affects them personally. . . . I think that the mass of the population, if they could be consulted by some other intervention than that of the Greek chiefs themselves, would gladly accept any arrangement whatever. Ask the unhappy inhabitants of the Morea—harassed, despoiled, and plundered alternately by the Turks, and by the Primates! Ask the islands of the Archipelago,—in every one of which a band of land and sea pirates gives the law! Examine what is passing at Syra, at Naxos, at Poros, at Milo, where bands of Candiots, Caxiots, of Sphactiots, come and establish themselves as rulers, and leave nothing to the inhabitants, sometimes not even the liberty of complaining. But, at the same time that the greater part of the population of the continent, and of the islands, suffer from this state of things, it must be remarked that these calamities are inflicted on the Morea by the primates and chiefs. . . . At Hydra the effects are the same, though from different causes. There, the populace lord it over the primates; captains without ships, sailors with-

out pay, and the host of shopkeepers who traffic in the daily piracies, are there the governors.

There, as at Spezzia, I should think the primates well disposed to welcome any order of things which would render the population less turbulent, and which would re-establish their authority; but there, also, the ties of clan-ship and patronage, which, before the insurrection, formed the only political bond, being broken, and the taste for piracy and its practice having increased by impunity and the concessions granted to privateers, I am by no means certain that the re-establishment of any order of things would be agreeable to a population which would find it difficult to conform to the usages of a regular maritime system.—(151.) . . . Their habits and their tastes lean more to the present state of things, [a state of anarchy and predatory warfare] 'because, as well in their own country, [Roumelia,] as in Morea, it is by this very state of things, that they live.'

Such are the amiable race who have excited the sensibilities of all our liberals, in and out of Parliament—whose cause had well nigh kindled a general conflagration throughout Europe, and has actually involved this country in entanglements of the most vexatious kind. This reminds us, that there is yet one class of these parliamentary papers about which something must be said:—we mean those which relate to Prince Leopold. Here, however, we shall be very brief. His Royal Highness has strong claims on the forbearance of Englishmen; and even if we were inclined to judge him severely, (which we are not,) we should yet think that he must have been sufficiently punished by seeing his own letters (particularly those of Feb. 11th and March 7, 1830,) laid before the world. One thing is quite clear—he has had an escape; and, not less, the people consigned to his rule. Perhaps, indeed, the least judicious step taken by our government in all these transactions, was the selection, or the acceptance, of the intended sovereign of Greece. Considering the state of that country, past, present, and to come—its means and its necessities—the tastes and the habits, the vices and the virtues (whatever they be) of its people—it surely was not to one of the royal or princely houses of Western Europe, that recourse should have been had for supplying them with a chief. Napoleon ordered these things better: he would have sent some 'soldat heureux'—a Ney or an Augereau—one who had been the artificer of his own fortunes—one who enjoyed hunting the game, as well as eating it—one, in short, to whom the unceasing activity, the excitements of every kind, the hardships, and even the dangers, of the Greek throne, would have been among its attractions. But the illustrious personage who was chosen, could not, by possibility, have endured the multiplied annoyances of his troublesome elevation for six months, even if he had not discovered the utter inaptitude of himself for the station, and the station for him, in time to abandon it beforehand, with only a moderate diminution of his princely character.

We can, indeed, easily conceive that the singular concurrence of circumstances which combine to make his position in this country one of almost overpowering ennui, would also make him fancy himself ready to exchange it for any prospect—while that prospect was distant—of manly enterprise and generous adventure. The very estimable qualities which distinguish him must contribute to make him weary of the at once cloying and unsatisfying advantages of his present station. He is neither rake nor gamester; he has too much virtue for vicious occupations—too much understanding for very frivolous ones; but (it would be disparagement of few men to add) apparently not quite virtue nor understanding enough for great and exalted action. In truth, neither nature nor art seems to have formed his Royal Highness for a Paladin. He is respectable—highly respectable; but there seems to be nothing romantic, much less heroic, in his composition. Although, therefore, he may have gratified his imagination, as well as soothed a very natural self-complacency, by contemplating the coming crown, yet, when the crown was actually come, and turned out, after all, not what a crown should be—a congeries of costliest gems, set on a well-wadded bonnet of velvet—but a plain hard circlet of biting steel; when such a crown as this was come, and it was time for its wearer to go, it was quite another affair. In truth, we cannot help picturing to ourselves the sovereign elect of Greece, ruminating on the arrangements of his future court—balancing the rival pretensions of blue, and scarlet, and green, for the uniform of his guards, or devising some amiable project for the improvement of his subjects, and the fair reputation of himself, in one of the saloons of Marlborough House, or amidst the groves and lawns of Claremont. His reverie is interrupted by the announcement of despatches from his new sovereignty: he breaks the seal with as much eagerness and alacrity as even a sedate and well-regulated mind may allow itself to feel at the sight of such a communication—when, traced by the well-known hand of Count Capo d'Istria, his eye glances over the following appalling paragraph.

'I beg permission once more to express to your Royal Highness the hopes which I entertain, that it may be your determination to come to Greece as soon as possible.' . . . 'From the moment of your Highness' accepting the immense task of fulfilling the destinies of Greece, the means of commencing this great work under happy auspices are only to be found in your own hands. You cannot, mon Prince, intrust it to other hands without weakening their power, and rendering it ineffective: moreover, the establishment of the boundaries cannot fail to subject Greece to a serious crisis. Why should not your Royal Highness seize this first opportunity to give her an earnest of the paternal feeling with which you are animated in her behalf, and of the sacrifices which your Royal Highness is resolved to make for her welfare?

Museum.—Vol. XVIII.

If I have made any progress in the good opinion of this people, if they continue to give me proofs of their sincere and unlimited confidence, it is because they see me constantly sharing in person their miseries and their suffering, with the sole object of alleviating them. It is during the bivouac, it is under the wretched shelter of a hut—no matter what the inclemency of the seasons, what my age and my infirmities—that the people and the soldiery have often discoursed with me upon their interests, that they have learnt to know me, and that I have been able to inspire them with a feeling of what they owe to themselves, to their government, and to the civilized world. I will venture to tell you, mon Prince, that it is by this first test that the Greeks will judge you. If you present yourself to them as a great personage, unable to endure their poverty and their privations, instead of inspiring them with respect for you, you voluntarily deprive yourself of the surest means of making an useful impression on their minds.

'The opportunity of making this first sacrifice is presented to you. Come, then, and assist in person at the difficult and painful operation of establishing the boundaries, and do not allow others to undertake them in your place.'—(L. 50.)

The effect on his Royal Highness was galvanic—the conclusion inevitable. A despatch was instantly sent to the Foreign Office, declining the perilous honours of a revolutionary sceptre, and devoting the remainder of his days to the more congenial duties of an exemplary brother.

The throne which his Royal Highness has repudiated is, it is said, destined to a prince of the royal house of Wirtemberg. What may be the qualifications of the new sovereign for the station to which he has been raised, is a matter to us of very small interest. We only wish that this country would fairly rid itself of all connexion with the future fortunes of Greece. If it be true that we have joined in the guarantee of a loan, we must, of course, fulfil our engagement; but, in the name of common sense, let not the people of England be further taxed, to feed the rapacity, and reward the perfidy, of a race of barbarians, who have all the vices of their ancestors, with none of their redeeming virtues—who are fit neither for subjection nor for freedom—but must work out their deliverance from the frightful anarchy in which they are plunged, by a course of strife, and toil, and suffering, which the interference of foreigners may protract, may aggravate, but cannot prevent.

Before we conclude, we shall redeem our pledge of stating, what seems to us the fair result of the evidence afforded by these papers respecting the causes of the battle of Navarino. It is usually ascribed, without reserve, to the bad faith of Ibrahim; but we apprehend that this solution is not quite so clear as it might be satisfactory. In short, we conceive that Ibrahim is a personage much more sinned against than sinning. In order to do justice

No. 105.—U

to his cause, we ought to consider who and what he was, what he had done, and what he had prepared to do. He was the son of the ablest and most powerful of all the pachas—of one who had, with exemplary fidelity, devoted all his very ample resources to the service of his unfortunate sovereign. Ibrahim himself had employed these resources for two years, in the Morea, with great success and the highest glory. He had already almost achieved the conquest of the rebel land, and was now armed with fresh forces to accomplish what yet remained, 'when,' (as Admiral de Rigny tells us,) 'at the moment he thought of attaining his object, and of giving a mortal blow to the Greeks, he found himself arrested in his progress' by the interposition of the allies, who, be it remembered, rested their right to interpose, solely on the impossibility of that object being attained, which Ibrahim now saw almost within his grasp. It was at such a moment as this, to a great captain, at the head of a mighty force by sea and land, flushed with success, and elate with hope, that the admirals addressed their mandate to forego his purpose. With exemplary forbearance, he told them, that 'he was about to send a courier to Constantinople for orders;' and was answered, that the 'courier's vessel might be taken by the Greeks.' 'So, then,' cried he, with some warmth, 'whilst you require of me to suspend all operations, you allow the Greeks to do as they wish; that is not just.'

At a subsequent interview, in which the admirals announced their orders 'to establish, *de facto*, an armistice, and to destroy any Ottoman vessels which should break it,' the following conversation took place, which we give in the words of the French admiral himself.

'After having listened with the utmost attention and coolness to our declaration, the pacha replied, that as a servant of the Sublime Porte, he had received orders to press the war in the Morea, and to terminate it by a *decisive attack upon Hydra*; that he had no authority to listen to communications such as we had made to him, nor to act upon his own responsibility: that, however, the orders of the Porte not having foreseen the extraordinary case which presented itself, he should forthwith send couriers to Constantinople and into Egypt, and that, till their return, he gave his word that his fleet should not quit *Navarino*, however hard it was upon him to be thus arrested just at the moment when all was settled, because the force of his expedition, as we ourselves saw, was too strong for the Greeks to resist. That if his sovereign, who was the best judge of his real interests, still maintained in force his first orders, he should obey them, whatever might be the result of the unequal struggle in which he should be engaged. As his couriers were to go by sea, and in his vessels, he asked, if, while we required a suspension of hostilities on his part, we would leave it in the power of the Greeks to attack his vessels. Upon this, we proposed to him, to allow his vessels to be accompanied by one of ours; but he did not appear to be pleased with this proposal, which

might be considered as derogatory to him; and he preferred to risk meeting with the enemy, from which, on the other hand, we could not secure him, since the Greek pirates, acting on all sides without order, and without license, always dispersed at our approach, and by that means escaped us.

'To reply, as well as possible, to some observations which were not wanting in justice, and speaking in the sense of a communication from the ambassadors dated the 4th of September, which I received yesterday, relative to the limits within which the Greek navy must confine its operations, we said to Ibrahim, that "having been informed that Lord Cochrane purposed proceeding towards the coasts of Albania, with the view of exciting a revolt there, it was the intention of Admiral Codrington, to oppose, at once, any attempt of this kind (such attempt being made in the Ionian sea) as tending to enlarge the theatre of war, as long as there existed any armistice, either temporary or definitive." I will not enter into a detail of the objections and arguments which he put forward in addition, when, after his promise had been given, the conference ceased to be official; but I cannot refrain from remarking, that all that Ibrahim said, shews an understanding and good sense very superior to what is generally seen, and to the education which he must have received. He was especially anxious to refute all that has been published in the papers respecting his pretended cruelties, and we, who have been on the spot, must confess that exaggeration has been as busy there as elsewhere.' (B. 166, 167.)

We have cited this long passage, because it throws a powerful light on a transaction otherwise obscure. But we must frankly confess, that the elucidation does not seem to us very favourable to the admirals. That Ibrahim gave the promise here stated, and in the terms here stated, may be true; and, if it be, his subsequent violation of that promise cannot be justified. But are we sure that such a promise was actually given? What is the evidence of it? These questions extort answers, which we would gladly withhold. We are not inclined to be rigid censors of honourable men, intending faithfully to discharge their duty to their country—but in a case which deeply interests the honour of the three greatest nations of Europe, we shall not scruple to make a few obvious remarks.

The first, and most obvious of all is, to express the astonishment we have felt, in common, we believe, with every impartial observer, that, on an occasion big with such appalling consequences, nothing more ostensible exists, in testimony of Ibrahim's engagement, than a *verbal promise* said to have been made by him, *through an interpreter*? Why was this? These Mussulmans could write—for we have letters to and from them exhibited in these very papers, and Ibrahim himself subsequently entered into a written treaty with the admirals. Neither was there any lack of time and leisure to draw up a proper document; for, in truth, the time of the ambassadors could not be employed more satisfactorily, even to themselves, than in per-

forming the business of their mission in what, we must be allowed to say, was the only business-like matter.

But, secondly, we must remark, that the weight of evidence, after all, is really in Ibrahim's favour. If an issue were tried in Westminster-hall, whether Ibrahim ever gave the promise, which he has been so confidently charged with breaking, no good men and true, on the evidence produced, could pronounce a verdict in the affirmative. On the one side we have the testimony, *not of the admirals*—for whatever passed between them and Ibrahim passed through an interpreter—but of the interpreter alone. On the other side there are the declarations of Ibrahim himself, of his rear-admiral, and of the Petrona Bey, given by them at separate times, *when they could not communicate with each other*, (though they might possibly have preconcerted a common story; but of this there is no evidence.) They all concur in stating that the promise of Ibrahim was merely that he would *suspend his expedition against Hydra* till he should receive orders from Constantinople, not that he would keep his fleet in the bay of Navarino, and forbear communicating with his other naval stations on the same coast. It appears, therefore, that the whole question rests on the accuracy of the interpreter's translation and report of a conversation which might easily be misapprehended, without any fraudulent purpose on either side; and that, against his solitary testimony, there are three witnesses, who concur in stating what the whole narrative makes highly probable, and particularly the opening language of Ibrahim in the very conversation in which the promise is alleged to have been given.*

Thirdly, it is important to bear in mind that the part of the promise which Ibrahim admits himself to have made, and which he faithfully observed, the admirals had some right to require—they might require him to engage *not to attack Hydra*, or to commit any other act of hostility. The other part, which he denies to have made, they had not a shadow of right to demand—they had no right to ask him to promise *not to leave Navarino*, or go to any of his own harbours; for they had no right to prevent him from doing so, if he had chosen. Now, this consideration strengthens the probability that Ibrahim, who is admitted to have a 'very superior understanding and good sense,' (B. 167,) did not foolishly commit himself by so idle an engagement.

Lastly, it is painful, but it is necessary, to observe, in respect to our own very gallant and honourable countryman, Sir Edward Codrington, that there is indisputable evidence afforded by his own communications to his ambassador, that he was eminently unfortunate in apprehending and commenting upon the language of these Mussulmans, even when placed in an English dress before him. He had written to the Petrona Bey, reproaching him and

his brother chiefs with their breach of the parole given by Ibrahim in their presence. The Bey returned the following answer.

'From me, the Bey commanding the ship Petrona, to the English and French Admirals.'

'When the two admirals came to Navarino with the Petrona, they did not say at all that they would not allow us to go to Patras.' [Patras, be it remembered, was in the possession of the Turks, and peculiarly well situated for watching Lord Cochrane's fleet in the Gulph of Lepanto.] 'You must either not have said it to the interpreter, or, if you did, the interpreter did not communicate it to us. You prohibited us from going to Hydra, and for your sake we did not go there. We have written to Constantinople to obtain an armistice. We are now going to our High Admiral, Ibrahim Pacha, to whose orders we shall be obedient. We thought you were our friends, and did not, therefore, expect such conduct on your part. If you allow us to go, well and good; if you do not, it is still well; but, should you sink us to the bottom, we shall not resist, unless we receive orders to that effect: but now that we are going to our commander we shall execute his commands. As for myself, I am quite indifferent about this matter. I have followed his directions, in order not to disobey him. I am going to him, and what he shall direct that will I do.'—(B. 175.)

The Turkish fleet accordingly sailed back to Ibrahim. Afterwards, Sir Edward Codrington saw most of their largest frigates at anchor near Cape Papas, and the rest of the fleet endeavouring to join them; and upon this circumstance he makes the following remark: "It was evident to me that this was a trick of the Turkish commander to send supplies into Patras, in defiance of the second agreement of the Petrona Bey made with me the day preceding."—(B. 173.) Now let our readers look back to the Bey's letter, just recited entire, and then say, if they can, by what process of the human mind our admiral could discover in that letter anything like an agreement to do, or not to do, anything whatever; on the contrary, if plain words have any meaning, the Bey distinctly *refuses* to pledge himself to Sir Edward Codrington at all. 'I am going to my commander, and *what he shall direct, that will I do.*' We must, therefore, frankly confess, that this specimen of the Admiral's accuracy does not induce us to place implicit reliance on the correctness of his construction of the promise of Ibrahim himself.

But supposing that Ibrahim actually gave the promise, and broke it, must not then every mouth be closed? Have not the admirals then a triumphant case? Sorry again we are to be under the necessity of answering, that, in our humble opinion, this would be very far from a necessary consequence. Our judgment of what true honour demands, differs most widely from that of these distinguished officers, if they do not, on reflection, perceive that they had precluded themselves from all right to require good faith in Ibrahim, or, at least, to condemn him for the want of it. Had they not

* See above, p. 546.

themselves attempted to corrupt him? Did they not propose to him to desert the cause of his sovereign? Did they not, in a word, advise him to become a traitor? And, having done this, having insulted a brave man, and, we must be permitted to add, having *not* honoured themselves, by making such a proposal to him, were they at liberty to turn round and affect a tone of indignation, because he proved too apt a disciple in the school of treachery, and dared to deceive his teachers?

But, after all, this plea, derived from the supposed breach of promise on the part of Ibrahim, was not finally acted upon by the allied admirals. It served them up to the 15th of October; for on that day the Russian admiral (B. 177) still insists upon it; and even after the unhappy conflict on the 20th, the ambassadors at Constantinople persist in considering it as justifying, or rather having rendered necessary, the hostile entrance into Navarino; for they gravely instruct their interpreters to go, in their name, to the Reis Effendi, to state to him Ibrahim's engagement, his violation of it, 'the necessity' which thence ensued 'of the squadrons of the allied powers employing force,' and to demand a categorical answer to this question—Whether the Sublime Porte regards 'the occurrence between its fleet and the fleets of the three allied powers as establishing a state of war between them.'—(B. 178.)

But the admirals, as we have just said, seem to have had some misgivings, that the alleged breach of a disclaimed and unauthenticated promise would not be sufficient to sanction the extremity to which, at all events, they were determined to proceed. Something, however,

* We ground these questions on the following passages of Admiral de Rigny's despatch, giving an account of a private interview between Ibrahim and himself. 'What is required at present,' said the Admiral to Ibrahim, 'is to obtain an armistice, either with the consent of the Porte, or by force, which will compel the Porte to treat. In establishing it, *de facto*, you may perhaps save the Ottoman empire; you will, at least, save your father and your inheritance. Your father is old, and much burdened with cares. Reflect, Egypt, with its riches, is of much more value than the Morea, of which you are making a desert.'—(B. 165.) Again, p. 167.—'Some very confidential communications on the part of Ibrahim Pasha give me reason to believe that he will secretly give us notice when he is about to come out.'—[How is this consistent with the allegation, that he had bound himself by promise to this very admiral not to come out of Navarino at all?—and I think I can affirm beforehand, that a demonstration will suffice to send back this formidable expedition to Egypt and the Dardanelles.]

It seems from the despatch as if similar attempts had been made on the part of Admiral Codrington. 'The officer sent by the British admiral, pursuing his written instructions, which he held in his hand, turned the conversation on Egypt, on the desire which was felt to respect his father's interests, &c.; expressions which, although suppressed or modified by his drogoman, had nevertheless, been understood by one of the persons present, and interpreted and spread about, as the result of an understanding between us.'

must be hit off. The right of blockade would not do: it might enable them to keep the Turks in Navarino, but could not justify the forcing them out. Their instructions, too, instead of helping them, were sadly in their way; for they were ordered to 'employ extreme care to prevent their measures from degenerating into hostilities'; and, especially, they were 'not to make use of force, unless the Turks should persist in forcing the passages which they had intercepted.'—(A. 185.) At last they bethought them of a plea, which, in defiance of all right, and in contravention of their most express instructions, they trusted would carry them through—a plea of humanity! 'They deliberated' (and in such a case to deliberate was to resolve) 'on the necessity of coming to Navarino to summon the Turkish commanders to desist from the devastations they were committing on shore.'—(B. 181.)

In this but too serious business it is impossible to forbear a smile, bitter as that smile must be, at a proceeding so—but we will not trust ourselves with giving it a character. Be it only remembered, that this affair of 'the devastations' had been disposed of already in the recent interview with Ibrahim; and that the French admiral himself had thus written of it:—He was especially anxious to refute all that has been published in the papers respecting his pretended cruelties; and we, who have been on the spot, must confess that exaggeration has been as busy there as elsewhere.'—(B. 167.) But it was necessary to devise something, in a conference holden for the very purpose of 'concerting upon the expediency of compelling Ibrahim to come out and proceed to Turkey.' These are the words of Sir Edward Codrington, in a letter to Mr. Stratford Canning, on the 14th of October (B. 175;) and so little disposed was he to conceal his purpose, that it was generally known on board the Asia on the 19th, and intelligence accordingly was transmitted through another channel* to the English ambassador at Constantinople, 'that it was the intention of the English admiral to proceed to Navarino, to compel the Turkish fleet to come out of that harbour.' A similar communication was made on the 15th by the Russian admiral to his ambassador: 'It is difficult,' says he, 'to foresee the result of the efforts which my colleagues and I are about to employ for the removal from this part of Greece of the very considerable force which the Porte has unfortunately succeeded in assembling here.'

* Captain Crofton, of the Dryad, transmits a letter of Captain Cotten, of the Zebra.—(B. 176.)

† The letters of the British and Russian admirals are both of them dated some days before Captain Hamilton's letter of the 18th (annexed to Admiral Codrington's despatches), on which letter the new charges of Ibrahim's cruelty are founded. Can it be doubted, therefore, that these charges were made the pretext for carrying into effect the hostile counsels which were already resolved upon? What was the state of mind of one of these admirals, and how well it fitted him for calm deliberation in a case

Accordingly, to give a fair colour to these 'efforts,' new cruelties were laid to Ibrahim's charge; and as a peaceable communication might end, like the former, in enabling him to disapprove the charge, a surer and more effectual course was resolved upon—to take his guilt for granted, and 'summon him to desist,' in such a manner as should leave him no alternative but to treat his summoners as enemies. With this ingenious purpose—with loud complaints against Ibrahim's 'brutal war of extermination,'—with humanity for their battle-cry—they led the combined squadrons within the bay of Navarino; every gun manned, the matches lighted—every ship cleared for action, the three English ships of the line, 'anchoring each close alongside an opponent in the Turkish fleet.' But, keeping up the farce of pacific professions to the last, and for the purpose of enabling the admirals to write in their despatches home, that 'the battle was brought on *entirely* by which was, it must be owned, not free from difficulties, is apparent from his own despatch. 'When I found that the boasted Ottoman world of honour was made a sacrifice to wanton, savage devastation, and that a base advantage was taken of our reliance upon Ibrahim's good faith, *I own I felt a desire to punish the offenders.*' (Admiral Codrington's letter to Mr. Croker.) We have already seen the modicum of evidence which exists of any sacrifice whatever of Ibrahim's word of honour—*to say that it was 'sacrificed to wanton, savage devastation,' is absurd, and would be only absurd, if, unfortunately, the absurdities of men commanding fleets or armies were not sometimes very mischievous. But surely Admiral Codrington should have remembered, before he wrote thus, that the alleged promise of Ibrahim (that his fleets should not quit the harbour of Navarino), had nothing to do with the proceedings of himself or his troops on shore. And what, after all, were those proceedings? The admirals must produce some stronger evidence than Captain Hamilton's letter, before men of common understanding will jump with him conclusions. Captain H. and a Russian officer, 'on entering the gulf, observed, by the clouds of fire and smoke, that the work of devastation was still going on.' They accordingly 'went on shore to the Greek quarters, and were' (of course) 'received with the greatest enthusiasm. The distress of the inhabitants driven from the plain is shocking in the extreme: *women and children dying every moment of absolute starvation, and hardly any having better food than boiled grass.*' So writes Captain Hamilton. This is very shocking, and very much to be deplored; but what does it prove against Ibrahim? Are these things strange in the history of a rebellion which combined at once all the horrors of civil war and foreign invasion? For more than seven years the Morea had been the seat of these hostilities; and particularly this part of it. That many deaths by starvation should be the result is, unhappily, too probable. But where is the evidence of the truth of Admiral Codrington's protocol, 'that the troops of Ibrahim were carrying on a species of warfare more destructive and exterminating than before, *putting women and children to the sword, burning their habitations,*' (of this the fire and smoke seen at sea may be taken as some proof, but not of this burning being other than a result of legitimate hostility,) 'and *tearing up trees by the roots.*' This last particular, indeed appears to us the most extraordinary fact ever recited, as an indication of the fell destroyer's purpose 'to complete the devastation of the country.' Could a devastating army employ its time and*

their opponents, 'they 'made known their intentions of *awaiting the first shot!*' So writes Admiral de Rigny to his ambassador.—(B. 181.) Had Ibrahim, in his own harbour, answered such a 'summons,' through any other mouth than the mouth of his cannon, he would almost have deserved the cruel fate he met with. As it is, would that England could buy off her share of the bloody work of that most guilty day, at the cost of all its laurels ten-times told!

But we have not yet seen all. The ministers of peace at Constantinople emulated in sincerity their brethren of the sword at Navarino. Those very ministers: who had received the communications we have just read—nay, who had, but a few days before, themselves attributed the battle to the 'necessity of employing force,' which Ibrahim's breach of promise had caused, now sent their dragomans to the Reis Effendi, proclaiming that the allied admirals, with their squadrons, had entered Navarino as *friends!* that the Turkish commanders were the aggressors! and, in a tone of indignant remonstrance, demanding *why* they had been so.—(B. 185.) Nay, more than this: the ambassadors, knowing what they knew, with the letters of the admirals before them, felt it inconsistent with their duty as representatives of the three greatest sovereigns in Europe, and with their own feelings as men of honour, to set their names to a formal note, addressed to the Reis Effendi, in which are the following words: '*It is proved by all account, that the aggressions proceeded from the fleet of the Sublime Porte.*' (B. 192.) We will write no more. Thank heaven! this is the first time we ever had to blush for England, in a matter in which her public faith was concerned. May it be the last!

labour more harmlessly? The truth seems to be, that nothing but a predetermination to find a verdict against Ibrahim could induce the admirals to proceed on such evidence. Now, as to Ibrahim (of whom we do not wish to be the advocate, though we desire to see justice done to him,) it is worth remarking, that he and his army continued in the Morea for nearly a year afterwards, carrying on very successful military operations, but without incurring any fresh charge of cruelty. Admiral Codrington himself, in negotiating at Alexandria, the evacuation of the Morea by Ibrahim, remarks to the Pacha, his father, '*how loud the cry had been both in England and France on the deportation of Greek slaves to Egypt; more particularly after the battle of Navarino.*'—(C. 7.) (Such, it seems, is the authority on which an admiral commanding a fleet in the Greek seas, speaks of facts occurring in Greece, '*the cry in England and France!*') 'His highness stated positively,' (and there is not even an insinuation against the truth of his statement,) 'that *not one slave* had been made subsquent to that battle; that the numbers had been absurdly exaggerated by the newspapers both in France and England; for there were not more than 1900 Greeks brought over in all at that time, of which nearly 1200 were Candidates; that the greater part of them were wives of the officers and soldiers of his army in the Morea, who had been married two or three years, and who took that opportunity of sending them, as well as their children, to their own country.'

* See Admiral Codrington's despatch, addressed to Mr. Croker, Oct. 21, 1827.

LORD BYRON TO HIS SISTER.

TO AUGUSTA.*

My sister! my sweet sister! if a name
 Dearer and purer were, it should be thine.
 Mountains and seas divide us, but I claim
 No tears, but tenderness to answer mine:
 Go where I will, to me thou art the same—
 A loved regret which I would not resign.
 There yet are two things in my destiny—
 A world to roam through, and a home with thee.

The first were nothing—had I still the last,
 It were the haven of my happiness;
 But other claims and other ties thou hast,
 And mine is not the wish to make them less.
 A strange doom is thy father's son's, and past
 Recalling, as it lies beyond redress;
 Reversed for him our grandsire's fate of yore—
 He had no rest at sea nor I on shore.

If my inheritance of storms hath been
 In other elements, and on the rocks
 Of perils, overlook'd or unforeseen,
 I have sustain'd my share of worldly shocks,
 The fault was mine; nor do I seek to screen
 My errors with defensive paradox;
 I have been cunning in mine overthrow
 The careful pilot of my proper woe.

Mine were my faults, and mine be their reward,
 My whole life was a contest, since the day
 That gave me being, gave me that which marr'd
 The gift—a fate, or will, that walk'd astray;
 And I at times have found the struggle hard,
 And thought of shaking off my bonds of clay;
 But now I fain would for a time survive,
 If but to see what next can well arrive.

Kingdoms and empires in my little day
 I have outlived, and yet I am not old;
 And when I look on this, the petty spray
 Of my own years of trouble, which have roll'd
 Like a wild bay of breakers, melts away:
 Something—I know not what, does still uphold
 A spirit of slight patience;—not in vain,
 Even for its own sake, do we purchase pain.

Perhaps the workings of defiance stir
 Within me—or perhaps a cold despair,
 Brought on when ills habitually recur—
 Perhaps a kinder clime, or purer air,
 (For even to this may change of soul refer,
 And with light armour we may learn to bear.)
 Have taught me a strange quiet, which was not
 The chief companion of a calmer lot.

I feel almost at times as I have felt
 In happy childhood—trees, and flowers, and
 brooks,
 Which do remember me of where I dwelt
 Ere my young mind was sacrificed to books,
 Come as of yore upon me, and can melt
 My heart with recognition of their looks;
 And even at moments I could think I see
 Some living thing to love—but none like thee.

* Moore's Life of Byron.

[Admiral Byron was remarkable for never making a voyage without a tempest. He was known to the sailors by the facetious name of "Foul-weather Jack."]

¹ But tho' it were tempest tost,
 Still his bark could not be lost."

He returned safely from the wreck of the *Wager*, (in Anson's Voyage,) and subsequently, circumnavigated the world, many years after, as commander of a similar expedition.

Here are the Alpine landscapes which create
 A fund for contemplation;—to admire
 Is a brief feeling of a trivial date;
 But something worthier do such scenes inspire;
 Here to be lonely is not desolate,
 For much I view which I could most desire,
 And, above all, a lake I can behold
 Lovelier, not dearer, than our own of old.

Oh that thou wert but with me;—but I grow
 The fool of my own wishes, and forget
 The solitude which I have vaunted so
 Has lost its praise in this but one regret;
 There may be others which I less may show;
 I am not of the plaintive mood, and yet
 I feel an ebb in my philosophy,
 And the tide rising in my alter'd eye.

I did remind thee of our own dear lake,*
 By the old hall which may be mine no more.
 Leman's is fair; but think not I forsake
 The sweet remembrance of a dearer shore:
 Sad havoc Time must with my memory make
 Ere that or thou can fade these eyes before;
 Though, like all things which I have loved, they
 are
 Resign'd for ever, or divided far.

The world is all before me; I but ask
 Of nature that with which she will comply—
 It is but in her summer's sun to bask,
 To mingle with the quiet of her sky,
 To see her gentle face without a mask,
 And never gaze on it with apathy,
 She was my early friend, and now shall be
 My sister—till I look again on thee.

I can reduce all feelings but this one;
 And that I would not;—for at length I see
 Such scenes as those wherein my life begun.
 The earliest—even the only paths for me—
 Had I but sooner learnt the crowd to shun,
 I had been better than I now can be;
 The passions which have torn me would have
 slept;

I had not suffer'd, and thou hadst not wept.

With false ambition what had I to do?
 Little with love, and least of all with fame;
 And yet they came unsought, and with me grew
 And made me all which they can make—a
 name.

Yet this was not the end I did pursue;
 Surely I once beheld a nobler aim;
 But all is over—I am one the more
 To baffled millions which have gone before.

And for the future, this world's future may
 From me demand but little of my care:
 I have outlived myself by many a day;
 Having survived so many things that were;
 My years have been no slumber, but the prey
 Of ceaseless vigils; for I had the share
 Of life which might have fill'd a century,
 Before its fourth in time had pass'd me by.

And for the remnant which may be to come
 I am content; and for the past I feel
 Not thankless—for within the crowded sum
 Of struggles, happiness at times would steal,
 And for the present, I would not benumb
 My feelings farther.—Nor shall I conceal
 That with all this I still can look around
 And worship nature with a thought profound.

*The lake of Newstead Abbey.

For thee, my own sweet sister, in thy heart
I knew myself secure, as thou in mine;
We were and are—I am, even as thou art
Beings who ne'er each other can resign;
It is the same, together or apart,
From life's commencement, to its slow decline
We are entwined—let death come slow or fast,
The tie which bound the first endures the
last!

From the Athenæum.

TO THE COUNTESS OF B——.

You have ask'd for a verse :—the request
In a rhymè 'twere strange to deny,
But my Hippocrene was but my breast,
And my feelings (its fountain) are dry.

Were I now as I was, I had sung
What Lawrence has painted so well;
But the strain would expire on my tongue,
And the theme is too soft for my shell.

I am ashes where once I was fire,
And the bard in my bosom is dead;
What I loved I now merely admire,
And my heart is as grey as my head.

My Life is not dated by years—
There are *moments* which act as a plough,
And there is not a furrow appears
But is deep in my soul as my brow.

Let the young and brilliant aspire
To sing what I gaze on in vain;
For sorrow has torn from my lyre
The string which was worthy the strain.

From the Monthly Magazine.

PETERSBURG, MOSCOW, AND THE PROVINCES.†

REVOLUTION is now the prevailing topic in polite circles. Murder and rebellion form the prominent ingredients in the small-talk of the hour; and not to gossip upon such subjects is to be voted unfashionable. We prefer, however, a quieter theme, if it be only for a little relief; and while half Europe is in a state of political frenzy, and all eyes are directed to the movements of the mighty engines of anarchy and dissention, it may be quite as profitable and far more pleasant to take a glance in a more peaceful direction and make a short tour through the capital of Russian civilization. This may be found more desirable, inasmuch as the Russians are a people of whom we know but little. Their wars, their triumphs, their military annals, we have traced through the page of history: we have a distant knowledge of them, as a nation, out of doors, if we may use that expression, in the same manner as we have sometimes a formal acquaintance with individuals whom we are ac-

customed to meet but rarely, and on ceremonious terms, in society. But their domestic existence—the habits which they have acquired, and the arts which they have cultivated during the leisure afforded by a long and profound peace—their national character, manners, and public institutions—these are topics of which we have hitherto remained totally ignorant, as well from the obstacles interposed by distance and difference of climate, as from the scantiness of published materials on the subject to which credit can be attached. The field, open to the intelligent observer of Russian manners, is very extensive. In taking up a book professing to treat on such matters, we expect to find something better than a description of the public monuments of the Russian capital: we expect the author of acknowledged talent to take a higher flight than that to which the cicerone of a watering-place can soar. We wish to see the national character of the Russian population reflected in their manners, their laws, their ceremonies, their amusements, and even in their imperfections. On these points M. Dupre St. Maur, the author of "The Hermit in Russia," affords much information. Where the subject possesses the attraction of novelty, it is easy for the writer to claim the merit of originality, and for this reason, although our author has certainly left much unsaid, yet the very subject-matter which he has chosen, like an adamant shield, fenders him almost invulnerable to the shafts of criticism.

As a proof of the universal ignorance which prevails with regard to Russia, we need only observe that the simple mention of a journey to that country awakens scarcely any other idea in the minds of superficial listeners than that of excessive severity of temperature—of cold that turns to ice "the lazy current of the blood." The generality of travel-readers hoard with avidity any anecdote that touches upon the rigour of a northern winter, but totally lay aside the consideration of such redeeming circumstances as neutralize or counterbalance the evil. We know many a sapient reasoner who can no more conceive it possible to walk the streets of St. Petersburg without wading at every step knee-deep in snow than to pass through the Turkish capital without witnessing at the corner of every street the exhibition of an impaled Mussulman. Were a traveller to relate facts such as they are, (a virtue which, by the way, is not the traveller's forte;) were he to assert that the punishment of impalement is more rarely exhibited at Constantinople than the disgraceful spectacle of an execution at the Old Bailey; or that in the summer season the weather is generally finer on the borders of the Neva than on the banks of the Thames—none would be hardy enough to credit him; it is so comfortable to cling to an old-fashioned error—it saves a world of thought and argument.

In the portraiture of national features, the

* Moore's Life of Byron.

† Petersburg, Moscow, et les Provinces, ou Observations sur les Mœurs et les Usages Russes, au Commencement du dixième siècle; par E. Dupre de St. Maur. 3 vols. Paris.

impartial observer should devote his most unwearied attention to the study of the moral characters of a people. The outline of a people is to be traced among individuals—among individuals alone can the mass be studied. In this point of view, both “The Hermit in Russia,” and the continuation now offered to the public, will be found replete with judicious reflections on the existence and moral condition of the cultivators of the soil. With regard to the peasants whom self-styled philanthropists delight to represent as groaning under the weight of their chains—the iron of slavery entering their souls—the author asserts, and, we believe, with truth, that the generality are happy and contented—that the beings whom rhapsodists have depicted as degraded into brutal stupidity by the galling pressure of bondage, are, on the contrary, with sense, with rectitude, with grateful hearts, and endowed with a keen perception of right and wrong; that their superior tact enables them to decide with almost infallible impartiality the extent of the bondsman’s duty—the limits of the master’s right; in a word, that among the peasants who are supposed to groan under the scourge of misery, and to share the heritage of poverty, may sometimes be found the possessor of thousands!

The work, from which we subjoin a few fragments, possesses materials sufficiently varied to interest every class of readers: its pages, while they beguile a heavy hour, frequently perform a higher office, and serve as a vehicle for the lessons of practical wisdom. Our extracts, however, are principally confined to the lighter portions of the work, the detached and abbreviated selection of matter, which our limits compel us to adopt, not according with the graver subjects on which the author occasionally treats. The following passage relates to the picturesque islands situated on the right bank of the Neva:—

“Let the reader imagine an immense garden adapted to the English taste, of the circumference of five French leagues, and intersected by the windings of the river, whose meanderings bestow inexhaustible variety on the different points of view. An English traveller, who was once conducted to the magnificent scene just as the sun was about to set, was lost in admiration. Surprised at the total absence of night—a circumstance which usually takes place towards the end of May—he remained fixed to the spot; and expecting at every instant the approach of darkness, neglected to seek repose for eight and forty hours. A characteristic trait of an opposite nature is related of the celebrated Alfieri, who, happening to visit the same spot during the month of June, was seized with such a fit of ill-humour at the prolonged absence of night, that he shut himself up in his chamber, and retired to bed, where he remained till the days again decreased.”

The author gives the following details on the subject of the Russian clergy, and afterwards passes, rather abruptly, to the mention

of the Emperor Paul. The reader, however, who is fond of anecdote, will not cavil at the arrangement of the subject-matter:—

“Marriage is one of the conditions imposed on the priesthood, and invariably precedes the sacrament of ordination. None of the Russian popes can espouse a widow, or contract a second matrimonial union. The death of their wives, therefore, reduces them to the alternative of retiring to a monastery, or of renouncing their sacerdotal functions. Such of them as have the misfortune to become widowers, generally embrace the monastic state. The secular priests, how distinguished soever by virtue or by talent, are forbidden to become candidates for the episcopal dignity. The severest punishment that can be inflicted on a Russian priest is the shaving off his beard; such a disgrace being tantamount to his dismissal from his sacred office. A Russian pope’s wife, like Cæsar’s, must not be suspected: the slightest stain upon her virtue would fall upon her husband, and cause his expulsion from the order of the priesthood. Consequently, the dread of an act of dishonour, which would infallibly occasion her partner’s ruin, acts as a check upon the levity of the wife. A pope, once finding his wife in rather exceptionable society, pointed to his beard, at the same time imitating with his fingers the action of the scissors. The significant gesture was not lost upon the lady, who instantly rose and retired with her husband.

“The Emperor Paul, notorious for his singularities, at one time conceived the idea of exercising the functions of patriarch—a project from which he was with some difficulty dissuaded. Now that I am on the subject of Paul, I may as well introduce a few anecdotes of that whimsical emperor. He was not fond of compliments: the flatterer that would please him was under the necessity of disguising his incense, which, if unsparingly lavished, was coldly and often harshly received. Like the father of the great Frederick, Paul had a singular liking for very tall people. One day, conversing with the Count de Choiseul-Gouffier on the subject of the grenadiers of his guard—‘I am not of low stature,’ said the Emperor, ‘and yet, even when I stand on tiptoe, my nose hardly touches their chins.’—‘Sire,’ replied the Count, ‘there are various descriptions of greatness.’ The Emperor, assuming a tone of raillery, and examining, the Count’s dress with attention—‘You have never worn that coat before,’ said his majesty; ‘’tis of Versailles manufacture, I presume; and you have doubtless found that compliment in one of the pockets.’

“On one occasion, M. Doyen, a French painter attached to the court, had a violent quarrel with Prince Yousouloff, the Director-General of the Fine Arts. On the following morning the Emperor visited the gallery, where Doyen was at work on a large painting, representing the break of day. His majesty, who happened to be in a charming humour, looked over the artist’s work and desired to know the meaning of a group of figures placed behind the Hours. ‘Sire,’ replied the painter, ‘they are the half-hours; and when Prince Yousouloff honours me with a visit, I am tempted to change them into minutes.’ This whimsical complaint amused the Emperor; and to amuse him was to gain

his good-will. The director-general was visited with the imperial rebuke, and the painter was thenceforward left to follow his avocations in tranquillity.

"On another occasion, Doyen being occupied with a painting representing a passage in the life of Pericles and of the Philosopher Anaxagoras, Paul demanded the name of the latter personage;—'Epaminondas,' replied the painter.—'You are mistaken, Doyen,' said the Emperor; 'you mean Anaxagoras.'—'Sire,' said the waggish artist, 'you are right;—I never recollect names; my memory begins to fail;—my lamp is nearly extinguished for want of oil.' The Emperor took the hint. On the same evening, he sent the painter 6,000 roubles (about £1,000.) under an envelop, on which was written with his own hand, 'Oil for M. Doyen's lamp.' A few days afterwards, Paul, accompanied by some of his courtiers, met the painter in the public gardens, and immediately accosted him;—'Well, Doyen,' said he, 'is your sight improved?'—'Ah, Sire!' replied Doyen, 'your Majesty is the most skilful oculist in Europe.'

In the following anecdote the author pays a delicate compliment to Madame de Stael:—

"Madame de Stael once passed the evening at the same house with Madame Svitchin, to whom she had long sought an introduction. The hostess, who was much occupied with her numerous guests, had not as yet taken an opportunity of gratifying her wishes. Madame de Stael, at length tired of waiting, without further ceremony left her chair, and went straight to Madame Svitchin, whom she thus accosted in a tone of friendly reproach:—'It seems, Madame Svitchin, you are by no means anxious for my acquaintance?'—'Madame,' replied the latter, 'sovereigns always make the first advances.'

The facility and purity with which the Russians speak most of the continental languages is universally acknowledged. Singular as the fact may appear, the well-educated portion of society in Russia are frequently better acquainted with the French than with their native tongue. With regard to the variety of languages spoken by the barbarians of the north, as they have been erroneously called, we have the following anecdotes:—

"A Russian lady, being engaged to dinner with M. de Talleyrand, at that time minister for foreign affairs, was detained a full hour by some unexpected accident. The furnished guests grumbled, and looked at their watches. On the lady's entrance, one of the company observed to his neighbour in Greek:—'When a woman is neither young nor handsome, she ought to arrive betimes.' The lady, turning round, sharply accosted the satirist in the same language: 'When a woman,' says she, 'has the misfortune to dine with savages, she always arrives too soon.'

"An American ambassador having been presented to the reigning empress, her majesty addressed him in English, which she spoke in perfection. At the close of the audience, the delighted envoy exclaimed to the courtier who had introduced him:—'What a charming woman! how admirably she speaks English! To what

country does she belong?'—'Germany.'—'Indeed! I should have supposed her English; she speaks the language so well! And of what family is she?'—'Of the house of Baden.'—'What an amiable, sensible woman! Speaks English with as much purity as if she had been born at Boston!' And the worthy envoy took his departure, wholly blind to the rank, wit, and graces of the empress. The only circumstance which impressed him was her acquaintance with his language—an acquirement which, in his opinion, outweighed all others."

The author's *amour-propre* leads him to enlarge on the preference shewn by the Russians to the French language. This, however, is a pardonable instance of vanity. On this subject we have a little anecdote of our own. A Spanish linguist, discussing the merits of different languages, observed, that were he to choose, he would address his valet in French, his horse in German, his mistress in Italian, and his Creator in Spanish.

"A lady being once taken to task for her exclusive partiality for the French language:—'If the people in the moon,' said she, 'have tongues, I am quite convinced they must speak in good Parisian; and I have little doubt but that, in two hundred years hence, Moliere's Tartuffe will be performed in the capital of China, where Perigord pies will be eaten, and paid for with French louis-d'or.'

We have some anecdotes with regard to the superstition of the Russians:—

"When a Russian peasant imagines that his cattle are of an unlucky colour, no persuasion can prevent him from changing them. This superstitious fancy extends even to his poultry; and it is by no means uncommon to see the hens, ducks, and geese in a farm-yard, all of the same monotonous hue. When such is the case, should the peasant receive a present of a cow differing in colour from the rest of his live stock only by the shade of a single hair, the animal would be sold on the instant, to prevent mischief from befalling the remainder of his herd."

"Prince Belloselsky possesses to an eminent degree the talent of telling a ghost-story. At a large party, one evening, the ladies drew their chairs around him, and exclaimed, 'Do Prince, terrify us a little.' Upon this, the prince ordered the lights to be extinguished, with the exception of one, which was left burning in an adjoining apartment, the door of which remained ajar. The narrator commenced his tale, which turned, as might be expected, upon the apparition of a horrid phantom, advancing slowly, in the midst of darkness visible, towards a person in bed. For the last ten minutes, the prince had kept his hand extended on a marble table: his voice assumed a sepulchral tone. All at once, he applied his icy hand upon the bare arm of his hostess, who uttered a piercing scream. The terrified auditors rushed into the other room, and, in their confusion, extinguished the solitary light. The sudden darkness redoubled their panic. At last the servants made their appearance with flambeaux; and the prince, who began to be alarmed at the success of his experiment, succeeded with some difficulty in calming the apprehensions of his fair audience. 'Ladies,' said he, 'tis all your own

fault; you requested me to terrify you a little—and I like to make myself agreeable.”

The author gallantly takes up the cudgels in defence of the Cossacks, who, he considerably assures us, were by no means such fee-faw-fum guests as might be imagined—

“In 1814, a Cossack general arrived in a little village, at the head of eight hundred Calmucks. The savage air of these troops—their hair floating over their eyes—their long beards descending to their waists; the sorry appearance of their steeds, which look worse than they are—these various circumstances contributed not a little to the alarm of the peasantry. The Russian general perceived that, in the house on which he was billeted, his hosts eagerly withdrew their young children from his sight. Mortified by their absurd precautions, he determined to retaliate; and when the servant requested to know what he would have for supper—‘Bring me a couple of children *a la broche*,’ said the general, ‘but let them be plump and tender.’ Then accosting his hosts with gaiety and politeness—‘Excuse the jest,’ said he, ‘the idea of which has been inspired by your fantastic terrors. Let me assure you that a beard is not an infallible symptom of ferocity. I have seen many a smooth visage less worthy to be trusted than those of my rough Calmucks. Recollect your national proverb: *l’habit ne fait pas le moine*.’”

The devotion of Napoleon’s partizans has formed the subject of various anecdotes, true or false. The following gives a ludicrous sample of sturdy uncompromising Bonapartism:

“A courtier of the imperial regime, conversing with some ladies who obstinately refused to share his admiration for the emperor, expressed his overflowing zeal in rather a novel manner. ‘Ladies,’ said he, ‘I have such perfect confidence in the emperor, that were he to call me knave, I might at first humbly remonstrate: but were he a second time to say, with an air of conviction, ‘I assure thee, thou art a knave!’—As I am a man of honour, I would take his majesty’s word for it!’”

“Lately, at a dinner party, an Englishman had the misfortune to spill a bottle of wine on the table, which was half covered with the purple stream. The Amphytrion having petulantly demanded if that mode was customary in England—‘No,’ replied the Englishman, with phlegm; ‘but when such an accident *does* happen, it is customary to let it pass without remark.’”

“Several of Catherine’s generals having been repulsed and beaten by the Turks, the empress, who was superior to childish considerations of resentment, resolved to entrust the command to Count Romantsoff, who had been for some time in disgrace. For that purpose, Catherine forwarded to the veteran a letter, couched in the following terms: ‘Count Romantsoff—I know that you dislike me; but you are a Russian, and consequently must desire to combat the enemies of your country. Preserve your hatred to me, if it be necessary for the satisfaction of you heart; but conquer the Turks. I give you the command of my army.’ The letter was accompanied by twenty thousand roubles, for the expenses of the general’s military

equipments. Romantsoff triumphed over the Turks; and, on his return from the campaign, the Czarine, dressed in a military uniform, proceeded to meet him. The general arrived, escorted by his staff. Catherine alighted, and advancing to Romantsoff, forbade him to dismount. ‘General,’ said she, ‘tis my place to make the first advances to the heroic defender of my country.’ Romantsoff burst into tears, threw himself at his sovereign’s feet, and ever afterwards was one of Catherine’s most zealous partizans.”

For the present we take leave of M. Dupre St. Maure. Fastidious criticism might perhaps object that he draws too liberally on his stores of anecdote. This, however, if it be a fault, is one inherent in the character of the French literature of the present day.

From the Edinburgh Review.

BURCKHARDT ON THE BEDOUINS AND WAHABYS.*

THOUGH all the works of this enterprising and unfortunate traveller have greatly contributed to the increase of our knowledge, it is in the posthumous publications which bear his name that we find the largest mass of interesting and curious information.

The observations contained in his first works on the back-settlement of Syria and Palestine, and on the rude and brutal slave-merchants of the Nubian Desert, cannot rival in interest those of the posthumous volume in which he has so fully unveiled the mysteries of Mahomedan pilgrimage. An equal rank may be assigned to the present, which throws new light on a race, who have long stood single among the nations, retaining from age to age a character in which lofty virtues and odious vices are strangely combined. The volume embraces also a different, but kindred subject, giving the most ample and authentic account that has yet appeared of the Wahaby power, which was once expected to have changed the face of the East, and which probably, even in its fallen state, exercises some influence.

The first and largest part of the volume does not, as its title imports, constitute so much a regular discourse, as a series of notes, collected to form the materials of one; and these notes, taken at distant periods, and under changing circumstances, sometimes repeat, and sometimes even contradict, each other. Nevertheless, we think ourselves indebted to the learned editor for having given them just as they stand, without any thing which could modify or alter their character; and we shall make it our task to combine these scattered fragments into somewhat of a regular and connected shape.

The Bedouins, or wandering Arabs, form a singular race, who, from the earliest records of history, appear to have existed exactly in their present condition, witnessing without

* Notes on the Bedouins and Wahabys; Collected during his Travels in the East, by the late John Lewis Burckhardt. Published by the authority of the Association for the Discovery of the Interior of Africa. 4to. London, 1830.

sharing the successive revolutions of the world—the rise and fall of the greatest empires. They bordered on several of the nations, anciently most refined and enlightened; yet those classic writers who have left such graphic pictures of some forms of barbarous life, throw no light on the interior state of Arabia. They delighted chiefly to recognise that region by the scented groves and bright gems which adorn its happy southern border. The roving tenants of its mighty desert were known almost exclusively under that one aspect, in which, indeed, they are but too prone to exhibit themselves—as fierce and lawless plunderers, whose hand, lifted against every man, drew forth from all a just and reciprocal enmity.

Various circumstances have concurred to afford the modern world a somewhat more intimate view of this remarkable form of society. The early pilgrims to the Holy Land, and the successive travellers who proceeded overland to India, had occasion to pass along the Arabian frontier. These expeditions afforded ample proof of the character of this people as warriors and plunderers; but occasions were also found to witness, how sacred was the pledged faith of the Arab, and how unbounded the hospitality bestowed on the unprotected stranger who entered his tent. Yet travellers in general only skimmed the surface of the desert, passing along with a fearful haste, ill suited for minute observation. Niebuhr, to whom we owe the only elaborate account of this region, scarcely touched even the borders of Pastoral Arabia. He merely decended the Red Sea, calling at several of its ports; but, with the exception of Yemen, penetrating into none of the interior districts. The only narrative which brings us into full contact with the details of Arab life, is that of the Chevalier D'Arvieux, whose residence in the tent of a chief, whom he dignifies with the title of Grand Emir, afforded materials for a very lively and graphic picture of Bedouin manners. His sphere of observation, however, was comparatively very limited. He not only did not penetrate into the heart of Arabia; he did not even reach its border. His communications were entirely with one tribe, who had advanced through Syria, and taken up their quarters in the pastoral environs of Mount Carmel.

Burckhardt did not go very deep into Arabia, nor did he enter the vast plains of Nedsjed, the central seat of Bedouin society. Nevertheless, he possessed a combination of opportunities and qualifications, which had not fallen to the lot of any preceding traveller. He traversed the whole of the desert border behind Syria and Palestine, and the wilderness of Sinai and Hedjaz, making everywhere those diligent and judicious enquiries for which he was eminently fitted. During his residence at Mecca and Medina, he saw an assemblage of tribes from every quarter of Arabia, and was enabled to obtain information from Bedouins, who came

from the interior of the Nedsjed. He has thus not superseded indeed the observation of a traveller who should penetrate into the heart of the country, but yet done much towards elucidating the manners of the Arabians, and communicating an idea of the real condition of that extraordinary people.

The co-existence of bold and contrasted features in the Bedouin character had been frequently observed; but it was not clearly perceived how these could combine with, and pass into, each other;—how the same individual, on a slight change of circumstances, was welcomed with unbounded hospitality, or mercilessly robbed and murdered. This is a point which our traveller has very narrowly scrutinized, and seems to have traced the relation between these contrasted features of the Arab character, with a precision to which none of his predecessors made any approach.

The boast of the Arab is his hospitality, a virtue generally prevalent among simple and secluded tribes, but certainly practised here on a large and liberal scale. The entrance of the most entire stranger into the Arab tent forms an occasion of jubilee; a lamb is killed, the neighbours are invited, and a festival celebrated. In some encampments the members are on the watch for travellers advancing along the desert plain, and he who has the good fortune first to descry one, raises loud shouts, and claims him for a guest; while conflicting pretensions, and even quarrels, sometimes arise about this species of property. An instance is given of one Schiech, who, being reduced to such extreme poverty, that he could not furnish a dish to unexpected guests, had his favourite mare tied and ready for the knife, when unlooked-for relief arrived. An Arab has been heard to declare, that if his enemy enters the tent with his own brother's head in his hand, he would not on that account abate of his hospitable reception. Yet this generous quality having become subjected to a code of rules, and making no distinction of objects, bears somewhat the aspect of being less an effusion of the heart, than a high point of honour, enforced by dread of the reproach attendant on failure. Even as to time, there are limits assigned to its exercise. Three days and eight hours are considered the period during which the stranger may expect the rites of hospitality; on passing that term, he is not indeed ejected; but his presence is criticised, and felt as a visitation.

Robbery, scarcely less than hospitality, is a leading point in which Arab honour is centred. The Bedouins are a nation of robbers: they rob friends and foes, and make plunder their constant aim and study. The title of robber is among the most flattering which can be bestowed on the youthful hero. The highest credit is attained by depredations on the Turks and Franks, which are usually carried on by the united force of the tribes; second to this stands the Robbery of hostile Arabs; but even towards such as are doubtful or friend

ly, it is practised, and is far from being unknown within the precincts of the same tribe. The individual plunderer is called *haramy*, here translated robber, but which would seemingly be more correctly rendered *thief*. When departing on one of his great marauding excursions, he merely orders his wife or sister to prepare a bag of flour and salt, evading all enquiries as to his destination, by saying, 'I go where God leads me.' Associated with friends of kindred propensities, he scours the desert, and secretly approaches the encampment of a neighbouring tribe. The entrance is made at midnight, when all are buried in sleep. One bold youth advances, irritates the dogs who guard the camp, flies, and thus lures them on to pursue, leaving their charge defenceless. A second youth then moves forward, and in deep silence cuts the cords by which the camels are fastened, when these animals spontaneously rise without the slightest noise. A third grasps by the tail several of the strongest among them, which immediately induces them to gallop off; the others follow, and sometimes a band, fifty in number, will thus be carried away.

The link or limit between these two great contending principles of hospitality and robbery, is formed by *dakheil*, or protection.—When the Bedouin has granted this sacred pledge, he not only secures the protected person against his own fiercest enmity and most eager avidity, but guarantees also, as far as his power extends, safety of life and property from every other enemy or predator; and even when a loss has been unavoidably sustained, he often replaces it. Hospitality and protection are kindred principles, ruled nearly by the same laws, and bearing the same date of three days and one third, after which it behoves the person in danger to seek safety from some other quarter. According to Burchardt, it is always among the fiercest and most lawless predatory tribes that the sense of honour is highest, and the pledge of protection held most sacred.

These conflicting principles of the Arab character come into singular collision when the *haramy* is caught within an encampment, busied in his work of plunder. He is then nearly within the circle of protection; a few moments might place him there. As it would be absurd, however, that such transactions should be carried on with impunity, a very singular train of precaution is employed to avert his coming under the magic power of the *dakheil*. All the privileges, which are so nearly within his reach, serve only to aggravate the sufferings of the captive, or, as he is termed, *rabiet*. The *rabat*, or captor, first ties his hands and feet, then seizes a large staff, and beats him without intermission, until he cries out *yeneffa*, 'I renounce;' by which word he resigns all the rights, and absolves his keeper from all the duties, of *dakheil*. Unfortunately too, for him, that pledge is so sacred, that its renunciation

can avail only for one day and one person; whenever these are changed, the blows must be renewed, and another *yeneffa* extorted. Still more severe are the means employed that he may not avail himself of the extreme facility with which protection is obtained. A cavity is dug in the earth, equal in length to the offender, wherein he is deposited, his arms and feet bound to stakes with thongs, his twisted hair attached to opposite stakes, and sacks of corn or other ponderous articles piled above him; and in this living grave he remains, until a ransom, to the utmost extent of his supposed means and those of his friends, can be extorted. If the camp is removed, he is placed, with his head wrapped in leather, and his body fast bound, on the back of a camel. The *rabat* is kept in unremitting anxiety lest his prey should escape; for if the *rabiet* can contrive to touch, spit, or cast any part of his clothes even on a child, saying, 'I am thy protected,' he is converted at once from a captive into a guest, who must return home laden with kindness and presents. Other members of the tribe, moved by friendship or pity, sometimes find means to elude the vigilance of the *rabat*, and bring the sufferer within the pale. A man has been known to break a date in two, procure one part to be eaten by the captor, then convey the other to the prisoner, who is immediately announced to the dismayed *rabat* as his protected guest. The prisoner's relations also have their invention at work to contrive some means of deliverance. A female, commonly his mother, approaches the camp under the disguise of a beggar, and obtains the hospitality of one of the tents. She learns the spot where her son lies immured, steals thither in the dead of night, feels for his mouth, in which she lodges one end of a ball of thread, then winds it off until she reaches a neighbouring tent. There she applies the other end to the breast of the owner, saying, 'Look on me, by the love thou bearest to God and to thyself, this is under thy protection.' The Arab, thus roused, comprehends the import of the transaction—takes the thread, and winds it up until it leads him to the imprisoned *haramy*; and in this way it is announced to him that the captive, of whose ransom he has been cherishing golden hopes, is a protected man. Again, when the health of the prisoner sinks under his frightful durance, and his life appears endangered, the *rabat* must abate much of his claim; otherwise he might not only lose all, but involve himself in the guilt of blood.

The principle of private revenge, with its accompaniments, the right of blood, and the price of blood, is by no means exclusively Arabian. It operates in every community where regular government and the arm of justice have not superseded its exercise; but there seems to be scarcely a nation among whom it is reduced to so regular a system. The Koran has sought to limit its operation to the guilty individual;—a modification never admitted by the Bedouins,

who continue to extend throughout the kindred on each side the right and duty of exacting and of paying blood. Mr. Burckhardt has constructed diagrams, illustrating the manner in which these claims ramify, whence we may generally collect that they do not extend laterally beyond the fifth cousin; but the descending progress never ceases till satisfaction is obtained. The regular and strictly honourable satisfaction is that of shedding the blood of the murderer, or of any one who stands to him within the *khomse*, or appointed degrees. To them, however, is allowed the sacred interval of three days and a third, of which they often avail themselves to fly to the tents of a distant tribe. In general, as time passes, there is a growing disposition to negotiate. Various principles begin to act even in these proud hearts. The high claims of revenge and wounded affection yield to meaner motives; and on the very extent of the injury are founded calculations for the gratification of avarice. Arrangements through common friends are usually made for payment of the *deey*, or price of blood. As to the amount, Mr. Burckhardt's statements vary—probably according to the difference of tribes—making it sometimes fifty, sometimes a hundred camels; to which some minor articles are appended. On grounds of grace and favour, certain abatements are usually obtained. All the kindred who are involved in the bloody debt, and proud of a relation who has killed his man, assist in raising the requisite amount. Terms being adjusted, friends on both sides meet, a she-camel is killed, and at the close of the festival the debtor or murderer ties a white handkerchief to the end of his lance, in sign that he is free from blood.

War amongst the Bedouins is frequent, almost constant; and a special duty of the schiech is to provide for his tribe enemies, against whom they may indulge their bold and daring spirit, and have large chances of booty. Yet this people bear a reputation of not being extremely forward to expose their persons; so that when a bold face is shown to them, even by a very small band of travellers, they are said to be apt to turn their backs. Burckhardt, however, seems to have ascertained that this takes place only in those expeditions where plunder is the main or sole object. They view these as a trade to be carried on with as much profit and as little risk as possible. He understood it to be quite otherwise in wars waged for the glory and independence of a tribe, which are often marked by the most signal displays of valour.

This work has thrown some new light on the subjects of Bedouin love, courtship, and marriage. The suitor, it appears, must treat with the parents, and propitiate them by handsome presents, if not by a regular money price; but respecting the degree of consent required from the fair object, the author is somewhat at issue with himself. According to one statement,

this consent is essential; yet elsewhere it is said that the young lady often knows nothing of the arrangement till the *abha*, or nuptial cloak, is thrown over her, when the husband and his friends seize and convey her by main force to his tent. The former report would seem to be more generally correct, from its harmonizing with accounts of a more pleasing nature. Love, in its purest form, where attachment is mingled with respect and esteem, is deeply felt in the Arab tent; while in Turkish cities, the possessor of a crowded harem knows no tie but that of the senses. It is contrary to our preconceived ideas, to find that the Arab rarely has more than one wife; but he abuses in a remarkable degree the other license granted by the Prophet, of voluntary divorce. Mr. Burckhardt has seen Bedouins of forty-five, who were known to have had fifty wives in succession. Yet there are many happy couples; and it is believed that these multiplied separations arise less from rooted unhappiness, than from ungovernable pride, and gusts of violent passion. An unfortunate system prevails, in cases of contention between husband and wife, of referring to the neighbours as umpires; and as the lady has frequently the advantage in fluency and volubility, the husband, who feels himself worsted in this war of words, is too often impelled to utter the irrevocable expressions, *Eat Taleha*, which seal the divorce.

Our ideas respecting the jurisdiction of the Bedouin schiech stand considerably corrected by this work. This chief has been generally believed to exercise an authority, patriarchal indeed and paternal, but scarcely less absolute than that of the Ottoman Sultan. Such an appearance of power is indeed exhibited to the Turks, who see him regulating all the external relations of the tribe, and arranging its migrations from place to place. But when its interior movements are inspected, the members are found in a state of the most complete independence, and even equality. If the schiech addresses a rude expression to the meanest Bedouin, he is liable to a retort altogether in the same strain. He levies no revenue from his supposed subjects, but must derive all his funds from external sources—his share of the booty, taxes on caravans, and the various species of tribute exacted by these rude borderers. We are here introduced also to another character, with whom we had no sort of previous acquaintance. This is the *Agyd*, a personage of the highest importance, somewhat between a soothsayer and a general, without whose presence in battle the Arab firmly believes that he can never conquer; and the belief doubtless favours much its own fulfilment.

The general estimate formed by our author of the Bedouin character seems to be somewhat partial. He pronounces them one of the noblest nations he ever knew; yet he admits that the same love of gain and money which pervades the Levantine character, is deeply

rooted in the mind of the Bedouin; that interest is the motive of all his actions; and that lying, cheating, and intriguing, are as prevalent in the desert as in the market towns of Syria. These great blemishes, however, are counterbalanced in the Arab, not only by his generous hospitality and the sacredness of his pledged honour, but by his high spirit of freedom and independence. The poorest Bedouin, in his ragged goatskin tent, and coarse woollen mantle, owns no superior on earth, and looks with contempt on the pomp of a Turkish pacha. The sentiment of patriotism glows in his breast with the purest ardour. The devotion of a Bedouin to his tribe, the sacrifices he is ready to make for its power, its fame, and its prosperity, are described as rivalling whatever is most memorable in the records of disinterestedness. Even the softer attributes of humanity and compassion are said to shine conspicuous in these fierce sons of the desert. 'The social character of a Bedouin, when there is no question of profit or interest, may be described as truly amiable. His cheerfulness, wit, and softness of temper and sagacity, render him a pleasing and often a valuable companion. His equality of temper is never ruffled or affected by fatigue or suffering. The finest trait in the character of a Bedouin (next to good faith) is his kindness, benevolence, and charity—his peaceful demeanour when his warlike spirit or wounded honour does not call him to arms. Among themselves the Bedouins constitute a nation of brothers; often quarrelling, it must be owned, with each other, but ever ready, when at peace, to give mutual assistance.'

In regard to the intellectual attainments of the Arabs, they must be described as wholly unlearned, being very rarely able to read or write. Yet, amid a varied, wandering, and active life, talents are developed which often remain dormant under the most regular course of scholastic instruction. Nature, love, and warlike adventure, inspire numerous untaught bards, to whose effusions their country owes that measure of poetical celebrity to which it has attained. In communities also, where influence can be gained only by persuasion, oratory is cultivated with considerable success. Even their common conversation, consisting of shrewd remarks bluntly expressed in few words, evinces a sounder judgment than the verbose talk indulged in by the inhabitants of Oriental cities.

The domestic economy of these tribes is simple in the extreme. A tent covered with goatskin, and divided into the male and female apartments, forms the usual habitation. An *abba*, or cotton robe, and a woollen mantle to be used in cold weather, both often in very imperfect repair, constitute their wardrobe; while flour, boiled or made into paste, with milk or butter poured over it, furnishes their sole diet, unless when the arrival of a guest is the signal for killing and dressing a lamb. In all

their accommodations, scarcely any distinction is known between the rich and poor.

The horse, so pre-eminently the boast of Arabia, is far from being found in such numbers as we might imagine. Mr. Burckhardt conceives that there is no equal extent of surface, in Europe or Asia, on which there are so few horses. Neither in the desert, nor in the rocky tracts of the Hedsjas, nor on the aromatic hills of Yemen, are horses either numerous, or endowed with any eminent qualities. They flourish only in the comparatively well watered and verdant tracts that extend along the borders of Syria, and the banks of the Euphrates. These horses have not the strength and body which belong to the Syrian and some of the Egyptian races; but they are matchless in beauty, swiftness, and spirit. The Arabs count five noble breeds descended from the five favourite mares of the Prophet. It is not usual to keep written genealogies authenticating this high lineage; constant tradition, and the general knowledge of all the surrounding tribes, are considered enough; but when the horse is carried to be sold at Bassora, he is accompanied with a certificate of his pedigree, drawn up in a style equally solemn and verbose with our legal instruments.

Of the first and highest breed, our traveller does not believe the entire number to exceed two hundred; and he doubts if any ever find their way out of Arabia. Of the many called in Europe Arabian, a great proportion come from Syria and other bordering countries, where the breed is good, but different. The principal exportation is from Bassora to our Indian settlements.

The horse in Arabia is only an ornament—the instrument of state and of war. The camel is the chief helpmate of the Bedouin. The Nedajed, the principal seat of the Bedouin tribes, appears to be the native region of this valuable animal, and is called 'the mother of camels.' They are propagated there with greater facility, of finer quality, and subject to fewer diseases, than elsewhere; and they are exported thence into all the neighbouring countries. The camel's capacity of enduring thirst seems to adapt itself surprisingly to situation. In Egypt, where he drinks daily of the Nile, the period of privation cannot be extended beyond a day; on the high but commonly moist table lands of Anatolia, it is two days; over Arabia in general, it is four days; while in the long route between Egypt and Sennaar, where nine days are passed without water, the camels suffer most severely indeed, yet the greater part of them survive, and reach their destination. Our author discredits much the statement so current in Europe, that the camel on a long journey is often killed for the mere supply of water lodged in his stomach. This supply, he observes, is far from copious, unless after the animal has newly drunk, in which case the master is not likely to suffer want: the scanty draught to be obtained after a long

march, can never compensate the loss of the animal in travelling. The hump of the camel appears to form a sort of reserve, through which, the Arabs say, he is nourished during his long journeys. In a period of plenty, the rapid secretion of fat converts it into a pyramid, equalling a fourth of the animal's entire bulk; but a peregrination through the desert gradually lowers it, so as to become scarcely visible, when the camel sinks and can travel no farther, till the store is replenished by rest and food.

The *second* part of the volume, entitled 'Materials for a History of the Wahabys,' is entirely distinct from, yet closely allied to, the first; since Nedsjed, the centre of the Wahaby dominion, is the primitive, and still the main seat of the Bedouin tribes. Notwithstanding the modest title of 'Materials,' it forms a very complete and connected view of the subject, nearly as copious as, in the present fallen state of this power, can be considered desirable.

The prevalent impression among writers and travellers who have made us acquainted with the progress of the Wahaby power, has been to consider it as openly hostile to, and threatening the downfall of, the Mussulman faith. Niebuhr speaks of it as a new religion, which admitted, indeed, Mahommed to have been a great teacher, but denied the inspiration of the Koran; and Lord Valentia, in relating the entry of the Wahabys into Mecca, considers that event as shaking to its foundation the fabric of Islamism. Mr. Burekhardt, on the contrary, seems to have ascertained, that the sole principle of Abdul Wahab, the founder, was to restore that religion exactly to the state in which it existed under the Prophet and his immediate descendants. Two Wahaby envoys having arrived at Cairo in 1815, one of whom was accounted very profound in this faith, the pacha caused them to be examined by the most learned Ulemas, who, contrary to his expectation and wish, declared their dogmas to contain nothing heretical. The abuses which the Wahabys sought to extirpate, existed not in the body of the sacred edifice, but in certain adventitious superinductions. Although a divine nature was not actually ascribed to Mahommed, yet expressions had crept into use which seemed to imply something not widely differing. Every city, besides, had some favourite schiech, or saint, whose tomb had been lavishly adorned, and in whose honour varied and pompous ceremonies were performed. Above all, the smoking of tobacco, and the wearing of costly, especially of silken garments, were enormities which all the Wahaby power was to be employed in extirpating. Into whatever city their army entered, their first care was to raze to the ground the tomb of its tutelar saint. Those of Mahommed, his wife, his uncle, and two grandsons, at Mecca, were all demolished. Even the magnificent sepulchre of the Prophet at Medina was doomed to destruction; but this massive and lofty struc-

ture defied their efforts. Several of the soldiers, in attempting the demolition, fell from its lofty dome, and were killed; a catastrophe exultingly ascribed by the Medinans to the displeasure of Heaven. At Mecca all the tobacco pipes in the city, whereof many were large and highly ornamented, were collected into one pile, and consigned to the flames. It is not wonderful that the Turks, when they saw the Wahaby laying their destructive hands on all the objects most dear and revered, should view the new sect with horror, as the enemies of religion and the Prophet.

With the reform of the Mahommedan faith, the Wahaby chiefs combined the principle, that there should be one supreme political head over the tribes of Arabia. Mr. Burekhardt seems to impute the ardent zeal displayed on this subject by Abdel Aziz and Ibn Saoud chiefly to their anxiety for restoring the pure model of Islamism; but as this sovereign dignity was to devolve upon themselves, they were impelled, we imagine, by still more powerful motives. Abdel Aziz is said to have taken the field with seven camels only; but by successive victories and conversions, he, and still more his successor, Ibn Saoud, gradually collected all the tribes of Nedsjed under the new standard. The Bedouins were left, however, in the full enjoyment of their internal independence; the schiechs becoming feudal vassals rather than subjects. His sway was, on the whole, beneficial to Arabia, by suppressing or much abating the scourges of internal war, deadly feud, and open robbery; by diffusing some elements of knowledge, and by establishing public tribunals, administered by upright and intelligent kadhys of his appointment.

In 1803 or 1804, the Wahaby sway had reached its zenith; Mecca and Medina had surrendered; the rich ports of Loheia and Hodeida had been plundered: Yemen on one side, on the other Syria and the fine plains beyond the Euphrates, lay open to their inroads. Yet it would seem that they never possessed any considerable disposable force. All the Bedouins, indeed, were liable to the summons of the supreme head, whom they obeyed, partly from duty, partly from the hopes of plunder; but they formed only a loose, feudal militia, serving at their own expense, and during the limited period of forty or fifty days. In the expedition into the Hauran, where Ibn Saoud occasioned the greatest alarm, and plundered thirty-five villages, he is said not to have had more than six thousand men.

Ibn Saoud appears to have been an able, and even virtuous prince. Residing in a spacious mansion on the declivity of the hill above Derayah, he entertained with lodging and food the numerous visitants, amounting usually to several hundreds, who resorted for justice or homage from every quarter of Arabia. The only luxuries enjoyed by him beyond the meanest Bedouin, were those of having his table regularly supplied with lamb and rice, and his

robe and mantle of somewhat finer cloth than theirs. Yet we can scarcely believe, with Mr. Burckhardt, that even his simple hospitality could be supported at the annual charge of only ten or twelve thousand pounds. He zealously patronised learning, inviting to Derayah the most eminent doctors and poets from all quarters of the peninsula. Every evening he held at his house a select meeting, where the chief employment consisted in the reading and exposition of the Koran, exercises in which he was esteemed to excel. His domestic character is said to have been very amiable.

The Porte had never ceased urging the Pacha of Egypt to undertake the overthrow of a power, which attacked at once its faith and its authority. Mahommed Ali, while not yet firmly seated in his government, hesitated to involve himself in this arduous enterprise; but being at last established as nearly the independent ruler of Egypt, he felt very much disposed to annex Arabia to that country. He despatched an armament under his son Tousoun, which did not exceed 3000 men; but being good and well-disciplined troops, they were expected to prevail over the rude array of the tribes, many of whom were ill affected to the Wahaby cause, and others very accessible to bribery.* Tousoun landed at Yembo, and, in January 1812, advanced against Medina; but in passing a steep and rugged defile beyond Saffra, he found himself, on a sudden, completely enveloped by the whole Wahaby force, which occupied all the neighbouring heights. A total and disastrous rout ensued; and the remains of the Egyptian army reached Yembo only in flying and scattered detachments.

The Wahabys did not follow up their victory, but, according to their wonted habits, returned home, trusting that they would similarly repel every future inroad. Mahommed Ali, meanwhile, supplied this small army with such reinforcements as made it stronger than before its disaster. Tousoun then advanced upon Medina, the only strong fortress in the Hedzsas, and which, after an obstinate resistance, was obliged to surrender. Mecca then opened its gates; and in 1813, the pilgrimage was renewed in all its pomp. The Wahabys, however, were not subdued or even humbled; they hovered round with their flying camps, and were frequently victorious in detached encounters. The Pacha became sensible that, without striking some decisive blow, he could not rule, or even maintain his ground in Arabia. He lavished bribes on the Bedouins, who, with all their proud and high qualities, owned equally with other Orientals the omnipotence of gold. At length he took the field, and carried the war into the Nedsjed, the heart of the Wahaby power. Ibn Saoud had just died; but in January 1815, Abdallah, his son, who bore a still higher military reputation, met the Pacha at Byssel, with 25,000 men—a light, loose host, chiefly mounted upon camels. Yet so long as they kept to the high rocky grounds,

the Egyptian army was never able to gain any advantage. At length Mahommed Ali, by causing his troops to betake themselves to a feigned flight, succeeded in drawing the Arab army down into the plain, where the regular and weighty charge of the Egyptian cavalry proved irresistible against this irregular mass. The Wahabys were totally routed, with the loss of five thousand men; their camp, baggage, and most of their camels, falling into the hands of the conqueror.

After this victory, numerous schiechs, who had formerly wavered, gave in their submission. Yet the Pacha brought back his troops to the Hedzsas in a most reduced and exhausted state, not exceeding fifteen hundred men, with three hundred horses, and three hundred out of the ten thousand camels, which he had either carried with him, or captured. Thus he was in no condition to renew offensive operations, while the enemy recruited their strength, and obliged Tousoun to conclude a peace, by which the Wahaby power was left almost unbroken. Mahommed Ali, however, returned to Egypt, with the firm determination to regard this treaty as little as he had ever done any engagement which interfered with his ambitious views. Resolving to strain every nerve for the complete overthrow of the Wahaby dominion, he sent, in August 1816, Ibrahim, the most energetic and ferocious of his warlike family, with a large reinforcement, to take the chief command. Here Mr. Burckhardt's relation closes; but from other accounts, and particularly from that lately given by Mr. Webster, we know that the Egyptian chief, after a protracted contest, was completely successful, and closed the campaign with the capture and destruction of the hostile metropolis. 'Ibrahim 'Pacha,' says this traveller, 'is remembered as the scourge of Arabia, and the curse of Derayah. Mahommed, in his moment of passion against Abdallah, had threatened to destroy the city, so that not one stone should be left upon another. Ibrahim was the unrelenting executor of his father's menaces. The Wahaby capital was entirely destroyed, and the inhabitants thrust forth into the desolate wilderness, to starve and die, or obtain refuge where they best could.' Abdallah and all his family were made prisoners, and brought to Cairo where their arrival in November 1818, was celebrated by a festival of seven days. He was then sent to Constantinople, where an ungenerous enemy caused him to be led three days through the streets, and then beheaded. Thus closed the career of the Wahabys.

Notwithstanding the valuable additions made to our knowledge by this volume, we are far from thinking that Arabia is yet adequately known. While we have journal upon journal of travels through the beaten tract by the Euphrates and Kourdistan, we are not aware that any adventurer has attempted to penetrate across the plains and pastoral hills of Central Arabia. Yet he would there see, in their ut-

most purity, Bedouin manners, which are altered much, and usually for the worse, by intercourse with the Turks and the inhabitants of cities. Our author, we may observe, considers, that no recommendation of any chief though he were the most powerful in the East, would be of any value in this quarter, and that the traveller must trust entirely to his own address and resources.

From the Athenæum.

CHAMOIS HUNTERS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Away to the Alps!

For the hunters are there,
To rouse the chamois,
In his rock-vaulted lair;
From valley to mountain,
See! swiftly they go—
As the ball from the rifle—
The shaft from the bow.

Nor chasms, nor glaciers,
Their firmness dismay;
Undaunted they leap,
Like young leopards at play:
And the dash of the torrent
Sounds welcome and dear,
As the voice of the friend
To the wanderer's ear.

They reck not the music
Of hound or of horn—
The neigh of the courser—
The gladness of morn:
The blasts of the tempest
Their dark sinews brace;
And the wilder the danger,
The sweeter the chace.

With spirits as strong
As their footsteps are light,
On—onward they speed,
In the joy of their might:
Till eve gathers round them,
And silent and deep—
The white snow their pillow—
The wild hunters sleep.

From the United Service Journal.

SUWAROW'S INSTRUCTIONS TO HIS SOLDIERY.

[PREVIOUSLY TO A TURKISH CAMPAIGN.]

SUWAROW was indisputably one of the most extraordinary individuals of the present or preceding century. Whatever he did, and in however *bizarre* a form he clad what he did, the workings of a superior mind manifested themselves in every action of his life. It is difficult to assign a reason for the pains he gave himself to travel out of the beaten path; for no man ever stood less in need of clap-traps in order to force himself into notice. Those who were about him have often heard him descend upon topics of the deepest importance, coolly and deliberately, without twist or eccentricity; and in these moments he has filled them with intenser admiration of his energy

and powers of intellect, than on occasions when he chose to bestride his hobby. Take the following instance in proof. Suwarow's eccentricity had completely undone him in Prince Potemkin's estimation, and hence the latter was considered by him to be nothing better in the main than an arrant zany, to whom Fortune had taken a fancy, and on whom it would have been madness to have placed reliance. Having formed this estimate of the soldier's character, it was natural the minister should conceive it dangerous to intrust him with any command of moment. The natural consequence was a series of misunderstandings between the two parties, which were productive of considerable detriment to the public service. Catherine, however, had probed Suwarow's character much more deeply and acutely; for, when he was quite alone with her, he discussed matters in a rational and connected manner. It was therefore a subject of deep regret with her that Potemkin had taken so false a measure of his eminent talents; and when she found occasion to speak her mind to him on the subject, he candidly acknowledged the disadvantageous impressions he entertained. "You do him great injustice," replied the Empress, "and I will convince you of it shortly." The very next day she invited Potemkin to a private audience, at which she directed him to take his station behind a screen. She had, in the mean while, summoned Suwarow to her cabinet; and as soon as he was in her presence, she broached the subject of the plan to be adopted for the ensuing campaign. Suwarow, little dreaming that other ears were at hand, laid his whole scheme down with such consummate talent and evident mastery of its bearings, that Potemkin, unable to restrain the impulse of his astonishment and admiration, rushed forward with open arms, and flinging them across the soldier's neck, exclaimed, "How deeply have I wronged you, Alexander Wassiljewitch! why—why should you at any time be other than you are at this moment?" From that moment Potemkin became his steadfast friend, and heartily seconded the least of his operations.

Let the reader recall this anecdotal comment to mind, whenever he may feel inclined to wrong Suwarow's memory by doubting whether there be "more than meets the eye" in any given passage of the singular document which we proceed to lay before him.

SUWAROW'S INSTRUCTIONS.

Keep your heels together. Stretch out your legs. A soldier should be as straight as an arrow.

Keep your balls, for three days, or even during the whole campaign when you cannot purchase new ones.* Fire but seldom, and always take good aim.

Push forward with your bayonet; a ball may miss, but never a bayonet. Balls are fools; but bayonets heroes.

Handle the Turk with your bayonet and put

* The Russian soldier supplies himself with balls at his own expense.

an end to him; for even after he has fallen, he will cut at you behind your back with his sabre.

When attacking, you will not have time to load again. When you fire, aim at the stomach, and let some twenty balls fly. Buy lead freely, for it concerns your own life and costs little.

We ourselves make sure of the mark when we fire; and do not throw away even one ball in ten.

If you perceive a cannon with lighted match, rush upon it creeping; the ball will pass above your head. Cannon and cannoneer are at once your own; overset them and spike them; the rest may receive quarter. It is a sin to slay without a cause. Your enemies are human beings like yourselves.

Seek to die for the honour of the Virgin Mary your Mother, and all the Royal Family. The Church offers up prayers for those who fall; honours and rewards await those who survive.

Do no wrong to an unoffending party; he supplies you with meat and drink. A true soldier is no robber. Spoil is to be held sacred. If you capture a camp, it is wholly your own; and if you take a fortress, it is equally your own. At Ismail, the soldiers divided handfuls of gold and silver to their share, besides other articles: and the same on other spots. But beware of laying your hands upon spoils without previous orders.

ATTACK OF FIELD-WORKS.

Their ditches are not deep, nor their walls high. Throw yourself into the ditch and climb the wall. Ply the bayonet vigorously: thrust home, and make prisoners. Be sure to cut the cavalry to pieces, if they near you. At Praga, the foot hewed the horse to the ground, though more than three times inferior in number. They were protected besides by entrenchments as well as a fortress; for which reason we attacked them in columns.

THE ASSAULT.

Break down the fences. Cover the openings with hurdles: run with might and main; leap over the palisades; throw your fagots into the ditch; place your scaling-ladders; extend your columns; fire at the enemy's heads; jump over the walls; cut your adversary in pieces on the rampart; extend your line; place a guard over the powder-magazine; turn the cannon against the foe; and keep up a heavy and uninterrupted fire on the streets. This is not the proper moment for pursuing the enemy. When orders are given, rush boldly into the town: kill every adversary you find in the streets; but do not enter the houses. Attack your enemies in open places, and wherever they may muster. Take possession of them. Establish a guard *en chef*: mount guards at the gates, powder-stores, and other magazines. When your enemy surrenders, spare his life; and when masters of the inner wall, you may begin to plunder.

WITH THE MILITARY THREE QUALIFICATIONS ARE INDISPENSABLE;—1. A SKILFUL GLANCE. 2. RAPIDITY.—3. ENERGY.

The *skilful glance* consists in well locating a camp, in knowing how to march and attack, and to pursue and beat your adversary.

Rapidity.—Let the field-artillery march two-thirds or half-a-mile in front on rising ground,

so as not to embarrass the advance of your columns.

When marching by four files in front, leave sufficient space between your columns. Never slacken your pace. Forwards! play! sing your songs! beat your drums!

When you have marched ten *versts*, (about seven miles,) let the first company throw aside its heavy gear and take rest; and the second and remaining companies do the same in succession. But the first is never to wait for those following.

After the first ten *versts* are passed, take an hour's rest. When the second division comes up with the first, the latter will take up their baggage and advance ten or fifteen paces, or from fifteen to twenty, when passing through defiles: and never otherwise. Division after division, so that the last may halt and rest.

After the second ten *versts*, you may take an hour's rest or more. Should the third distance be less than ten *versts*, divide it and halt for a quarter, half, or three quarters of an hour, so that our children* may not be delayed from pitching their kettles. So much for the infantry.

The cavalry marches in front. They will dismount and rest a short time; and they will march more than ten *versts* at a time, for the purpose of affording their horses longer refreshment when encamped.

The wagons loaded with the tents and kettles will also precede. When our brothers† reach the halt appointed, the kettles must be boiling, and the mess-master ready to deliver out the victuals. Four hours' rest is allowed for breakfast, and from seven to eight hours' halt at night, as the state of the roads may require. When nearing the enemy, the wagons which carry the tents and kettles will halt; and care must be taken that the fuel is kept in readiness beforehand.

By adhering to this system on the march, the soldier does not grow weary; the enemy is thrown off his guard; he conceives us to be a hundred, or three hundred *versts* from the spot; and then we fall *en masse* upon him, like a shower of snow. He does not know whether he stands on his head or his heels. Lose not a moment in attacking him, and avail yourself of whatever is at hand or what God may have sent you.‡

Energy.—One leg reinforces its fellow. One hand strengthens another. Firing effects wholesale death: and the enemy has hands too; but he has no acquaintance with the Russian bayonet.

Form your line instantly, and push forward with the aid of *cold weapons*, (the bayonet). If you have not time to form line, give assault to the defile, the infantry with the bayonet, and the cavalry as it may. If the defile stretch a *verst's* length, and the shot pass over your head, you may look upon the enemy's cannon as your own.

In general, the cavalry will lead the assault, and the infantry follow. It is usual for the horse to attack in the same way as the foot, except—

* A familiar name which Suwarow gave his troops.

† Another name which Suwarow gave his troops.

‡ It was Suwarow's custom to attack as soon as the colours arrived, even though but half a regiment were at hand.

ing where the soil is marshy, and then they must lead their horses, bridle in hand. The Comacks will make good their way over every obstacle. When the battle is won, the cavalry will pursue the enemy and cut him to pieces: nor is the infantry to remain in the rear.

Two files are as the force of one, and three as the force of one, and a half.* The first makes a hole; the second knocks down; and the third puts the finishing hand.

Sanitary Regulations.—Have a fear of the hospital; physic has an unsavoury smell even at a distance: it is good for nothing, and does more harm than good. A Russian soldier will never take a liking to it.

Those who are in charge of the kettles need not to be told where they may find roots, herbs, and kitchens.

A soldier is beyond price. Have a care of your health; wash your stomach when it is full. Hunger is the best physic.

If an officer neglect his men, let him be locked up; and if an underling, let him be whipped. As for the soldier, give him the cat-o-nine-tails if he be careless of himself.

When attacked by intermittent fevers, abstain from eating or drinking; they are but a scourge for carelessness, if you recover.

If you get into an hospital, the first day will appear a bed of down; the second, French broth will be your portion; and on the third, our brother is laid on a bier and marched off.

In camp, the sick and convalescent will be under tents, and not quartered in villages, where the atmosphere is much purer.

You should not look with a jealous eye at your purse, when you want what is necessary. But this is not worth the talk; we know what is best for us.

Where others lose one in a hundred per month, we do not lose one in five hundred. Drink, air, and victuals for those who are in health. Brethren! your enemies quake before you!

There is one foe far more dangerous than an hospital; it is the execrable—"I really don't know!"† Half-apologies, conjectures, lies, fraud, equivocation, and false delicacy are the brood of the "I really don't know," out of which a thousand evils spring up; stammering, making mincemeat of one's words, and a thousand like things grow out of it, which one should blush even at naming.

A soldier should be healthy-minded, brave, intrepid, decisive, loyal, and honourable. Let him pray to God, from whom proceeds victory and miraculous interpositions. God be our guide! God is our leader!

If an officer say "I really don't know," let him be put under arrest; and if it be an officer of the staff, let the former mount guard over him.

Instruction gives intelligence. Where is no instruction, there all is darkness. The deed fears its doer.*

* This is a common expression among the Russians. Suwarow spoke to his men in their own style, and on this account, his language is frequently obscure.

† Suwarow had so utter a detestation of the "*Je ne sais pas*," that his comrades would invent any falsity rather than avow their ignorance.

* A Russian proverb.

If the husbandman know not how to work, the corn will not come. A wise man is worth three fools, and even three fools are but chaff. Clap ten together, and a heart of iron will thresh them, lay them flat, and make caption of the whole lot.†

In our last campaign, the enemy came off certainly minus seventy-five thousand men; perhaps he was not shorn of much fewer than a hundred thousand. He fought desperately and skilfully; but we ourselves did not lose more than ten thousand comrades altogether. Such are the blessings of instruction, my brethren! What a triumph, brother Officers!

From the Athenæum.

VOYAGES AND DISCOVERIES OF THE COMPANIONS OF COLUMBUS. By Washington Irving. London, 1831.

This is a delightful book. It is one of the very best accounts of the singular fortunes and adventures of the early conquerors of America. Mr. Irving has not only consulted the best historians, but he has selected from them the most important facts—and so judiciously, that his work is rich in all the glorious romance of the conquest, without offending against the plain sincerity and honesty of history. We have, however, objections to the plan of his work: it is neither biographical nor historical; and though by all well acquainted with the history of America, and whose own knowledge can "eke out the imperfections," it will be read with great satisfaction—by others, and there are many, these unconnected narratives will be more like novels, and the historical knowledge gained will be but trifling. Mr. Irving's narratives want connexion; and he is, in consequence, frequently obliged to repeat what he has said before, although, historically, they are most intimately connected. After all, perhaps, our regret originates in our admiration of the work—regret that one so well qualified did not undertake the history of the period. No man is better qualified by either genius, honesty, or enthusiasm, for the subject; and for materials, the old prosy Spanish historians, the modern writings of Navarrete and Quintana, and the unpublished works of Oviedo and others, with which Mr. Irving is intimately conversant, would have enabled him to add a standard work to our literature, and justly increased his own fame.

The following from the introduction is excellent, both historically and philosophically, and will explain the enterprising and romantic character of the Spaniards when the conquest of America was undertaken:—

"Eight centuries of incessant warfare with the Moorish usurpers of the Peninsula, produced a deep and lasting effect upon Spanish character and manners. The war being ever close at

† Our friend was fond of buffoonery, and generally contrived to tail his addresses with a sally, which might excite merriment among the addressers. The measured cadences of argument are a peculiar feature in the common parlance of the Russian, whether he be of high degree or low estate.

home, mingled itself with the domestic habits and concerns of the Spaniard. He was born a soldier. The wild and predatory nature of the war also made him a kind of chivalrous marauder. His horse and weapon were always ready for the field. His delight was in roving incursions and extravagant exploits; and no gain was so glorious in his eyes as the cavalcade of spoils and captives driven home in triumph from a plundered province. Religion, which has ever held great empire over the Spanish mind lent its aid to sanctify these roving and ravaging propensities, and the Castilian cavalier, as he sacked the towns, and laid waste the fields of his Moslem neighbour, piously believed he was doing God service.

"The conquest of Granada put an end to the peninsular wars between christian and infidel: the spirit of Spanish chivalry was thus suddenly deprived of its wonted sphere of action; but it had been too long fostered and excited, to be as suddenly appeased. The youth of the nation, bred up to daring adventure and heroic achievement, could not brook the tranquil and regular pursuits of common life, but panted for some new field of romantic enterprise.

"It was at this juncture that the grand project of Columbus was carried into effect. His treaty with the sovereigns was, in a manner, signed with the same pen that had subscribed the capitulation of the Moorish capital: and his first expedition may almost be said to have departed from beneath the walls of Granada. Many of the youthful cavaliers, who had fleshed their swords in that memorable war, crowded the ships of the discoverers, thinking a new career of arms was to be opened to them—a kind of crusade into splendid and unknown regions of infidels. The very weapons and armour that had been used against the Moors, were drawn from the arsenals to equip the heroes of these remoter adventures; and some of the most noted of the early commanders in the New World, will be found to have made their first essay in arms, under the banner of Ferdinand and Isabella, in their romantic campaigns among the mountains of Andalusia." p. v—vi.

The following is the description of the journey of Ojeda, through the morasses of Cuba, after his shipwreck:—

"Notwithstanding the recent services of Ojeda, the crew of Talavera still regarded him with hostility; but, if they had felt the value of his skill and courage at sea, they were no less sensible of their importance on shore, and he soon acquired that ascendancy over them which belongs to a master-spirit in time of trouble.

"Cuba was as yet uncolonized. It was a place of refuge to the unhappy natives of Hayti, who fled hither from the whips and chains of their European task-masters. The forests abounded with these wretched fugitives, who often opposed themselves to the shipwrecked party, supposing them to be sent by their late masters to drag them back to captivity.

"Ojeda easily repulsed these attacks; but found that these fugitives had likewise inspired the villagers with hostility to all European strangers. Seeing that his companions were too feeble and disheartened to fight their way through the populous parts of the island, or to

climb the rugged mountains of the interior, he avoided all towns and villages, and led them through the close forests and broad green savannahs which extended between the mountains and the sea.

"He had only made a choice of evils. The forests gradually retired from the coast. The savannahs, where the Spaniards at first had to contend merely with long rank grass and creeping vines, soon ended in salt marshes, where the oozy bottom yielded no firm foothold, and the mud and water reached to their knees. Still they pressed forward, continually hoping in a little while to arrive at a firmer soil, and flattering themselves they beheld fresh meadow land before them; but continually deceived. The farther they proceeded, the deeper grew the mire, until, after they had been eight days on this dismal journey, they found themselves in the centre of a vast morass, where the water reached to their girdles. Though thus almost drowned, they were tormented with incessant thirst, for all the water around them was as briny as the ocean. They suffered, too, the cravings of extreme hunger, having but a scanty supply of cassava bread and cheese, and a few potatoes and other roots, which they devoured raw. When they wished to sleep, they had to climb among the twisted roots of mangrove trees, which grew in clusters in the water. Still the dreary marsh widened and deepened. In many places they had to cross rivers and inlets, where some who could not swim were drowned, and others were smothered in the mire.

"Their situation became wild and desperate. Their cassava bread was spoiled by the water, and their stock of roots nearly exhausted. The interminable morass still extended before them, while, to return, after the distance they had come, was hopeless. Ojeda alone kept up a resolute spirit, and cheered and urged them forward. He had the little Flemish painting of the Madona, which had been given him by the Bishop Fonseca, carefully stored among the provisions in his knapsack. Whenever he stopped to repose among the roots of the mangrove trees, he took out this picture, placed it among the branches, and kneeling, prayed devoutly to the Virgin for protection. This he did repeatedly in the course of the day, and prevailed upon his companions to follow his example. Nay, more, at a moment of great despondency, he made a solemn vow to his patroness that if she conducted him alive through this peril, he would erect a chapel in the first Indian village he should arrive at; and leave her picture there, to remain an object of adoration to the Gentiles.

"This frightful morass extended for the distance of thirty leagues, and was so deep and difficult, so entangled by roots and creeping vines, so cut up by creeks and rivers, and so beset by quagmires, that they were thirty days in traversing it. Out of the number of seventy men that set out from the ship but thirty-five remained. 'Certain it is,' observes the venerable Las Casas, 'the sufferings of the Spaniards in the New World, in search of wealth, have been more cruel and severe than ever nation in the world endured; but those experienced by Ojeda and his men have surpassed all others.'

"They were at length so overcome by hunger and fatigue, that some lay down and yield-

ed up the ghost, and others, seating themselves among the mangrove trees, waited in despair for death to put an end to their miseries. Ojeda, with a few of the lightest and most vigorous, continued to struggle forward, and, to their unutterable joy, at length arrived to where the land was firm and dry. They soon descried a foot-path, and, following it, arrived at an Indian village, commanded by a cacique called Cuyebas. No sooner did they reach the village than they sank to the earth exhausted.

"The Indians gathered round and gazed at them with wonder; but when they learned their story, they exhibited a humanity that would have done honour to the most professing Christians. They bore them to their dwellings, set meat and drink before them, and vied with each other in discharging the offices of the kindest humanity. Finding that a number of their companions were still in the morass, the cacique sent a large party of Indians with provisions for their relief; with orders to bring on their shoulders such as were too feeble to walk. 'The Indians,' says the Bishop Las Casas, 'did more than they were ordered; for so they always do, when they are not exasperated by ill treatment. The Spaniards were brought to the village, succoured, cherished, consoled, and almost worshipped as if they had been angels.'" 84—8.

The account of the discovery of the Pacific Ocean is admirably written:—

"The day had scarcely dawned, when Vasco Nunez and his followers set forth from the Indian village and began to climb the height. It was a severe and rugged toil for men so way-worn; but they were filled with new ardour at the idea of the triumphant scene that was so soon to repay them for all their hardships.

"About ten o'clock in the morning they emerged from the thick forests through which they had hitherto struggled, and arrived at a lofty and airy region of the mountain. The bald summit alone remained to be ascended; and their guides pointed to a moderate eminence from which they said the southern sea was visible.

"Upon this Vasco Nunez commanded his followers to halt, and that no man should stir from his place. Then, with a palpitating heart, he ascended alone the bare mountain-top. On reaching the summit, the long-desired prospect burst upon his view. It was as if a new world were unfolded to him, separated from all hitherto known by this mighty barrier of mountains. Below him extended a vast chaos of rock and forest, and green savannahs and wandering streams, while at a distance the waters of the promised ocean glittered in the morning sun.

"At this glorious prospect Vasco Nunez sank upon his knees, and poured out his thanks to God for being the first European to whom it was given to make that great discovery. He then called his people to ascend: 'Behold, my friends,' said he, 'that glorious sight which we have so much desired. Let us give thanks to God that he has granted us this great honour and advantage. Let us pray to him to guide and aid us to conquer the sea and land which we have discovered, and which Christian has never entered to preach the holy doctrine of the Evangelists. As to yourselves, be as you have hitherto been, faithful and true to me, and

by the favour of Christ you will become the richest Spaniards that have ever come to the Indies—you will render the greatest services to your king that ever vassal rendered to his lord—and you will have the eternal glory and advantage of all that is here discovered, conquered, and converted to our holy Catholic faith.'

"The Spaniards answered this speech by embracing Vasco Nunez and promising to follow him to death. Among them was a priest, named Andres de Vara, who lifted up his voice and chaunted *Te Deum laudamus*—the usual anthem of Spanish discoverers. The rest, kneeling down, joined in the strain with pious enthusiasm and tears of joy; and never did a more sincere oblation rise to the deity from a sanctified altar, than from that wild mountain summit. It was indeed one of the most sublime discoveries that had yet been made in the New World, and must have opened a boundless field of conjecture to the wondering Spaniards. The imagination delights to picture forth the splendid confusion of their thoughts. Was this the great Indian ocean, studded with precious islands, abounding in gold, in gems, and spices, and bordered by the gorgeous cities and wealthy marts of the East? or was it some lonely sea locked up in the embraces of savage uncultivated continents, and never traversed by a bark, excepting the light pirogue of the savage? The latter could hardly be the case, for the natives had told the Spaniards of golden realms, and populous, and powerful, and luxurious nations upon its shores. Perhaps it might be bordered by various people, civilized in fact, though differing from Europe in their civilization—who might have peculiar laws, and customs, and arts, and sciences—who might form, as it were, a world of their own, intercommuning by this mighty sea, and carrying on commerce between their own islands and continents; but who might exist in total ignorance and independence of the other hemisphere.

"Such may naturally have been the ideas suggested by the sight of this unknown ocean. It was the prevalent belief of the Spaniards, however, that they were the first Christians who had made the discovery. Vasco Nunez, therefore, called upon all present to witness that he took possession of that sea, its islands, and surrounding lands, in the name of the sovereigns of Castile, and the notary of the expedition made a testimonial of the same, to which all present, to the number of sixty-seven men, signed their names. He then caused a fair and tall tree to be cut down and wrought into a cross, which was elevated on the spot from whence he had first beheld the sea. A mound of stones was likewise piled up to serve as a monument, and the names of the Castilian sovereigns were carved in the neighbouring trees. The Indians beheld all these ceremonials and rejoicings in silent wonder, and, while they aided to erect the cross and pile up the mound of stones, marvelled exceedingly at the meaning of these monuments, little thinking that they marked the subjugation of their land." p. 173—6.

Vasco Nunez and his followers now descended to seek those realms of gold which they expected to find on its shores; and having arrived at one of the vast bays, the ceremony of taking

possession is a fine mixture of that chivalry and superstition which characterized the adventures, and was so well described in the first extract from the introduction to this work:—

“The tide was out, the water was above half a league distant, and the intervening beach was covered with mud; he seated himself, therefore, under the shade of the forest trees until the tide should rise. After a while, the water came rushing in with great impetuosity, and soon reached nearly to the place where the Spaniards were reposing. Upon this Vasco Nunez rose and took a banner on which were painted the Virgin and Child, and under them the arms of Castile and Leon; then drawing his sword and throwing his buckler on his shoulder, he marched into the sea until the water reached above his knees, and waving his banner, exclaimed with a loud voice, ‘Long live the high and mighty monarchs Don Ferdinand and Donna Juana, sovereigns of Castile, of Leon, and of Arragon, in whose name, and for the royal crown of Castile, I take real, and corporal, and actual possession of these seas, and lands, and coasts, and ports, and islands of the south, and all thereunto annexed; and of the kingdoms and provinces which do or may appertain to them, in whatever manner, or by whatever right or title, ancient or modern, in times past, present, or to come, without any contradiction; and if other prince or captain, christian or infidel, or of any law, sect or condition whatsoever, shall pretend any right to these lands and seas, I am ready and prepared to maintain and defend them in the name of the Castilian sovereigns, present and future, whose is the empire and dominion over these Indias, islands, and terra firma, northern and southern, with all their seas, both at the arctic and antarctic poles, on either side of the equinoxial line, whether within or without the tropics of cancer and capricorn, both now and in all times, as long as the world endures, and until the final day of judgment of all mankind.’

“This swelling declaration and defiance being uttered with a loud voice, and no one appearing to dispute his pretensions, Vasco Nunez called upon his companions to bear witness of the fact of his having duly taken possession. They all declared themselves ready to defend his claim to the uttermost, as became true and loyal vassals to the Castilian sovereigns: and the notary having drawn up a document for the occasion, they all subscribed it with their names.

“This done, they advanced to the margin of the sea, and stooping down tasted its waters. When they found, that, though severed by intervening mountains and continents, they were salt like the seas of the north, they felt assured that they had indeed discovered an ocean, and again returned thanks to God.

“Having concluded all these ceremonies, Vasco Nunez drew a dagger from his girdle and cut a cross on a tree which grew within the water, and made two other crosses on two adjacent trees, in honour of the Three Persons of the Trinity, and in token of possession. His followers likewise cut crosses on many of the trees of the adjacent forest, and lopped off branches with their swords to bear away as trophies.” p. 179—181.

We had marked for extract the admirable sketch of the character of Nunez Balboa, and the retreat of Pizarro, but are stopped with the recollection that other though less interesting works, must be attended to. The appendix is a delightful account of the author's pilgrimage to Palos; and the incidental notices of the Spanish character prove that Mr. Irving is somewhat better acquainted with the people, their customs, habits, manners, and feelings, than the travelling gentlemen who gallop over countries, and so often submit their impertinence in a quarto volume.

From the Monthly Review.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF GIOVANNI FINATI.*

THE sanction of a gentleman of Mr. William Bankes' character and station would have been sufficient to silence all doubts of the authenticity of the present publication; but we have, in addition to the guarantee of his name, a number of facts and coincidences specified in the preface, or appended, in the shape of notes, to the text, which, in our opinion, completely protect Finati from all suspicions of bad faith.

Mr. Bankes, no doubt, felt himself peculiarly bound to satisfy the public on this fundamental point, since he must have anticipated that the strangeness of the adventures which are recorded in these volumes would, every now and then, have startled the belief of the sensible reader. We acknowledge that we have been startled ourselves; and we should have, most undoubtedly, given Finati a very respectable berth amongst the multitudinous host of spinners of long yarns, which we tender amongst the most precious inhabitants of our library, if it were not that we were exceedingly posed by one or two stubborn facts which are connected with the rise and progress of this work. It seems that Finati is an author by compulsion almost, rather than by choice. Book-manufacturing is therefore out of the question. To make a figure in print, could scarcely have been within the objects of his ambition or vanity, since the only country in which his “hair-breadth escapes” are destined to be celebrated, is one that he had visited with reluctance, and abandoned with pleasure. Mr. Banks has further added, that he himself is a witness to many of the incidents which the author relates; and, in confirmation of various statements which Finati makes, the editor quotes passages from a French writer, between whose work and that of Finati, there prevails just such an agreement as to substantiate matters, and such a variation as to immaterial details, as would be expected from two witnesses of integrity who had given evi-

* Under the assumed name of Mahomet, Finati made the campaigns against the Wahabees, for the recovery of Mecca and Medina: and since acted as Interpreter to European Travellers in some of the parts least visited of Asia and Africa. Translated from the Italian, as dictated by himself, and edited by William John Bankes, Esq. 2 vols. 12mo.

dence of the same events, without any concert or communication with each other.

Having premised thus much as to the authenticity of this narrative, we proceed at once to the various, rapid, and highly interesting scenes which it unfolds. Finati was a native of Ferrara in Italy. He was destined for the ecclesiastical profession. He was disinclined to this calling, and while yet he was meditating the most effectual means of escaping from the preparatory studies to which he had been condemned, Italy became a vassal of Buonaparte. Finati was drawn as a conscript, and after the most obstinate attempts on his own, and on the part of his family, to resist the fate which had thus been marked out for him, he was forced to follow to the field. The regiment which Finati was obliged to join was, shortly after his entrance into the French army, ordered to embark, at Venice, for Spalatro* in Dalmatia, near the confines of Russia, where Marmont was then quartered. From this place, Finati made his escape, with fifteen other Italians, into Albania, where he met with a variety of comical adventures. Finding that his personal safety at Antivari, where he had been sojourning, was not guaranteed to his satisfaction, Finati embarked on board a merchantman, and proceeded to Alexandria. Here he was induced to enlist as a volunteer in the service of the Pasha. He subsequently proceeded to Cairo, where he was promoted to the rank of corporal of the body guard of the Pasha. This same Pasha, who was no other than Mahomet Ali, was kept busily engaged at this time in repressing the jealousies subsisting between his Turkish and Albanian troops, but more anxiously still, in attempting to extinguish the remains of the Mamelukes, who, in different parts of Egypt, were carrying on their old practice of extortion against the natives. The arms of Mahomet succeeded against the Mamelukes, and some of their chiefs were taken into favour and employment in Cairo. But they began to cabal, and became so troublesome that the Pasha determined to destroy them root and branch. The following is the account of the sanguinary plan which was carried into execution on the occasion.

* Dissembling all suspicion upon his part, and at the same time shunning everything that might excite it on the part of the Mamelukes, the Pasha invited their chief, Saim Bey, to an audience, and led him into familiar conversation, opening to him first his own views on this holy war, and inviting him to join in it.

* The Bey had always passed for a man of craft and penetration; but he was over-reached in this instance, for acceding at once, and seeming flattered at the proposal, he entered freely afterwards into many details, and enumerated those whom he considered to be more or less under his disposal and influence, speak-

ing at the same time in so high and confident a tone of the attachment and union of his followers, as to leave no doubt at all of his ambitious views on the mind of Mahomet Ali; who, therefore, proceeding in his scheme, as concerted with Hassan Pasha, concluded the interview by inviting him, with all his adherents capable of bearing arms, to present themselves in the citadel on the following Friday, in order that arrangements might be made as to the part which this important body should bear in the campaign.

* On his return from the audience, the Bey communicated the whole substance of what had passed to such of the Mamelukes as were most in his confidence, one of whom, who had more discernment than the rest, cried out immediately, "We are betrayed!" "So much the worse," replied Saim, "if it be so:" and, rebuking him with a look, added, "if there be danger, we shall not want courage to meet it." Then calling together the principal, as well as inferior officers, over whom he presided, he recommended to them that they should all accompany him to the citadel, at a certain hour on the forenoon on the day appointed.

* In the mean while the Pasha was not idle in concerting his measures for receiving them.

* Before dawn, upon the Friday named, (1st March, 1811,) the drums were beating throughout the city to call the troops together as for some great parade; few, if any of us, had received any intimation of this beforehand, so that all hurried from their quarters to know what it meant and were marched off to the citadel as they arrived, and stationed there.

* No specific instructions were given, but each man was strictly charged, after his arms had been examined, on no account to quit the post assigned him, and to wait there for further orders.

* The hour of audience was at hand, and a procession of about five hundred Mameluke officers, of higher or lower degrees, presented themselves at the gate of the citadel, and went in; they made rather a splendid show, and were led by three of their generals, among whom Saim Bey was conspicuous: when entered, they proceeded directly onwards to the palace, which occupies the highest ground; and as soon as their arrival there was announced to Mahomet Ali, and Hassan Pasha, who were sitting in conference together within, an immediate order was given for the introduction of the three Chiefs, who were received with great affability, both Pashas entering into a good deal of conversation with them, and many compliments and civilities passed.

* After a time, according to Eastern custom, coffee was brought, and, last of all, the pipes; but at the moment when these were presented, as if from etiquette, or to leave his guests more at their ease, Mahomet Ali rose and withdrew, and sending privately for the captain of his guard, gave orders that the gates of the citadel should be closed; adding, that as soon as Saim Bey and his two associates should come out for the purpose of mounting, they should be fired upon till they dropped, and that at the same signal the troops, posted throughout the fortress, should take aim at every Mameluke within their reach; while a corresponding order was

* It is by no means an uninteresting fact which Mr. Banks mentions, that the *a* in the second syllable of this word, as well as the same letter in the words Otranto and Taranto, is pronounced short.

sent down at the same time to those in the town, and to such even as were encamped without, round the foot of the fortress, to pursue the work of extermination on all stragglers that they should find, so that not one of the proscribed body might escape.

Saim Bey, and his two brothers in command, finding that the Pasha did not return to them, and being informed by the attendants that he was gone into his harem, (an answer that precluded all further inquiry,) judged it to be time to take their departure. But no sooner did they make their appearance without, and were mounting their horses, than they were suddenly fired upon from every quarter, and all became at once a scene of confusion, and dismay, and horror, similar volleys being directed at all the rest who were collected round and preparing to return with them, so that the victims dropped by hundreds.

Saim himself had time to gain his saddle, and even to penetrate to one of the gates of the citadel; but all to no purpose, for he found it closed like the rest; and fell there pierced with innumerable bullets.

Another Chief, Amim Bey, who was the brother to Elfi, urged the noble animal which he rode to an act of greater desperation, for he spurred him till he made him clamber upon the rampart, and preferring rather to be dashed to pieces than to be slaughtered in cold blood, drove him to leap down the precipice, a height that has been estimated at from thirty to forty feet, or even more; yet fortune so favoured him, that, though the horse was killed in the fall, the rider escaped.

An Albanian camp was below, and an officer's tent very near the spot on which he alighted; instead of shunning it, he went in, and throwing himself on the rites of hospitality, implored that no advantage might be taken of him; which was not only granted, but the officer offered him protection, even at his own peril, and kept him concealed so long as the popular fury and the excesses of the soldiery continued.

Of the rest of that devoted number, thus shut up and surrounded, not one went out alive; and even of those who had quietly remained in the town, but very few found means to elude the active and greedy search that was made after them, a high price being set upon every Mameluke's head that should be brought.

All Cairo was filled with wailing and lamentations; and, in truth, the confusion and horrors of that day are indescribable, for not the Mamelukes alone, but others also, in many instances, wholly unconnected with them, either from mistake, or for malice, or from plunder, were indiscriminately seized on, and put to death; so that great as the number was that perished of that ill-fated body, it yet did not comprehend the total of the victims.

For myself, I have reason to be thankful that though I was one of the soldiers stationed in the citadel that morning, I shed none of the blood of those unhappy men, having had the good fortune to be posted at an avenue where none of them attempted to pass, or came near me, so that my pistols and musket were never fired.—vol. i. pp. 103—113.

Finati was next engaged in the expedition sent by Mahomet Ali against the Wahabees,

for the recovery of Medina. The troops were unsuccessful, and Finati returned to Cairo. We should have mentioned that, before leaving the capital, he had been married to a beautiful slave, who, it seems, during his absence upon the campaign against the Wahabees, acted in a manner so inconsistently with her conjugal vows, as to compel Finati to give her up. He determined on a divorce, the wife consented, they went before a person in authority, to whom they confided their intention, the woman received back what was settled on her at her marriage, and the marriage was dissolved.

Thus easily is this matter disposed of among Mahometans, so soon as the parties become indifferent to one another; and it seems to be perhaps the only mode of preventing those lamentable disorders which abound in countries where matrimony once contracted becomes indissoluble.

Not that I have any desire to make a panegyric upon Eastern customs or morals, for I knew very well that the too great facility with which divorce is there obtained, tends to make wedlock lightly thought of, and engaged in heedlessly, and is attended with many inconveniences: but still, I cannot help thinking, that where divorce is attainable, under certain wholesome restrictions, it may be of great practical advantage.—vol. i. pp. 192, 193.

The discomfiture of the Egyptian troops by the Wahabees, created a great disappointment in Cairo, inasmuch, that Mahomet Ali himself, proceeded to the seat of war, in order, by his conduct and presence, to enable his army to repair their lost character, and to conclude the object of the expedition. Finati also proceeded to join his regiment; but, in the course of operations, the detachment to which he belonged was so unsuccessful, and was exposed to so much suffering, that Finati judged it prudent to abandon the army and proceed to Mecca. His journey to that far-famed city was perilous and fatiguing; but his account of its curiosities, and of the other objects of interest which he observed in it, savours but little of the weariness which our author complains of having endured. His description cannot be abridged.

The principal feature of the city is that celebrated sacred inclosure which is placed about the centre of it; it is a vast paved court, with door-ways opening into it from every side, and with a covered colonnade, carried all round like a cloister, while in the midst of the open space stands the edifice, called the Kaaba, whose walls are covered entirely over on the outside with hangings of black velvet, on which there are Arabic inscriptions embroidered in gold.

Facing one of its angles (for this little edifice is of a square form) there is a well which is called the well Zemzem, of which the water is considered to be so peculiarly holy, that some of it is even sent annually to the Sultan at Constantinople; and no person who comes to Mecca, whether on pilgrimage, or for more worldly considerations, ever fails both to drink of it, and to use it in his ablutions, since it is

supposed to wipe out the stain of all past transgressions.

There is a stone also near the bottom of the building itself, which all the visitants kiss as they pass round it, and the multitude of them has been so prodigious as to have worn the surface quite away.

Quite detached, but fronting to the Kaaba, stand four pavilions (corresponding to the four sects of the Mahometan religion,) adapted for the pilgrims: and though the concourse had of late years been from time to time much interrupted, there arrived, just when I came to Mecca, two caravans of them, one Asiatic, and one from the African side, the two together amounting to not less than about forty thousand persons, who all seemed to be full of reverence towards the holy place.

Such an influx of strangers, added to the garrison kept there by our Pasha, (which was in itself pretty numerous,) tended prodigiously to throng this little Arabian city; and its accommodations becoming quite insufficient to lodge a multitude so much exceeding the usual average, the greater part passed the night outside the walls in tents, or huts, or on the bare ground; and so during the day time resorted in crowds to the place of devotion.

There arose also of course an extraordinary demand for all sorts of provisions and necessities, which were in consequence sold at the most extravagant prices; but this seemed to diminish nothing of the fervour and zeal of the visitants, nor at all to shorten their stay.

Over and above the general ceremonies of the purification at the well, and of the kissing of the corner-stone, and of the walking round the Kaaba a certain number of times in a devout manner, every one has also his own separate prayers to put up, and so to fulfil the conditions of his vow, and the objects of his own particular pilgrimage.

Both within and without the circuit of the sacred inclosure, there is an immense quantity of pigeons, which are considered to be in some measure under the special protection of the Prophet, and consequently no person presumes to kill or molest them; but many bring with them, even from the most distant countries, some small quantity of grain, with which they may take the opportunity of feeding these birds.—vol. i. pp. 251—256.

The performance of all the ceremonies is not confined to the city. The pilgrims must go in procession to Mount Arafat, and, on their return, they must run for the space of a mile. The road passes near a spot where formerly a well existed, and on it each pilgrim throws a stone. The spot is represented, in the traditions of the country, to have been cursed by the prophet. A similar practice to this is quite common in Ireland, and the cause is exactly identical. In the neighbourhood of those mounds in the sister country, there is a great scarcity of stones—a circumstance which is mentioned as being observable also in the neighbourhood of the site of the well in Arabia, on which the prophet had set his malediction. Finati concludes the description of the ceremonies as follows:—

Museum.—Vol. XVIII.

'Beyond this point stands a column, which is set up as the extreme limit of the pilgrimage, and this every pilgrim must have passed before sunrise. While all such as have not gone beyond by that time must wait till the next year, if they wish to be entitled to the consideration and privileges of complete Hajees, since, without this circumstance, all the rest remains imperfect.

The hill of Arafat lying at a distance of no less than seven hours from Mecca, it is necessary to set out very early, in order to be there in time; many of the pilgrims, and especially the more devout amongst them, performing all the way on foot.

When they have reached the place, all who have any money, according to their means, sacrifice one or more sheep; and the rich often furnish those who are poor and destitute with the means of buying one.

A quantity of sacrifices quite fills the whole open space with victims, and the poor flock from all the country round to have meat distributed to them.

After which, at the conclusion of the whole ceremony, all the names are registered by a scribe, appointed for the purpose; and when this is finished, the African and Asiatic caravans part company, and return to their own several countries: many detachments of the pilgrims visiting Medina in the way.—vol. i. pp. 255—260.

Many of the pilgrims go through the ceremony of making the entire circuit of the city upon the outside, and the order in which this is performed is as follows:—The devotee first goes without the gates, and, after presenting himself there to the religious officer who presides, throws off all his clothes, and takes a sort of large wrapping garment in lieu of them to cover himself; upon which he sets off, walking at a very quick pace, or rather running, to reach the nearest of the four corners of the city, a sort of guide going with him at the same rate all the way, who prompts certain ejaculations or prayers which he ought to make at particular spots as he passes; at every angle he finds a barber, who, with wonderful quickness, wets and shaves one quarter of his head, and so on, till he has reached the barber at the fourth angle, who completes the work. After which the pilgrim takes his clothes again, and has finished that act of devotion.

There is also near the holy city, an eminence called the Hill of Light, as I imagine, from its remarkable whiteness. Upon this the pilgrims have a custom of leaping, while they repeat, at the same time, prayers and verses of the Koran. Many also resort to a lesser hill, about a mile distant from the city, on which there is a small mosque, which is reputed as a place, of great sanctity.

An annual ceremony takes place in the great temple itself, which is worth mentioning before I quit the subject altogether.

I have already spoken of the little square building, whose walls are covered with hangings of black and gold, and which is called the Kaaba. Once in the year, and once only, this holy of holies is opened, and as there is then nothing to prevent admission, it appears surprising.

No. 105.—Y

sing at first to see so few who are willing to go into the interior, and especially since this act is supposed to have great efficacy in the remission of all past sins. But the reason must be sought for in the conditions which are annexed, since he who enters is, in the first place, bound to exercise no gainful trade or pursuit, nor to work for his livelihood in any way whatever; and next he must submit patiently to all offences and injuries, and must never again touch any thing that is impure or unholy. —vol. i. pp. 265—266.

We do not follow Finati through the remaining details of the campaign, which he has given in a very spirited manner: it is sufficient to say that, having returned to Cairo in good health, and having abandoned all military prospects, he was led, by accident, to become one of the suite of Mr. Banks, in 1815, during that gentleman's voyage on the Nile into Nubia. A very interesting account is then given of the different objects which the party visited in the vicinity of the banks of that celebrated stream; and traits are recorded of the conduct of the natives, which sometimes are favourable, at other times quite the contrary, to their character.

There is nothing of very peculiar interest in the details which Finati presents to us of the progress of the war against the Wahabees. He himself found means to return to Egypt. At Cairo he was accidentally introduced to Mr. Banks, by whom he was engaged as his guide, on an excursion to Upper Egypt. The results of this journey we should prefer taking from Mr. Banks himself, without any disparagement to Finati's powers of description. It is well known that the object of Mr. Banks was to investigate the architectural and other interesting remains of Upper Egypt, and a tolerable idea of the perils and vicissitudes to which his thirst after antiquarian lore exposed him, may be taken from the itinerary of this preliminary expedition alone. After a sojourn in Nubia of three months, the party returned to Cairo, and thence set out on a new journey of curiosity into Syria. Finati was now regularly installed into the office of Janissary and Interpreter to Mr. Banks. By the advice of the celebrated Burckhardt, the latter gentleman now assumed the turban, and in this disguise he was able to visit the mosques and other places in Cairo, from which strangers are excluded under the severest penalties. The party crossed the desert to Jaffa, and thence proceeded to Jerusalem, which city, it appears, Mr. Banks examined with his usual perseverance and industry.

'The way,' (from Jaffa to Jerusalem) says Finati, 'is wild and barren, and so steep in parts, that we often chose to dismount; and when, at the distance of about half an hour, we first came in sight of the walls and battlements of Jerusalem, all alighted, as is the custom, and knelt down, and then continued on foot to the gate.

'We were kindly received in the Roman Catholic convent, and lodged there during our stay; but the monks soon got weary of the poor Hanoverians, and of the childish and inconsi-

derate scrapes to which they exposed themselves, particularly after the disappearance of one of them during a whole night, who, being locked out of the city gate, had shewn a piece of money under it to the soldiery within, as a bribe, which was snatched out of his hand during the treaty, and he was left there to his reflections till morning. Within a few days they took their departure very unwillingly, Mr. Banks hiring some return-mules for them to Acre, and we heard no more of them.

'Some days were occupied in visiting the holy sepulchre, the Mount of Olives and Sion, the vale of Jehosaphat, and tomb of the kings (which last is a large excavation, yet far inferior to those in Egypt;) but as the Christmas of the Greeks was fast approaching, Mr. Banks determined to witness their ceremonies at Bethlehem, where more than a thousand pilgrims of that persuasion were collected.

'We, therefore, removed thither early in the preceding day, and saw this multitude dining on the terrace-roof of the monastery, chiefly on olives and snails, for it was fast-time.

'We were lodged ourselves in that division of the same building which belongs to the Latins, for different shares of it are assigned to the different persuasions; the great Church of the Nativity, a handsome and spacious building, with three aisles, remaining common to all.

'The friars, whose guests we were, strongly discountenanced our attendance at a mass that was heretical, and gave us warning, that should we persist in going into church, we must not expect to find any egress until morning.

'It proved indeed a very great fatigue, for the birth-place of the Saviour is under-ground, and very small, and was crowded with lights, and an immense throng of people even from dusk, the women sitting squatted on the floor, and men climbing and straddling over them, so that there were sometimes screams, and generally loud disputes and even blows going on in some part or other of this little sanctuary all night long; but the interest greatly increased as midnight approached, there being a superstitious belief that the lamps hanging at the altar are seen to tremble of themselves at that moment.

'Though our position, however, was very close to them, we could observe no such thing, yet nevertheless heard eye-witnesses asserting it afterwards on that very night.

'To conciliate the Latin fathers, it was agreed that we should stay for their Epiphany; and in the mean time we witnessed a great humiliation of their rivals, both Greeks and Armenians; for both these communities had lately raised a small superstructure in their quarter of the convent, which they were peremptorily ordered by the Aga of Jerusalem to demolish immediately with their own hands, under pretext that his special permission had not been obtained for it, and soldiers were sent over to superintend this work of destruction, which was completed in the sight of all their collected flock, and of the Latins, who, far from bearing any share in their mortification, were even accused by them as the instigators.

'The great tanks near Bethlehem, called the pools of Solomon, are well worth seeing, and I was shewn close to the village a field remarkably stony, which it is asserted cannot be cleared, it being the punishment of a churlish hus-

bandman, who, upon the Virgin Mary inquiring of him what grain he was sowing, had answered "pebbles," and was promised in return that "he should reap as he sowed." Such is the legend that I was told upon the spot.

'After the Epiphany, (which presented a fresh scene of religious contest,) the Greek baptism was to take place in the river Jordan, and was very much an object of curiosity.

'The pilgrims, being women and children amongst them, moved at a slow rate; therefore Mr. Banks, under the guidance of protection of four Christians of Bethlehem, armed with guns, did not set out till many hours after them, and travelling (as they also did) through the night, reached the spot on the river in good time for the ceremony in the morning.

'Whilst it was going on, and great numbers in the water, seven mounted Bedouens, armed with lances, appeared on the other bank. I was directed to make them a sign of peace, which they soon answered, and came to a parley, in which it was agreed that two of them should join us as an escort, which might make a longer delay, and further researches practicable in those dangerous parts.'—pp. 133—140.

Finati parted from his master near Antioch, and returning to Cairo, he remained some time in the service of a Boy. On the death of his new employer, Finati followed Mr. Salt, Belzoni, and others, whose invitation to accompany them he could not sooner act upon, into Nubia, where, from the knowledge derived during former excursions, he proved a valuable companion to these enterprising explorers. One of the most remarkable events of this journey was the opening of the Temple of Abousombal, of which the writer gives a very lively account.

'In my former journey I spoke of the condition in which the great temple of Abousombal then appeared; it is in fact, the whole face of a vast rock cut down, and shaped into architecture, of which no more than the cornice and upper members of the front, and the bust only of one out of four colossal figures attached to it, emerged from the sand, which, in the course of ages, had flowed down from the higher level of the desert, and had buried all the remainder, sloping from thence in an inclined plain quite down to the water's edge, very white and loose, and during the day time, heated to an intense degree by the sun.

'The position of the door, if there were any, (for even that was uncertain,) might be guessed at from observing the centre, which was very sufficiently marked; but the total depth of the drift that had poured down could hardly be calculated, from the proportions, at less than form fifty to sixty feet, and so much of it at the least must be removed as should enable us to clear the upper part of the opening.

'We availed ourselves of such implements and contrivances as seemed adapted to facilitate the labour, and so soon as some appearances of the great architrave of a portal came to light, trunks of the palm-tree were driven down as piles, at the distance of two or three yards from it, which bore the loose mass from behind, and enabled us to scoop out a sort of well in front of them, which we consolidated, from time to time, by the pouring in of water.

'After a continuance of these exertions and expedients during upwards of three weeks, a corner of the doorway itself at last became visible.

'At that very moment, while fresh clamours and new disputes were going on with our crew, and the attention of all distracted, I, being one of the slenderest of the party, without a word said, crept through into the interior, and was thus the first that entered it, perhaps, for a thousand years.

'Unlike all the other grottos in Egypt and Nubia, its atmosphere, instead of presenting a refreshing coolness, was a hot and moist vapour, not unlike that of a Turkish bath, and so penetrating, that paper, carried within, soon became as much saturated with wet as if it had been dropped into the river. It was, however, a consoling, and almost an unexpected circumstance, that the run of sand extended but a very little way within the aperture, and the remainder of the chambers were all unencumbered.

'With this favourable intelligence I came out again, still creeping flat upon my face, and assisted the rest in extending the orifice.

'My first stay within had been very short, both for the want of a light, and from the fear of fainting, or being stifled in that strange atmosphere. But it was not long before we had all gained a somewhat easier admittance, and each being provided with a candle, were enabled to form a definite conception of the internal structure and details.

'The great hall, on entering, is, perhaps, about thirty feet high, and has eight colossal statues, standing four on a side, in lieu of columns, that seem to bear the ceiling upon their heads. We found in it two detached figures of lions with faces of birds, which were dragged out for the purpose of transmitting them to Mr. Salt, with a few other loose pieces of statuary, met with here and there in this and the other chambers, some of which, to the right and left, were less finely painted than the principal one, and seemed to have been sepulchral.

'Within the first there is a second hall, and then a sort of narrow vestibule, all opening in a right line to the holy of holies, in which an altar is still standing in front of four sitting deities, that are quite entire in every limb and feature, and with every colour remaining unimpaired upon them, but all worked, as well as the whole temple itself, out of the solid rock.

'The floor of all the apartments was covered over with a very black and fine dust, which, observing its resemblance to the remains of decayed lintels in most of the doorways, was conjectured to be pulverised wood.

'The joint labours of taking plans and measurements, and some views, as well as sketches from historical subjects upon the walls within side, drawn by Mr. Beechey, occupied several days, after which we proceeded upon our return, and touched at most of those antiquities that have been mentioned in a former chapter, on this portion of the Nile.'—vol. ii. pp. 202, 8.

Mr. Banks having returned to Syria, and having resolved to avail himself again of Finati's services, the latter proceeded by appointment to Jerusalem, where Mr. Banks was staying.

'My meeting with him, he says, at the Catholic convent, was a very joyful day to me; and I found there also in his company my two fellow-labourers at Abousombal, Captains Irby and Mangles, all Lord Belmore's family and suite, Mrs. Belzoni and her servant, and Mr. Legh, an English traveller, whom I had never before seen: so that perhaps there had seldom or never been at Jerusalem at any one time, so large an assemblage of Europeans.

'The festival of the Greek Easter, now close at hand, was the great attraction, and the number of pilgrims of that persuasion was unusually large. The crowd in the church of the holy sepulchre was prodigious on the day of the pretended miracle of the sacred fire, which took place, as usual, amidst the most noisy and indecent scuffling that can be imagined, every one striving who should first get his own taper lighted; and thus the little flames are seen spreading all over the church almost in an instant, and brandished about and twinkling in all directions, which has a singular, and surprising effect. A very few mornings after, all this great multitude, still further increased by pilgrims of other sects, Copts, Armenians, and Abyssinians, proceeded to the Jordan, not less in number than about five thousand, escorted by the Turkish governor and a strong guard. There were men, women, and children, mounted—some two, some three, on the same beast of burden, horse, ass, or camel; and a still larger proportion of both sexes went creeping along on foot: so that the straggling procession stretched to a vast length in the narrow defiles on the road to Jericho, near which some pitched their tents in the plain, and some made shift to lie among the bushes for that night, but others hurried to the water immediately; for, taking lights with us, and going down to the river's edge before dawn, we found it already crowded with persons of both sexes, bathing or filling their bottles there, or cutting down branches to take home with them as relics.

'I, with the European party, passed on from thence to the Dead Sea, where the water is of a most nauseous quality to the taste, and most uncomfortable to the eyes and skin. We verified, however, that strange property imputed to it, of supporting bodies that will not swim elsewhere, for I myself saw Mr. Bankes, whom I know to be ignorant of that art, floating without effort upon its surface; and observed also, as remarkable, that scarce any part of the limbs is bedded in the water, but the whole seem to rest upon it as on a solid plane.

'The Greek devotees did not quit Jerusalem till they had had a very serious affray with the Catholic friars, within the very walls that contain the sepulchre; one of whom, bearing a high office in our convent, returned thither so beaten by them on the head, that he was bled immediately, and in our presence. He was an old man, and, being a Maltese, thought that he had some claim on English protection. The gentlemen accordingly (finding that he had not been in fault) took up his cause, but could get no redress at all from the governor, who seemed to be better paid by the other party. The Society, therefore, had determined to abandon and lock up their convent, as well as their chapel in the holy sepulchre, and to retire elsewhere till they should be better protected; but

our travellers dissuaded them from this step, promising to transmit strong representations on the subject to Constantinople and elsewhere, which conduced, several months later, to the displacing of that governor by the Pasha of Damascus.—vol ii. pp. 225—229.

The account of the clandestine attempt to excavate the Tomb of King David by the Englishmen in Jerusalem, is very curious, as is also the description of the further adventures of the party in a journey beyond Jordan. At Jaffa, where they had arrived in the fruit season, Mr. Bankes, in consequence of incautiously indulging his appetite for water-melons, and mulberries, was attacked with fever. His convalescence was signalized by the sudden commencement of a very singular enterprise, which, whether it was inspired in a dream, or undertaken in consequence of a vow, we have no means of knowing, but it is nevertheless very agreeably described by Finati.

'Some days previous to his departure for Ramah, emaciated and reduced as he was, he sat up in his bed, and after commending my care of him, asked if a handsome new Albanian dress could be bought in the bazar; I replied that it could, and as I always wore one, naturally conceived that it was intended for myself, so I brought one, and when asked if I had tried it on, replied that it fitted me, upon which I was ordered to change it, and look out for one that would suit a taller person, of my master's own height. I did so, and nothing more was said concerning it, but it was carried with us to Ramah, where, within a day or two, I remarked that he became very anxious to dispense with the doctor's presence, and to send him back to Jerusalem, a hint which the good man was at first very unwilling to take; but his patient, who was now well, did indeed recover strength surprisingly, and so, after many injunctions of rest and quiet, was left alone, as he desired to be, one single monk only remaining in the charge of the convent. No sooner was he thus freed from medical interference, than Mr. Bankes ordered that two hired mules should be got ready for Jerusalem about nightfall, specifying that he would not have a Christian conductor for them, but a Turk.

'After supper he shaved off all his beard, retaining only the hair upon the upper lip, and then calling for the Albanian suit, put it all on, with pistols in his belt, and a scarlet cap upon his head. It was the first and only time that I ever saw him in that garb, and from the alteration which illness had made in him, added to the loss of a bushy beard over and above, I feel confident that I should not have recognized him anywhere. Without direct inquiry on my part, or explanation upon his, we took the road to Jerusalem.

'It was just dawn when we reached the western gate of the Holy City, which was not yet opened; so we alighted, and ordering the guide to stay there with the mules upon some pretext, went round the walls outside, till we came to St. Stephen's gate, which is the nearest to the Temple of Solomon. As we sat waiting there, Mr. Bankes disclosed to me that the sight of that forbidden temple was his object, and press-

ed me that I should go in with him, using as an argument, that since there was no chance at all that the keepers of the mosque would understand Albanian, and no necessity that an Albanian should speak either Turkish or Arabic (at least with any tolerable accent,) the risk of detection, especially when a change in the government filled the city with strangers, must be very small, the soldiery, with whom alone it might be dangerous to be confronted, being but little frequenters of mosques, and at worst the device of the toothache might be resorted to.

‘The penalty of the unauthorized entry of that mosque by a Christian is death, and the same to the Mussulman who shall connive at it.

‘Fortunately there was no time for discussion or wavering, and if not done at once, the feat could not be done at all. St. Stephen’s gate opened, my master went in, and I followed, after which I walked side by side with him, into the great area of the temple, a noble square, with cypress trees, here and there, and a great octagonal platform on steps in the centre, on which stands the edifice itself, the work of the Kaliph Omar. It is covered by a dome, and incrustured on all sides with porcelain glazed and coloured, fitted together into the most ingenious and beautiful patterns. On four corresponding sides of it are four brazen doors.

‘We had admired this noble exterior together in silence for some time, when we saw a person wearing a green turban, who had the key, and who, as he unlocked one of the doors, asked if we wished to have the interior shown to us for devotion.

‘I stepped forwards, and, assenting to this, engaged him in conversation (in Arabic) that he might not remark on my companion’s silence, nor ask him any questions. As we entered, however, seeing him disposed to satisfy his curiosity in that way, I boldly ventured to warn him, that to a man fresh, as my comrade was, from Scutari, no language but Arnaout could serve, which checked him so effectually, that he took scarce any further notice of him from that time, and I found that I had not hazarded at all too much.

‘Eight solid pillars correspond to the eight internal angles of the temple, and serve, with sixteen marble columns disposed between them, to support the dome, and to inclose a space within them, where a huge mass of rock stands up from the marble pavement, quite rough, and is commonly said to hang in the air unsupported, but rests, in fact, partly on two or three very small pillars placed under it, and is partly also still attached to the ground. We were shown also in the pavement itself what are called the gates of Hell and of Paradise, and the place where the skull of Adam was found, and where Cain killed Abel; while the great rude rock in the midst passes by tradition for that on which the angel sat who stopped the plague in the days of King David. At every one of these several sacred spots we both knelt down, and offered a few paras. When all had been seen and examined, nothing would satisfy Mr. Bankes, but that he must have the customary certificate of his pilgrimage; we were, therefore, shown by our vergers to the foot of a little narrow staircase

near the door, and he following in no further, Mr. Bankes thought it a good precaution to bind up his face again as he ascended; and it is perhaps well that he did, for in a little room over the porch we found four Ulemas squatted in a row, who motioned to us that we should sit down, and then served us with coffee, which my comrade with the bandaged face touched only with his lips, I speaking for him, and describing his sufferings. A long Arabic writing was then drawn up for each of us, with an enumeration of the holy stations we had just visited, and was signed and sealed in due form.

‘On the delivery of the instrument there was an unforeseen risk of detection, for it is customary to place it out of respect on the crown of the head. Mr. Bankes’ hair was full grown under his cap, which, had that been lifted off, must at once have betrayed him, so, representing the inconvenience of disturbing the bandage, I placed both the certificates respectfully side by side on my own shaven scalp.

‘My heart bounded within me when we got clear out of the sacred octagon, and the more, since many of the town were now coming into it to pay their devotions.

‘My companion, however, persisted still in lingering within the great inclosure, and before he quitted it, visited also the mosque of the Purification, (then under repair,) formerly a church built by the Frank kings, which Mrs. Belzoni seemed to have confounded with the Temple of Solomon itself, though it only opens to the square.

‘The tomb of David, on Mount Sion, is also prohibited ground; and without this the exploit was considered to be incomplete; it became, therefore, our next point, and we entered there and offered our paras. But Mr. Bankes, thinking soon after that he had not observed something with sufficient accuracy, had the imprudence to return with me, much against my wishes, a second time.

‘In the meanwhile the muleteer, whom we had left outside, had strayed in quest of us to that very spot, and had said enough to the keeper of the place to excite his suspicions and rouse his fanaticism, so that we found all discovered, and ourselves in imminent danger.

‘It was lucky that we were without the walls and well armed, and the concourse not yet collected in sufficient numbers to lay hands on us. We got instantly on the mules, and in spite of all remonstrances of our conductor, rode to the desert of St. John, where we lay that night in the handsome convent there, fleeing the muleteer, and concealing from the solitary monk there what had happened.

‘A long ride next day brought us back first to Ramah, and before night to Jaffa, where our adventure was known to the Turks, all over the town next day, and it was not thought safe for either of us to appear in the streets.’—vol. ii. pp. 231—234.

We must be pardoned for closing our extracts here, although we are conscious of leaving much that is highly interesting and agreeable, altogether unnoticed. We have, however, furnished enough of the contents of these volumes to satisfy the reader how very well worthy the entire contents are of his perusal. Finati seems to be a man of very great good sense, and

though possessed of talents and information, has modesty and judgment enough to understand his own station in society. Hence the work is totally exempt from those traces of vanity and self-importance which are so often unfortunately the characteristics of those who have the least pretensions to call the public attention to themselves. The style is nervous, clear, and even occasionally illuminated with the flashes of an ardent imagination. Much, however, of this excellence must be awarded to Mr. Bankes; so much indeed, that it makes us anxious to see that gentleman once more in the field of literature.

The firm attachment which Finati avows for his late master is alike honourable to both; and Mr. Bankes may be proud of the good qualities which could have fixed the partiality of one who seems to distinguish characters with so much discrimination and truth. We are glad to hear that a permanent occupation is destined for Finati. We should be still better pleased if his friends showed that they were prepared against such a casualty as the abandonment of such a stationary employment as that of governor of a hotel. The man was born with a locomotive soul; and when did a true Scythian ever submit to the laws of location? We should state in justice, that the work is in a neat form and is elegantly executed, and a map of Lower Egypt and the adjacent country is prefixed to the first volume.

From the Monthly Magazine.

THE PIRATE OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.

I WAS the only son of a widowed mother, who, though far from affluent, was not penniless;—you will naturally suppose, therefore, I was a most troublesome, disagreeable, spoiled child. Such I might have been, but for the continual drawback on all my early gratifications, which my maternal home presented in the shape of an old dowager countess, a forty-ninth cousin of my mother's. This lady thought that she handsomely purchased a residence in our family by her gracious acknowledgment of this semi-hundredth degree of consanguinity. I believe she had been banished from the mansion of her eldest son because her talents for reproof, and his ideas of his own impeccability, in nowise harmonized to produce domestic felicity. At all events, she became an omnipresent Marplot on mine. Whatever I was doing, wherever I was going, there was she reproving, rebuking, exhorting, and all to save me from idling, or drowning, or quarrelling, or straying, or a hundred et ceteras. I grew up, went to school, to college—finally, into the army, and with it to Ireland; and had the satisfaction, at five-and-twenty, to hear the dowager say I was good for nothing. She was of a somewhat malicious disposition, and perhaps I did not well to make her my enemy. At this time I had the offer of a good military ap-

pointment to India, and yet I hesitated to accept it. There was in my native village a retired Scotch officer, for whom I had conceived a strong attachment. His daughter I had known and loved from childhood, and when this gave place to womanhood, my affection changed in kind while it lengthened in degree. Margaret Cameron was at this period seventeen, and, consequently, eight years my junior. She was young, beautiful, and spoiled by a doating parent—yet I saw in her a fine natural disposition, and the seeds of many noble qualities. To both father and daughter I openly unfolded my affection. Captain Cameron, naturally, pleaded the youth of his daughter. Margaret laughed at the idea of my even entertaining a thought of her, told me I was two thousand years her senior, and declared she would as soon think of marrying an elder brother, or even her father, as myself. I listened to the assertions of Margaret with profound silence, scorned to whine and plead my cause, bowed with an air of haughty resignation, and left her.

When next I saw Margaret I was in a travelling dress at her father's residence. I found her alone in the garden, occupied in watering her flowers. "I am come, Margaret," I said, "to bid you farewell."—"Why, where are you going?"—"To London, to sea, to India."—"Nonsense!"—"You always think there is nonsense in truth; every thing that is serious to others is a jest to you."—"Complimentary this morning."—"Adieu, Margaret, may you retain through life the same heartlessness of disposition. It will preserve you from many a pang that might reach a more sensitive bosom."—"You do my strength of mind infinite honour. Every girl of seventeen can be sentimental, but there are few stoics in their teens. I love to be *coldly great*. You charm me."—"If heartlessness and mental superiority are with you synonyms," I said, with gravity, "count yourself, Miss Cameron, at the very acme of intellectual greatness, since you can take leave of one of your earliest friends with such easy indifference."—"Poh! poh! I know you are not really going. This voyage to India is one of your favourite threats in your dignified moments. I think, if I mistake not, this is about the twentieth time it has been made. And for early friends, and so forth, you have contrived to live within a few hundred feet of them, without coming in their sight for the last month, so they cannot be so very dear." This was said in a slight tone of pique.—"Listen to me, Margaret," said I, with a grave, and, as I think, manly dignity of bearing; "I offered you the honest and ardent, though worthless, gift of a heart, whose best affections (despite your not unmarked defects of character) you entirely possessed. I am not coxcomb enough to suppose that I can at pleasure storm the affections of any woman; but I am man enough to expect that they should be denied me with some reference to the delicate

respect due to mine. But you are, of course, at full liberty to choose your own mode of rejecting your suitors; only, as one who still views you as a friend, I would that that manner shewed more of good womanly feeling and less of conscious female power. I am aware, Margaret, that this is not the general language of lovers; perhaps it were, woman might hold her power more gracefully, and even Margaret Cameron's heart would have more of greatness and generosity than it now possesses." While I spoke, Margaret turned away her lovely face, and I saw that her very neck was suffused. I began to think I had been harsh with her, to remember that she was young, and that we were about to part perhaps for ever. I took her hand, assured her that the journey I had announced was no lover's *ruse*, and that I was really on the point of quitting my native land.—"And now, Margaret," I said, "farewell—you will scarce find in life a more devoted friend—a more ardent desirer of your happiness than him you have driven from your side." I stretched out my hand to Margaret for a friendly farewell clasp. But she held not out her's in return; she spoke not a word of adieu. I turned an indignant countenance towards her, and, to my unutterable surprise, beheld my beautiful young friend in a swoon. Now this to the cold reader sounds the very common-place of sickly romance, but it threw me into a confusion and agitation inexpressible. And was this the being I had accused of want of feeling! At that moment I felt that the world held nothing so dear to me as Margaret—I felt, better still, that I was dear to her. I will not go over the ten-thousand-times-trodden ground of lover's explanations, and self reproaches, and betrothals—we left the garden solemnly plighted to each other. But I pass briefly over this portion of my history. I was condemned, by the will of Captain Cameron, and by the necessity of obtaining some professional promotion, to spend a few years in India before I could receive the hand of Margaret.

I reached my Asiatic destination—long and anxiously looked for European letters—took up one day by accident an English paper, and there read—"Died, at the house of Captain Cameron, in the village of A—, Miss Margaret Cameron, aged eighteen." I will not here dwell on my feelings. I wrote a letter of despair to Captain Cameron, informing him of the paragraph I had read, imploring him, for the love of mercy, if possible, to contradict it, and declaring that my future path in life now lay stretched before me like one wild waste. The Countess of Falcondale answered my epistle by a deep, black-margined letter, with a sable seal as large as a saucer. My sole parent was no more;—for Captain Cameron—he had been seized by a paralytic affection in consequence of the shock his feelings had sustained. His circumstances were in irreparable disorder, and the Countess was residing with him in order, at his earnest request, to manage all his affairs.

I remitted handsomely but delicately to my old friend.

The appearance of my name, about five years afterwards, among the "Marriages" in the *Calcutta Gazette*, was followed by successive announcements among the "Births and Deaths," in the same compendious record of life's changes. My wife perished of a malignant fever, and two infant children speedily followed her. I set out, to return over-land to my native country, a sober, steady, and partially, grey-haired colonel of thirty-six. My military career had been as brilliant as my domestic path had been clouded. The habitual complexion of my mind, however, was gravity—a gravity which extended itself to my countenance, and there assumed even a shade of melancholy. Yet I was a disappointed, not discontented, man; and my character had, I trust, undergone some changes for the better. I arrived at a port of the Levant, and thence took ship for Malta, where I had landed in safety.

At this period the Mediterranean traders were kept in a state of perpetual alarm by the celebrated "*DEMON SHIP*." Though distinguished by the same attractive title, she in nowise resembled the phantom terror of the African Cape. She was described as a powerful vessel, manned by a desperate flesh-and-blood crew, whose rapacity triumphed over all fear of danger, and whose cruelty forbade all hope of mercy. Yet, though she was neither "built" of air nor "manned" by demons, her feats had been so wonderful, that there was at length no other rational mode of accounting for them than by tracing them to supernatural, and consequently demoniacal, agency. She had sailed through fleets undiscovered; she had escaped from the fastest pursuers; she had overtaken the swiftest fugitives; she had appeared where she was not expected, and disappeared when even her very latitude and longitude seemed calculable. One time, when she was deemed the scourge of the Levant, she would fall on some secure and happy trading captain, whose careless gaze fell on the rock of Gibraltar; at another, when Spanish cruisers were confidently preparing for her capture off their own shores, her crew were glutting their avarice, and gratifying their cruelty by seizing the goods, and sinking the vessels of the Smyrna traders. In short, it seemed as if ubiquity were an attribute of the Demon Ship. Her fearful title had been first given by those who dreaded to become her victims; but she seemed not ill pleased by the appalling epithet; and shortly, as if in audacious adoption of the name she had acquired, shewed the word *DEMON* in flaming letters on her stern. Some mariners went so far as to say that a smell of brimstone, and a track of phosphoric light marked for miles the pathway of her keel in the waves. Others declared that she had the power, through her evil agents, of raising such a strange, dense, and portentous mist in the atmosphere, as prevented her victims from de-

scrying her approach until they fell, as it were, into her very jaws. To capture her seemed impossible; she ever mastered her equals, and eluded her superiors. Innumerable were the vessels that had left different ports in the Mediterranean to disappear for ever. It seemed the cruel practice of the Demon to sink her victims in their own vessels.

The Demon Ship was talked of from the ports of the Levant to Gibraltar; and no vessel held herself in secure waters until she had passed the Straits. Of course such a pest to these seas was not to be quietly suffered, so after having allowed her her full career for a somewhat unaccountable time, several governments began to think of preparing to put her down: To the surprise, however, of all, she seemed suddenly to disappear from the Mediterranean. Some said that her crew, having sold themselves to the father of all evil for a certain length of time, and the period having probably expired, the desperadoes were now gone to their own place, and the seas would consequently be clear again. Others deemed that the Demon Ship had only retired for some deep purpose, and would shortly reappear with more fearful power.

Most of the trading vessels then about to quit the port of Valetta, had requested, and obtained, convoy from a British frigate and sloop of war, bound to Gibraltar and thence to England. So eager were all passengers to sail under such protection, that I had some difficulty in obtaining a berth in any of the holes and corners of the various fine fast-sailing copper-bottomed brigs, whose cards offered such "excellent accommodations for passengers." At length I went on board the "Elizabeth Downs," a large three-masted British vessel, whose size made the surrounding brigs dwindle into insignificance, and whose fresh-painted sides seemed to foreshew the cleanliness and comfort that would be found within. One little hen-pen of a cabin on deck alone remained at the captain's disposal. However, I was fond of a cabin on deck, and paid half my passage-money to the civil little captain, who testified much regret that he could not offer me the "freedom of the quarter-deck," (such was his expression,) as the whole stern end of the vessel had been taken by an English lady of quality who wished for privacy. He added, with a becomingly awe-struck manner, that she was a dowager countess. "I hate dowager countesses," said I, irreverently—"what is the name of your passenger?"—"Passenger!"—"Well—countess—what is the title of your countess?"—"The Countess of Falcendale."—"What," thought I, "cannot I even come as near to my former home as Malta without again finding myself under her influence? My dear fellow, give me back my passage-money, or accept it as a present at my hands, for I sail not with you," said I. But a man at thirty-six will hardly sacrifice his personal convenience to the whimsies of twenty-five; so I stood to my bargain, determined to

keep myself as much as possible from the knowledge of my old tormentor. Conscious of my altered personal appearance, I resolved to travel charmingly *incog.*, and carelessly assumed the name and title of Captain Lyon, which had been familiar to me in my childhood, as belonging, I believe, to a friend of Captain Cameron.

It was the month of June, and the weather, through clear, was oppressively hot. There was so little wind stirring after we set sail, that for several days we made scarcely any way, under all the sail we could carry. I had no mind the first night to enclose myself in my berth. I therefore, comfortably enough, stretched my limbs on a long seat which joined the steps of the quarter-deck. I was now then really on my way to my native shores, and should not step from the vessel in which I sailed until I trod the land of my fathers! Naturally enough, my thoughts turned to former days and old faces. From time to time these thoughts half sunk into dreams, from which I repeatedly awoke, and as often dozed off again. At length my memory, and consequently my dreams, took the shape of Margaret Cameron. The joyous laugh of youth seemed to ring in my ears; and when I closed my eyes, her lovely bright countenance instantly rose before them. Yet I had the inconsistent conviction of a dreamer that she was dead, and as my slumber deepened, I seemed busied in a pilgrimage to her early grave. I saw the church-yard of A——, with the yellow sunlight streaming on many a green hillock; and there was one solitary grass grave that, as if by a strange spell, drew my steps, and on a humble head-stone I read the name of "Margaret Cameron, aged 18." Old feelings, that had been deadened by collision with the busy, heartless world, revived within me, and I seemed to hang in a suffocating grief, that even astonished myself, over the untimely tomb of my first—ay, my *last*—love. To my unspeakable emotion I heard, beneath the suds, a sound of sweet and soothing, but melancholy music. While I listened with an attention that apparently deprived my senses of their power, the church-yard and grave disappeared, and I seemed, by one of those transitions, to which the dreamer is so subject, to be sailing on a lone and dismal sea, whose leaden and melancholy waves reflected no sail save that of the vessel which bore me. The heat became stifling, and my bosom oppressed, yet the music still sounded low, sweet, and foreboding in my ear. A soft and whitish mist seemed to brood over the stern of the ship. According to the apparently-established laws of spiritual matter, (the solecism is not so great as it may appear,) the mist condensed, then gradually assumed form, and I gazed, with outstretched arms, on the figure of Margaret Cameron. But her countenance looked, in that uncertain light, cold and pale as her light and unearthly drapery that waved not, though a mournful wind was sighing through the shrouds of our vessel. She seemed in my vision as one who, in quitting earth,

had left not only its passions but its affections behind her; and there was something forbidding in the wan indifference of that eye. Yet was her voice passing sweet, as still its sad cadences fell on my ear, in the words of a ballad I had once loved to sing with her—

"The green sod is no grave of mine,
The cart is not my pillow,
The grave I lie in shall be *thine*,
Our winding-sheet—the billow."

I awoke—yet for a moment appeared still dreaming; for there, hovering over the foot of my couch, I seemed still to behold the form of Margaret Cameron. She was leaning on the rail of the quarter-deck, and overlooking my couch. I sat up, and gazed on the objects around me, in order to recover my apparently deluded senses. The full moon was in her zenith. A light haze, the effect of the heat of the preceding day, was rising from the waters. The heat was intense, the calm profound.—There lay the different vessels of our little squadron, nought seen save their white sails in the moonlight, and nought heard save their powerless flapping, and the restless plashing of the becalmed waves, only agitated by the effort of our vessel to cleave them. Still the moonlight fell on the white form and pale countenance of Margaret. I started up. "This is some delusion," said I, "or because one of the countess's women resembles my early idol, must I turn believer in ghost-stories, and adopt at thirty-six what I scouted at sixteen?" My gestures, and the suddenness of my rising, seemed to scare my fair phantom; and, in the hastiness of her retreat, she gave ample proof of mortal fallibility by stumbling over some coils of cable that happened to lie in her way. The shock brought her to her knees. I was up the steps in one instant; seized an arm, and then a hand, soft, delicate, and indubitably of flesh and blood, and restored the lady to her feet. She thanked me in gentle tones that sent a thrill through all my veins, and made me again half deem that "the voice of the dead was on mine ear." A white veil or shawl had fallen from her head and shoulders; this I respectfully replaced, and had thus an opportunity of proving to demonstration that it was made neither of ether, mist or moonbeams. I now expressed my fears that my sudden gestures had been the cause of this little accident. "I fear," she replied, with the same melancholy music of voice, "my reckless song disturbed your slumbers." After a few more words had passed between us, during which I continued to gaze on her as if some miracle stood before me, I ventured to ask, in a tone as indifferent as I could assume, whether she claimed kindred with Captain Hugh Cameron, of A——? The striking likeness which she bore to his amiable and deceased daughter must, I observed, plead my apology. She looked at me for a moment with unutterable surprise; then added, with dignity and perfect self-possession, "I have then, probably, the pleasure of addressing some old acquaintance

of Captain Cameron? How the mistake arose which induced any one to suppose that his child was no more, I confess myself at a loss to imagine. The error is, however, easily contradicted in my own person. I am the daughter of Captain Cameron; and, after this self-introduction, may, perhaps, claim the name of my father's former acquaintance." You may be sure I was in no mood to give it. I rushed to the side of the vessel, and hanging over it, gasped with an emotion which almost stopped respiration. It is inexpressible what a revulsion this strange discovery made in my feelings. There had been days—ay, weeks, in which one thought of Margaret had not disturbed the steady man of the world in his busy engagements; and now she returned upon his feelings as fresh as if only one day had elapsed since they vowed themselves to each other, and parted. I felt that there had been treachery. I became keenly sensible that I must have appeared a traitor to Margaret, and hurriedly resolved not to declare my name to her until I had in some way cleared my character.

I was still sufficiently a man of the world to have my feelings in some mastery, and returned to the side of Margaret with an apology for indisposition, which in truth was no subterfuge. I verily believe, as the vessel had given a sudden lurch at the moment she discovered herself, and my pendant posture over the ship's side might be an attitude of rather dubious construction, she passed on me the forgiveness of a seasick man. Margaret added, with an easy politeness which contrasted curiously with her former girlishness, that she presumed she had the pleasure of addressing her fellow-passenger, Captain Lyon? She had often, she observed, heard her father mention his name, though not aware until this moment of his identity with her brother-voyager. I was not displeased by this illusion, though I thus found myself identified with a man twenty years my senior. As I wore one of those charming rural Livorno hats, whose deep, green-lined flaps form a kind of umbrella to the face, I became convinced that mine, in such a light, was effectually screened from observation. My voice too had, I felt, been changed by years and climate. I therefore remarked, with an effort at ease, that I had certainly once possessed the advantage of Captain Cameron's acquaintance, but that a lapse of many years had separated me from him and his family. "There was, however," I remarked, very tremulously, "a Captain, since made Colonel, Francillon, in India, who had been informed, or rather, happily for her friends, mis-informed of the death of Miss Cameron." Margaret smiled incredulously; but with a dignified indifference, which created a strange feeling within me, seemed willing to let the subject pass. Margaret's spirits seemed to have lost the buoyancy, and her cheek the bloom of youth. But there was an elegance, a sort of melancholy dignity in her manner, and a touching expression on her countenance, to which

both before had been strangers. If she were more beautiful at seventeen, she was more interesting at twenty-eight. Observing her smile, and perceiving that, with another graceful acknowledgment of my assistance, she was about to withdraw, I grew desperate, and ventured, with some abruptness, to demand if she had herself known Colonel Francillon? She answered, with a self-possession which chilled me, that she had certainly in *her youth* (such was her expression) been acquainted with a Lieutenant Francillon, who had since, she believed, been promoted in India, and probably was the officer of whom I spoke. "Perhaps," observed I, "there is not a man alive for whom I feel a greater interest than for Colonel Francillon."—"He is fortunate in possessing so warm a friend," said Margaret, with careless politeness; but I thought I perceived, through this nonchalance, a slight tone of pique, which was less mortifying than her indifference. "I know not," said I, "anything which causes such a sudden and enchantment-like reversion of the mind to past scenes and feelings, as an unexpected rencontre with those (or even the kindred of those) who were associated with us in the earliest and freshest days of our being." "Nothing, certainly," answered Margaret, "reminds us so forcibly of the *change* that has taken place in our being and our feelings."—"True," replied I; "yet for the moment the change itself seems annihilated; our hearts beat with the same pulse that before animated them, and time seems to have warred on their feelings in vain."—"Perhaps to have taught a lesson in vain," said my companion. I paused for a moment, and then added, rather diffidently—"And what lesson *should* time teach us?" "It should teach us," she answered, with a sweet composure and gravity, "that our heart's best and warmest feelings may be wasted on that which may disappoint, and cannot satisfy them."—"I read your lesson with delight," answered I, in a tone somewhat sad; and added, "the only danger is lest we mistake the coolings of time for the conquests of principle." She seemed pleased by the sentiment, and by the frankness of the caution. "It may be," she said, "in the power of Time and Disappointment to detach from the world, or at least to produce a barren acknowledgment of its unsatisfactoriness, but it is beyond their unassisted power to attach the soul with a steady and *practical* love to the only legitimate, the only rational source of happiness. Here is the touch-stone which the self-deceiver cannot stand." I was silent. There was a delicious feeling in my bosom that is quite indescribable.—"These," at length I said very timidly, "are the sentiments of Colonel Francillon; and since we have been on the subject of old friends, I could almost make up my mind to give you his history. It really half resembles a romance. At least it shews how often, in real life, circumstances—I had almost said adventures—arise, which in fiction we should deride as an

insult to our taste, by the violence done to all probability. Come, shall I give you the history of your former acquaintance?"—"Give me the history!" said Margaret, involuntarily, and with some emotion—it seemed the emotion of indignation.—"Ay, why not? I mean, of course, his Indian history; for of that in England, perhaps, as your *families* were acquainted, you may know as much as I can."

The self-possession of men of the world generally increases in proportion to the embarrassment of those they address; yet I confess my heart began to beat quick and high as, taking advantage of Margaret's silence, I began to tell my own history.—Francillon had, I observed, arrived in India animated in his endeavours to obtain fortune and preferment by one of the dearest and purest motives which can incite the human bosom. Here Margaret turned round with a something of dignified displeasure, which seemed to reprobate this little delicate allusion to her past history. I proceeded, as though I marked not her emotion. Francillon was, I proceeded, under an engagement to a young and lovely compatriot, whose image was, even too closely, the idol of his bosom, but whose name, from natural and sacred feelings, had never passed his lip to human being. Here I thought Margaret seemed to breathe again. So I told my history simply and feelingly, and painted my grief on hearing of the death of Margaret with such depth of colouring, that I had well nigh identified the narrator with the subject of his biography. I am sure my companion was moved and surprised; but recovering herself, she said, in a peculiar tone, with which an assumed carelessness in vain struggled, "It is singular that a married man should have thus grieved over the object of an extinguished attachment." There hath been foul play in two ways between Margaret and myself, thought I.—"Captain Francillon," I observed aloud, "was not married until five years after the period we speak of—when he gave his hand to one of whom I trust he has too much manly feeling ever to speak save with the tender respect she merited, but to whom he candidly confessed that he brought but a blighted heart, the better half of whose affections lay buried in the grave of her who had first inspired them." In vain I sought to perceive what effect this disclosure had on my companion. Her face seemed studiously averted. The calm was profound; every breeze seemed to have died on the deep. It could not, therefore, be the night-air that so violently agitated the white raiment of Margaret.

I continued my history—brought myself to Malta, and placed myself on board an *English vessel*. Here, I confess, my courage half-failed me; but I went on.—"Francillon," I said, "now began to realize his return to his native land. On the first night of his voyage he threw himself, in meditative mood, on the deck, and half in thought, half in dreams, recalled former scenes. But there was one form which, re-

created by a faithful memory, constantly arose before his imagination. He dreamed, too, a something—I know not what—of a pilgrimage to the lone grave of her he had loved and lost; and then a change came upon his slumbering fancy, and he seemed to be ploughing some solitary and dismal sea; but even there a form appeared to him, whose voice thrilled on his ear, and whose eye, though it had waxed cold to him, made his heart heave with strange and unwonted emotion. He awoke—but oh!—the vision vanished not. Still in the moonlight he saw her who had risen on his dreams. Francillon started up. The figure he gazed on hastily retreated. He followed her in time to raise her from the fall her precipitate flight had occasioned, and discovered, with sensations which for a moment well nigh overpowered him, that she whom he beheld was indeed the object of his heart's earliest and best feelings—was Margaret Cameron!" I believe my respiration almost failed me as I thus ended. I spoke passionately, and uncovered my head when I uttered the concluding words. Margaret sprang to her feet with astonishment and emotion. "Is it possible!—have I then the pleasure to see—I am sure—I am most fortunate—" again and again began Margaret. But her efforts at calmness, at ease, and even politeness, all failed her; and re-seating herself, she covered her face with her hands, and gave way to an honest flood of tears. I was delighted; yet I felt that I had placed her in an embarrassing situation. Seating myself, therefore, by her, and taking her hand, rather with the air of an elder brother than of a suitor—"Margaret," I said, "(if, as an early friend both of you and your father, you will again allow me thus to call you,) I fear I have been somewhat abrupt with you. Forgive me if I have been too bold in thus forcing on you the history of one for whom I have little reason and less right to suppose you still interested. Bury in oblivion some passages in it, and forgive the biographer if he have expanded a little too freely on feelings which may be unacceptable to your ear." I stretched out my hand as I spoke, and we warmly shook hands, as two old friends in the first moment of meeting.

I had been longing to know somewhat of Margaret's own history—wherefore she had visited Malta, &c.; but she seemed to have no intention of gratifying my curiosity, and I only too feelingly divined that her parent's altered circumstances had sent her out the humble companion of the Countess of Falcondale. "I am aware," I said smiling, "that I have more than one old acquaintance in this vessel; and, in truth, when I heard that my former friend—I had nearly said enemy—the countess of Falcondale, was on board, I felt half-inclined to relinquish the voyage." Margaret hesitated—then said, half-smiling half-sad, "I cannot *autobiographize* as my friend has done. But—but—perhaps you heard of the unhappy state of my dear parent's affairs—and his daughter was prevailed on to take a step—perhaps a false one. Well—well, I cannot tell my history. Peace

be with the dead!—every filial, every *conjugal* feeling consecrate their ashes!—But make yourself easy; my *mother-in-law* is not here. You will find but one dowager-countess in this vessel, and she now shakes your hand, and bids you a good night." Margaret hastily disappeared as she spoke and left me in a state—But I will tease no one with my half-dream-like feelings on that night.

Well, I failed not to visit my *noble* fellow-passenger on the morrow; and day after day, while we lay on those becalmed waves, I renewed my intercourse with Margaret. It can easily be divined that she had given her hand to save a parent, and that she had come abroad with a husband, who, dying, had there left her a widow, and—alas! for me—a rich widow. If the limits of my little manuscript would allow, I could tell a long tale of well-managed treachery and deception; how the ill-natured countess suffered me to *remain* in the belief that the death of Captain Cameron's niece, which occurred at A—, shortly after my departure, was that of my own Margaret; how, in her character of supreme manager of the paralytic officer's affairs, she kept my letters for her own exclusive eye; how she worked on Margaret's feelings to bring about a marriage with the Earl of Falcondale, in the hope of again acquiring a maternal footing in her son's house, and the right of managing a portionless and now broken-spirited daughter-in-law; how Margaret held out stoutly until informed of my broken faith; and how her marriage was kept from the public papers. For the countess, although I feel assured that there was a something inexpressibly soothing in her feelings in thus over-reaching and punishing one who had so often mortified her self-importance—yet I do believe that the love of concealment, and *management*, and plotting, and bringing things about by her own exclusive agency, was, after all, the *primum mobile* in this affair. She had too little feeling herself even to conceive the pang she was inflicting on me, and she doubtless considered herself the supreme benefactress of Margaret.

As my intimacy with Margaret increased, I reflected with additional pain on her marriage. In the first place, I could not bear to think of her having belonged to another; and, in the second, I felt that her rank and wealth might give to my addresses an air of self-interest which I felt they did not deserve. I dreaded the end of my voyage as much as I had at first desired it, and almost wished that we could sail for ever over those still, blue seas. Alas! it was not long ere I would have given all I held in life that Margaret and I had never met on those waves—ere I would have sacrificed all our late sweet intercourse, to have known that she was safe in her narrow house of turf by the lowly church of A—, and her soul in shelter from the horrors it was doomed to suffer.

One night, after we had been standing for some time, contemplating the unrivalled blue of a southern summersky, I thought, as I bade the

Countess a good night, that I perceived a light breeze arising. This I remarked to her, and she received the observation with a pleasure which found no correspondent emotion in my own bosom. As I descended to my berth, I fancied I descried among the sailors one Girod Jaqueminot, whose face I had not before remarked. He was a Frenchman, to whom I had, during my residence abroad, rendered some signal services, and who, though but a wild fellow, had sworn to me eternal gratitude. He skulked, however, behind his fellows, and did not now, it appeared, choose to recognize his benefactor.

I believe I slept profoundly that night.—When I awoke, there was a sound of dashing waves against the vessel, and a bustle of sailors' voices, and a blustering noise of wind among the sails and rigging; and I soon perceived that our ship was scudding before a stiff, nay, almost stormy gale. I peeped through the seaward opening of my little cabin. The scene was strangely changed. It was scarcely dawn. Dim and grey clouds obscured the heaven I had so recently gazed on. I looked for the white sails of our accompanying vessels, and our convoy. All had disappeared. We seemed alone on those leaden-coloured billows. At this moment I heard a voice in broken English say, "Confound—while I reef those tammed topsails my pipe go out."—"Light again then at the binnacle, Monseer," said a sailor.—"Yes, and be hanged to de yard-arm by our coot captain for firing de sheep. Comment-faire? Sacre-bleu! I cannot even tink vid out my pipe. De tought! Monsieur in de leetle coop dere have always de lamp patent burning for hees lecture. He sleep now. I go enter gently—light my pipe." He crept into my cabin as he spoke. "How's this my friend?" said I, speaking in French; "does not your captain know that we are out of sight of convoy?" Girod answered in his native language—"Oh! that I had seen you sooner. You think, perhaps, I have forgotten all I owe you? No—no—but 'tis too late now!" The man's face shewed so much horror and anguish that I was startled. He pointed to the horizon. On its very verge one sail was yet visible. A faint rolling noise came over the water. "It is the British frigate," said Girod, "firing to us to put our ship about, and keep under convoy. But our captain has no intention of obeying the signal; and if you get out of sight of that one distant sail, you are lost."—"Think you, then, that the Demon Ship is in these seas?" said I, anxiously. Girod came close to me. With a countenance of remorse and despair which I can never forget, he grasped my arm, and held it towards heaven.—"Look up to God!" he whispered; "*you are on board the Demon Ship!*" A step was heard near the cabin, and Girod was darting from it; but I held him by the sleeve. "For Heaven's sake, for miladi's sake, for your own sake," he whispered, "let not a look, a word, shew that you are ac-

quainted with this secret. If our captain knew I had betrayed it, we should at this moment be rolling fathom-deep over one another in the ocean. All I can do is to try and gain time for you. But be prudent, or you are lost!" He precipitately quitted the cabin as he spoke, leaving me in doubt whether I were awake or dreaming. When I thought how long, and how fearlessly, the "Elizabeth" had lain amid the trading-vessels at Valetta, and how she had sailed from that port under a powerful convoy, I was almost tempted to believe that Girod had been practising a joke on me. As, however, I heard voices near, I determined to lie still, and gather what information I could. "What have you been doing there?" said a voice I had never heard before, and whose ruffianly tones could hardly be subdued by his efforts at a whisper. "My pipe go out," answered Girod Jaqueminot, "and I not an imprudent to light it at de beenacle. So I go just hold it over de lamp Monsieur, and he sleep, sleep, snore, snore all de while, and know noting. I have never seed one man dorme so profound."

I now heard the voices of the captain, Girod and the ruffian in close and earnest parlance. The expletives that graced it shall be omitted. But what first confirmed my fears was the hearing our captain obsequiously address the ruffian-speaker as commander of the vessel, while the former received from his companion the familiar appellation of Jack. They were walking the deck, and their whispered speech only reached me as they from time to time approached my cabin, and was again lost as they receded. I thought, however, that Girod seemed, by stopping occasionally, as if in the vehemence of speech, to draw them, as much as possible, towards my cabin. I then listened with an intendment which made me almost fear to breathe. "But again I say, Jack," said the voice of the real captain, "what are we to do with these fine passengers of ours? I am sick of this stage-play work; and the men are tired, by this time, of being kept down in the hold. We shall have them mutiny if we stifle them much longer below. Look how that sail is sinking on the horizon. She can never come up with us now. There be eight good sacks in the forecabin, and we can spare them ballast. That would do the job decently enough for our passengers—ha!" Here there was something jocose in the captain's tone. "Oh! mine goot captain, you are man of speeret," observed Jaqueminot; "but were it not wise to see dat sail no more, before we shew dat we no vile merchanters, but men of de trade make dat de money by de valour."—"There is something in that," observed Jack; "if the convoy come up, and our passengers be missing, 'tis over with us. We can no longer pass for a trader; and to hoist the Demon colours, and turn to with frigate and sloop both, were to put rash odds against us."—"And de coot sacks wasted for noting," said Jaqueminot, with a cool ingenuity that contrasted curiously with his vehemence.

ment and horror-stricken manner in my cabin. "Better to wait one day—two day—parbleu! tree day—than spoil our sport by de precipitation."—"I grudge the keep of these dainty passengers all this while," said the captain, roughly;—"my lady there, with her chickens, and her conserves and her pasties; and Mr. Mollyflower Captain here, with his bottles of port and claret, and cups of chocolate and Mocha coffee. Paying, too, forsooth! with such princely airs for every thing, as if we held not his money in our own hands already. Hunted as we then were, 'twas no bad way of blinding governments, by passing for traders, and getting monied passengers on board: but it behoves us to think what's to be done now?"—"My opinion is," said Jack, "that as we have already put such violence on our habits, we keep up the farce another day or two until we get into clear seas again. That vessel, yonder, still keeps on the horizon, and she has good glasses on board."—"And the men?" asked the captain. "I had rather, without more debate, go into this hen-pen here, and down into the cabin below, and in a quiet way *do* for our passengers, than stand the chance of a mutiny among the crew." Here my very blood curdled in my veins. "Dat is goot, and like mine brave captain," said the Frenchman; "and yet Monsieur Jean say well mosh danger kill at present; but why not have de crew *abore* deck vidout making no attention to de voyagers. Dey take not no notice. Miladi tink but of moon, and stars, and book; and for de *sleeping Lyon dere*, it were almost pity to cut his toat in any case. He ver coot failow; like we, chosen speerit. Sacre-bleu! I knew him a boy."—"I had never seen the fellow until I was on the wrong side of my thirtieth birth-day."—"Always for de mischief—stealing apples, beating his schoolfellows, and oder little speerited tricks. At last he was expell de school. I say not dis praise from no love to him; for he beat me one, two time, when I secretaire to his uncle; and den run off vid my *soudheart*—so I ver well pleased make him bad turn."—"Well, then, suppose the men come on deck, half at a time," said the captain; and we'll keep the prisoners—Heaven help us! the passengers—until the sea be clear, may be till sunset."—"Look, look!" said Jack, "the frigate gains on us; I partly see her hull, and the wind slackens." I now put my own glass, which was a remarkably good one, through my little window, and could distinctly see the sails and rigging and part of the hull of our late convoy. I could perceive that many of her crew were aloft; but the motion of our own vessel was so great that the frigate was sometimes on and sometimes off the glass; and I was therefore unable to discover whether she were hoisting or taking in sail. It was a comfortable sight, however, to see a friendly power apparently so near; and there was a feeling of hopeless desolation when, on removing the glass, the vessel, whose men I could al-

most have counted before, shrank to a dim, grey speck on the horizon. The captain uttered an infernal oath, and called aloud to his sailors, "Seamen—ahoy—ahoy! Make all the sail ye can. Veer out the main-sheet—top-sails unreefed—royals and sky-sails up," [&c. &c.] "Stretch every stitch of canvass. Keep her to the wind—keep her to the wind!" I was surprised to find that our course was suddenly changed, as the vessel, which had previously driven before the breeze, was now evidently sailing with a side-wind.

The noise of rattling cables, the trampling of sailors' feet on deck, and the increased blustering of the wind in the crowded sails, now overcame every other sound. The Demon Ship was, of course, made for fast sailing, and she now drove onward at a rate that was almost incredible. She literally flew like a falcon over the waves. Once more I turned to the horizon. God of mercy! the frigate again began to sink upon the waters.

And now shall I waste words in telling what were my feelings during the hour of horror I have described? I felt as one who had dreamed himself in security, and awoke in the infernal regions. I felt that in a few hours I might not only be butchered in cold blood myself, but might see Margaret—that was the thought that unmanned me. I tried to think if any remedy yet remained, if aught lay in our power to avert our coming fate. Nothing offered itself. I felt that we were entirely in the power of the Demon buccaneers. I saw that all Girod could do was to gain a few hours' delay. Oh! when we stand suddenly, but assuredly, on the verge of disembodied existence, who can paint that strange revulsion of feeling which takes place in the human bosom! I had never been one who held it a duty to conceal from any human being that approaching crisis of his destiny which will usher him before the tribunal of his Maker; and my earnest desire now was to inform Margaret as quickly as possible of her coming fate. But after Girod's parting injunction, I feared to precipitate the last fatal measures by any step that might seem taken with reference to them. I therefore lay still until morning was farther advanced. I then arose and left my cabin. It was yet scarcely broad day, but many a face I had not before seen met my eye, many a countenance, whose untameable expression of ferocity had doubtless been deemed, even by the ruffian commander himself, good reason for hitherto keeping them from observation. All on the quarter-deck was quiet. The skylight of the cabin was closed, and it seemed that the countess and her female attendants were still enjoying a calm and secure repose. I longed to descend and arouse them from a sleep which was so soon to be followed by a deeper slumber; but the step would have been hazardous, and I therefore walked up and down the quarter-deck sometimes anxiously watching for the removal of the sky-light, sometimes straining my vision on the horizon,

and sometimes casting a furtive glance towards the evidently increasing crew on deck, whilst ever and anon my soul rose on prayer to its God, and spread its fearful cause before him.

I had now an opportunity of discovering the real nature of my sentiments towards Margaret. They stood the test which overthrows many a summer-day attachment. I felt that, standing as my soul now was on the verge of its everlasting fate, it lost not one of its feelings of tenderness. They had assumed, indeed, a more sacred character, but they were not diminished. The sun arose, and the countess appeared on deck. I drew her to the stern of the vessel, so that her back was to the crew, and there divulged the fearful secret which so awfully concerned her. At first the woman only appeared in Margaret; her cheek was pale, her lips bloodless, and respiration seemed almost lost in terror and overpowering astonishment. She soon, however, gained comparative self-possession. "I must be alone for a few moments," she said. "Perhaps you will join me below in a brief hour." She enveloped her face in her shawl to hide its agitation from the crew, and hastily descended to her cabin. When I joined her at the time she had appointed, a heavenly calm had stolen over her countenance. She held out one hand to me, and pointing upwards with the other, said, "I have not implored in vain. Come and sit by me, my friend; our moments seem numbered on earth, but, oh! what an interminable existence stretches beyond it. In such a moment as this, how do we feel the necessity of some better stay than aught our own unprofitable lives can yield." Margaret's bible lay before her. It was open at the history of *His* sufferings on whom her soul relied. She summoned her maidens, and we all read and prayed together. Her attendants were two sisters, of less exalted mind than their mistress, but whose piety, trembling and lowly, was equally genuine. They sat locked in one another's arms, pale and weeping.

It was a difficult day to pass, urged by prudence, and the slender remain of hope, to appear with our wonted bearing before the crew. We felt, too, that there was a something suspicious in our remaining so long together, but we found it almost impossible to loose our grasp on each other's hands and separate. Too plain indications that our sentence was at length gone forth soon began to shew themselves. Our scanty breakfast had been served early in the morning, with a savage carelessness of manner that ominously contrasted with the over-done attentions we had before received; and the non-appearance of any subsequent meal, though day waned apace, fearfully proved to us that the Demon captain now held further ceremony with his doomed passengers useless. Margaret held me to her with a gentle and trembling tenacity that rendered it difficult for me to leave her even for a moment; but I felt

the duty of ascertaining whether any aid yet appeared in view, or whether Girod could effect aught for us. I walked towards evening round the quarter-deck—not a sail was to be seen on the horizon. I endeavoured to speak to Girod, but he seemed studiously and fearfully to avoid me. The captain was above, and the deck was thronged. I believe this desperate crew was composed of "all people, nations, and languages." Once only I met Girod's eye as he passed me quickly in assisting to hoist a sail. He looked me fixedly and significantly in the face. It was enough: that expressive regard said, "Your sentence has gone forth!" I instantly descended to the cabin, and my fellow-victims read in my countenance the extinction of hope. We now fastened the door, I primed my pistols, and placed them in my bosom, and clinging to one another we waited our fate. It was evident that the ship had been put about, and that we were sailing in a different direction; for the sun, which had before set over the bows of the vessel, now sent his parting rays into the stern windows. Margaret put her hand in mine with a gentle confidence which our circumstances then warranted, and I held her close to me. She stretched out her other hand to her female attendants, who, clinging close together, each held a hand of their mistress. "Dear Edward!" said Margaret, grasping my arm. It was almost twelve years since I had heard these words from her lips; but it now seemed as if there were between us a mutual, though tacit, understanding of our feelings for each other. Unrestrained, at such a moment, by the presence of the domestics, Margaret and I used the most endearing expressions, and, like a dying husband and wife, bade solemn farewell to each other. We all then remained silent, our quick beating hearts raised in prayer, and our ear open to every sound that seemed to approach the cabin. Perhaps the uncertain nature of the death we were awaiting rendered its approach more fearful. The ocean must undoubtedly be our grave; but whether the wave, the cord, the pistol, or the dagger would be the instrument of our destruction we knew not; whether something like mercy would be shewn by our butchers in the promptness of our execution, or whether they might take a ruffian pleasure in inflicting a lingering pain. Had Margaret or I been alone in these awful circumstances, I believe this thought would not have occupied us a moment; but to be doomed to be spectators of the butchery of those we love, makes the heart recoil in horror from the last crisis, even when it believes that the sword of the assassin will prove the key to the gate of heaven.

The sun sank in the waters, and the last tinge of crimson faded on the waves, that now rolled towards the stern windows in dun and dismal billows. The wind, as is often the case at sunset, died on the ocean. At this moment I heard the voice of the captain—"Up to the

top of the mainmast, Jack, and see if there be any sail on the horizon." The group of victims in the cabin scarcely drew breath while waiting a reply which would decide their fate. We distinguished the sound of feet running up the shrouds. A few moments elapsed ere the answer was received. At length we heard a—"Well, Jack, well?"—which was followed by the springing of a man on deck, and the words, "Not a sail within fifty miles, I'll be sworn."—"Well, then, do the work below!" was the reply. "But (with an oath) don't let's have any squealing or squalling. Finish them quietly. And take all the trumpery out of the cabin, for we shall hold revel there to-night." A step now came softly down the cabin stair, and a hand tried the door, but found it fastened. I quitted Margaret, and placed myself at the entrance of the cabin. "Whoever," said I, "attempts to come into this place does it at peril of his life. I fire the instant the latch is raised."—A voice said, "*Laissez moi entrer donc.*" I hesitated for a moment, and then unfastened the door. Girod entered, and locked it after him. He dragged in with him four strings, with heavy stones appended to them, and the same number of sacks. The females sank on the floor. In the twinkling of an eye Girod rolled up the carpet of the cabin, and took up the trap-door, which every traveller knows is to be found in the cabins of merchantmen. "In—in," he said in French to the countess and myself. I immediately descended, received Margaret into my arms, and was holding them out for the other females, when the trap-door was instantly closed and bolted, the carpet laid down, the cabin door unlocked, and Girod called out, "Here you, Harry, Jack, how call you yourselves, I've done for two of dem. I can't manage no more. Dat tanned Captain Lyon, when I stuff him in de sack, he almost brake de arm." Heavy feet trampling over the cabin floor, with a sound of scuffling and struggling, were now heard over our head. A stifled shriek, which died into a deep groan, succeeded—then two heavy plashes into the water, with the bubbling noise of something sinking beneath the waves, and the fate of the two innocent sisters was decided. "Where's Monsieur Girod?" at length said a rough voice.—"Oh, he's gone above," was the reply: "thinks himself too good to kill any but quality." "No, no," answered the other, "I'm Girod's, through to the back-bone—the funniest fellow of the crew. But he had a private quarrel against that captain down at the bottom of the sea there, so he asks our commander not to let any body lay hands on him but himself. A very natural thing to ask. There close that locker, heave out the long table, there'll be old revel here to-night."—At this moment Girod again descended. "All hands aloft, ma lads," he cried, "make no attention to de carpet dere—matters not, for I most fairst carpent, and give out de farine for pasty. We have no more cursed voyagers, so may

make revel here to naight vidout no incommode." He soon descended with a light into our wooden dungeon.

Her own unexpected rescue, the fate of her domestics, and the sudden obscurity in which we were involved, had almost overpowered Margaret's senses, but they returned with the light. "Poor Katie, poor Mary. Alas! for their aged mother!" she said, in the low and subdued tone of one who seems half dreaming a melancholy and frightful dream, and looking with horror at Girod.—"I would have saved you all, had it been possible," said Jacqueminot, in French. "But how were all to be hid, and kept in this place? What I have done is at the risk of my life. But there is not a moment to be lost. I have the keeping of the stern-hold. Look you—here be two rows of meal-sacks fore and aft. If you, miladi, can hide behind one, and you, colonel, behind the other, ye may have, in some sort, two little chambers to yourselves, after English fashion. Or if you prefer the same hiding-place, take it in heaven's name, but lose not a moment."—"And what will be the end of all this?" asked I, after some hurried expressions of gratitude. "God knoweth," he replied. "I will from time to time, when I descend to give out meal, and clean the place, bring you provisions. How long this can last—where we are going—and whether in the end I can rescue you, time must be the shewer. If we should put into some port of the Levant, perhaps I may be able to pass you on shore in one of these sacks; but we are still on the Gibraltar side of Malta, and shall not see land for a month—only, for God's sake, keep quiet. I'd leave you a light, but it would be dangerous. I doubt you'll be stifled alive. Yet there's no help for it. Hide, hide—I dare stay not one moment longer." He rolled down a heap of biscuits, placed a pitcher of water by them, and departed.

Never will our first fearful night in that strange concealment be forgotten. The Demon crew held wild revelry over our head. Their fierce and iniquitous speech, their lawless songs, their awful and demonic oaths, their wild intoxication, made Margaret thrill with a horror that half excited the wish to escape in death from the polluting vicinity of such infernal abominations. The hold was so shallow that we appeared close to the revelers. Their voices sounded so near that we seemed almost among them, and our concealment a miracle; while the heat became so stifling and unbearable, that we could scarcely gasp, and I began to fear that Margaret would expire in my arms.

It was a strange reflection that we might, almost without the warning of an instant, be in the hands of our brutal and unconscious gaolers; for our concealment afforded not even the slender defence of an inside lock or bolt, and the carpet which seemed to present a slight barrier between us and the Demon hoard, had been rolled up, as no longer neces-

sary to give our late accommodations the peaceful appearance of a cabin fitted up for passengers. The light streamed here and there through a crevice in the trap-door, and I involuntarily trembled when I saw it fall on the white garment of Margaret, as if, even in that concealment, it might betray her. We dared scarcely whisper a word of encouragement or consolation to each other—dared scarcely breathe, or stir even a hand from the comfortless attitude in which we were placed. We could hear them speak occasionally of our murder, in a careless and incidental manner. The captain expressed his regret that we had not, as matters turned out, been earlier disposed of, and made a sort of rough apology to his shipmates for the inconvenience our prolonged existence must have occasioned them.

At length the revellers broke up. I listened attentively until I became convinced that no one occupied the cabin that night. I then ventured gently to push up the trap-door a little, in order to give air to my exhausted companion. But the fumes that entered were any thing but reviving. All was dark and quiet as death, and I could hear the rain descending violently on the cabin skylight. The wind was high, and the ship rolled tremendously. We heard the roar of the waters against the side of our prison, and the heavy dashing on deck of huge billows, which even made their way down the cabin stairs.

Towards morning, as I supposed, for with us it was all one long night, I again distinguished voices in the cabin. "It blows a stiff gale," was the observation of Jack.—"So much the better," replied the hardy and ferocious voice of the captain; "the more way we make, the farther we get from all those cursed government vessels. I think we might now venture to fall on any merchantman that comes in our way. We must soon do something, for we have as yet made but a sorry out of our present voyage. Let's see—four thousand sterling pounds that belonged to the captain there—rather to us—seeing we had taken them on board."—"Yes, yes, we have sacked the captain," observed Jack, facetiously. His companion went on—"His watch, rings, and clothes; and two thousand dollars of the countess's, and her jewels, amounting, perhaps, to another two thousand. This might be a fine prize to a sixteen-gun brig of some dozing government, but the Demon was built for greater things."—"I suppose, captain," said Jack, "we go on our usual plan, eh? The specie to be distributed among the ship's company, and the jewels and personals to be appropriated, in a quiet way, by the officers? And, for once in a way, I hope there be no breach of discipline, Captain Vanderleer, in asking where might be deposited that secret casket, containing, you and I and one or two more know what? I mean that we took from the Spanish-American brig."—"It is in the stern-hold, beneath our feet at this moment," answered the captain. "A good one

for dividing its contents," said Jack. "I'll fetch a light in the twinkling of an eye."—"No need," replied the captain. "I warrant me I can lay my hand on it in the dark." Without the warning of another moment, the Demon commander was in our hold. On the removal of the trap-door a faint light streamed into our prison but it only fell on the part immediately under the ingress, and left the sides in obscurity. I suppose it was about four in the morning. I had laid Margaret down on some torn old signal flags, in that division of the hold which Girod had assigned her, and had myself retired behind my own bulwark of meal sacks, in order that my companion might possess, for her repose, something like the freedom of a small cabin to herself. I had scarcely time to glide round to the side of Margaret ere the merciless buccaneer descended. We almost inserted ourselves into the wooden wall of our hiding-place, and literally drew down the sacks upon us. The captain felt about the apartment with his hand, sometimes pushing it behind the sacks, and sometimes feeling under them. And now he passed his arms through those which aided our concealment. Gracious heaven! his hand discovered the countess's garments; he grasped them tight; he began to drag her forward; but at this moment his foot struck against the casket for which he was searching.—He stooped to seize it, and, as his hold on Margaret slackened, I contrived to pass towards his hand a portion of the old flag-cloth, so as to impress him with the belief that it was the original object of his grasp. He dragged it forward, and let it go. But he had disturbed the compact adjustment of the sacks; and as the vessel was now rolling violently in a tempestuous sea, a terrible lurch laid prostrate our treacherous wall of defence, and we stood full exposed, without a barrier between ourselves and the rufian commander of the Demon. To us it now seemed that all was lost, and I leaned over Margaret just to afford my own bosom as a slender and last defence.

The Demon captain had gone to the light to pass his casket through the trap-door. The sun was rising, and the crimson hues of dawn meeting no other object in the hold save the depraved and hardened countenance of our keeper, threw on its swart complexion such a ruddy glow, as, contrasted with the surrounding darkness—gave him the appearance of some foul demon, emerging from the abodes of the condemned, and bearing on his unhallowed countenance the reflection of the infernal fires he had quitted. That glow was, however, our salvation. The captain turned with an oath to replace the fallen sacks. Any body who has suddenly extinguished his candle, even on a bright, starry night, knows that the sudden transition from a greater to a lesser degree of light, produces, for a second or two, the effect of absolute darkness. And thus our concealment lay enveloped in utter darkness to our captain's eyes, dazzled by the morning's first

flood of light. But it was difficult for the half-breathless beings, so entirely in his power, to realize this fact, when they saw him advancing toward them, his eye fixed on the spot where they stood, though he saw them not; it was difficult to see, and yet retain a conviction that we were not seen. The captain replaced the sacks instantly, and we felt half-doubtful, as he pushed them with violence against the beams where we stood, whether he had not actually discovered our persons, and taken this method of at once destroying them by bruises and suffocation. His work was, however, only accompanied by an imprecatory running comment on Girod's careless manner of stowage. We were now again buried in our concealment, but another danger awaited us. Jacqueminot descended to the cabin. An involuntary, though half stifled shriek escaped him when he saw the trap-door open. He sprang into the hold, and when he beheld the captain, his ghastly smile of enquiry, for he spoke not, demanded if his ruin were sealed. "I have been seeing all your pretty work here, Monsieur," said the gruff captain, pointing to the deranged sacks, behind which we were concealed. I caught a glimpse through them of Girod's despairing countenance. It was a fearful moment, for it seemed as if we were about to be involuntarily betrayed by our ally, at the very instant when we had escaped our enemy. Girod's teeth literally chattered, and he murmured something about French gallantry and honour; and the countess being a lady, and the Captain Francillon an old acquaintance. "And so because you cut the throats of a couple of solan geese—as your duty was, at your captain's command—you think he must not even see to the righting of his own stern-hold?" said the captain, with a gruff and abortive effort at pleasantry, for he felt Girod's importance in amusing and keeping in good humour his motley crew. Jacqueminot's answer shewed that he was now *au fait*, and thus we had a fourth rescue from the very jaws of death.

Day after day passed away, and still we were the miserable, half-starved, half-suffocated, though unknown prisoners of this Demon gang, holding our lives, as it were, by a thread, hanging, with scarce the distance of a pace, between time and eternity, and counting every prolonged moment of our existence as a miracle. Girod at this period rarely dared to visit us. He came only when the business of the ship actually sent him. The cabin above was now occupied at night by the captain and some of his most depraved associates, so that small alleviation of our fears—small relaxation from our comfortless position—small occasion of addressing a few consolatory words to each other, was afforded us either by day or night. At length I began to fear that Margaret would sink under the confined air, and the constant excitement. Her breath became short and difficult. The blood passed through her veins in feverish, yet feeble and intermittent pulsation. It was

agony indeed to feel her convulsed frame, and hear her faintly-drawn and dying breath, and know that I could not carry her into the reviving breezes of heaven, nor afford a single alleviation of her suffering, without at once snapping that thread of life which was now wearing away by a slow and lingering death. At length her respiration began to partake of the loud and irrepressible character which is so often the precursor of dissolution. She deemed her hour drawing on, yet feebly essayed, for my sake, to stifle those last faint means of expiring nature which might betray our concealment. I became sensible that the latter could not much longer remain a secret, and, with a strange calmness, made up my mind to the coming decisive hour. I supported Margaret's head, poured a faltering prayer into her dying ear, wiped the death-dews from her face, and essayed to whisper expressions of deep and unalterable affection. Happily for us there was such a tempest of wind and sea, as drowned in its wild warfare the expiring sighs of Margaret. At this moment Girod descended to the hold. He put his finger on his lips significantly, and then whispered in French—"Courage—Rescue! There is a sail on our weather bow. She is yet in the offing. Our captain marks her not; but I have watched her some time with a glass, and if she be not a British sloop of war, my eyes and the glass are deceivers together." I grasped Margaret's hand. She faintly returned the pressure, but gently murmured, "Too late." Ere the lapse of a moment it was evident that our possible deliverer was discovered by the Demon crew, for we could hear by the bustle of feet and voices that the ship was being put about; and the ferocious and determined voice of the buccaneer chief was heard, even above the roar of the tempest, giving prompt and fierce orders to urge on the Demon. Girod promised to bring us more news, and quitted us. The rush of air into the hold seemed to have revived Margaret, and my hopes began to rise. Yet it was too soon evident that the motion of the vessel was increased, and that the crew were straining every nerve to avoid our hoped-for deliverer. After a while, however, the stormy wind abated; the ship became steadier, and certainly made less way in the waves. A voice over our head said distinctly in French—"The sea is gone down, and the sloop makes signal to us to lay too." A quarter of an hour elapsed, and the voice again said, "The sloop chases us!" Oh! what inexpressibly anxious moments were those. I felt that aid must come, and come speedily, or it would arrive too late. We could discover from the varying cries on deck that the sloop sometimes gained on the Demon, while at others the pirate got fearful head of her pursuer. At length Girod descended to the hold. "The die is cast!" he said in his native language, "The sloop gains fast on us. We are about to clear the deck for action."—"God be praised," I ejaculated.—"Amen!" responded a faint and gentle

voice.—“Do not praise Him too soon,” said Girod, shrugging his shoulders; “our captain is preparing for a victory. The Demon has mastered her equals, ay, and her superiors, and this sloop is our inferior in size and numbers. The captain does not even care to come to an accommodation with her. He has hoisted the Demon flag, and restored her name to the stern.”—“But has his motley crew,” whispered I, anxiously, “ever encountered a *British* foe of equal strength.”—“I cannot tell—I cannot tell; I have been in her but a short time, and will be out of her on the first occasion,” said Girod, as he hastily quitted us. We now heard all the noise of preparation for an engagement. The furniture was removed from the cabin above us, and the cabin itself partially thrown open to the deck. Cannon were lashed and primed; concealed port-holes opened, and guns placed at them. Seeing ultimate escape impossible, the captain took in sail, and determined to give his vessel the advantage of awaiting the foe in an imposing state of preparation for action. He harangued his men in terms calculated to arouse their brute courage, and excite their cupidity. I confess I now almost began to tremble for the gallant little vessel, whose crew seemed thus bravely pressing on to their own destruction; I began to fear that they would be powerless to rescue her in whose life my own seemed bound up. But what were my feelings when I heard the captain retire to that part of the vessel which had been the countess’s cabin, and there take a solemn and secret oath of his principal shipmates, that they would, if they were boarded by a successful enemy, scuttle the Demon, and sink her, and her crew, and her captors, in one common grave. It appeared, then, that either the failure, or the success of the sloop, would alike seal our destruction.

Not a ray of light now penetrated through the chinks of the trap-door, and from the heavy weights which had fallen over it, I was inclined to think that shot, or even cannon-balls, had been placed over the mouth of our prison. We might, therefore, in vain attempt to show ourselves, or make our voices heard amid the din of war, should our allies (doomed to a watery tomb even in the midst of conquest) prove victorious. Yet condemned, as we seemed, alike by the fall or the triumph of our self-supposed murderers, there was something in the oath imposed by the captain which, as it shewed a feeling of doubt as to the result, inspired me with hope. Besides, the noise of preparation for action had in it something inspiring to my ear; and as it effectually drowned every other sound, I drew Margaret from behind the sacking into the most roomy part of our wooden dungeon; endeavoured by fanning her with her kerchief, to create a little freshness of air around her; and spoke to her *aloud*, in the voice of hope and courage. It was a terrible thing, in such an anxious moment, to be unable to see or hear distinctly aught on which our fate de-

pend. I listened anxiously for a signal of the sloop’s nearing us. At length a ship-trumpet, at a distance, demanded, safe and unhurt, the persons of Colonel Francillon, the Countess of Falcondale, and two female domestics. It was then evident that the pirate’s stratagem at Malta had transpired. The Demon’s trumpet made brief and audacious reply:—“Go seek them at the bottom of the sea.” A broad-side from the sloop answered this impudent injunction, and was followed by a compliment in kind from the Demon, evidently discharged from a greater number of guns. The volleys continued. Our vessel reeled to and fro, and sometimes half rose out of the water with the violence of the shocks she received. I heard her masts cracking, and her timbers flying in every direction. Yet still her men continued their yell of triumph, and her guns seemed to be served with as much spirit as ever. At length the firing on both sides appeared to slacken. One of the vessels was evidently approaching the other for the purpose of boarding. But *which* was the successful adventurer? My heart almost ceased to beat with intense expectation. The heavy grinding of the two ships against each other’s sides was soon heard; and, not an instant after, the shouts of the sloop’s crew rose triumphantly over our heads. Long and desperately raged the combat above us; but the pirates’ yell waxed fainter and fainter; while the victorious shouts of the British seamen, mixed with the frequent and fearful cry, “No quarter, no quarter to the robbers!” became each instant louder and more triumphant. At length every sound of opposition from the Demon crew seemed almost to cease. But there was still so much noise on deck, that I in vain essayed to make my voice heard;—and for the trap-door, it defied all my efforts—it was immovable. At this crisis, the ship, which had hitherto been springing and reeling with the fierce fire she had received from her adversary, and the motion of her own guns, suddenly began to *settle* into an awful and suspicious quiescence. But the victors were apparently too busy in the work of retribution to heed this strange and portentous change. I perceived, however, only too clearly, that the Demon was about finally to settle for sinking. After the lapse of a few seconds, it seemed that the conquerors themselves became at last aware of the treacherous gulph that was preparing to receive them; and a hundred voices exclaimed, “To the sloop!—to the sloop! The ship is going down—the ruffians are sinking her!” I now literally called out until my voice became a hoarse scream. I struck violently against the top of our sinking dungeon. I pushed the trap-door with my whole force. All was in vain.—I heard the sailors rushing eagerly to their own vessel and abandoning that of the pirates to destruction. I took Margaret’s hand, and held it up towards heaven, as if it could better than my own plead there for us. All was silent. Not a sound was heard in the once fiercely-

manned Demon, save the rushing of the waters in at the holes where she had been scuttled by her desperate crew. It almost seemed that—determined not to survive her capture—she were eager to suck in the billows which would sink her to oblivion. At last, as if she had received her fill, she began to go down with a rapidity which seemed to send us, in an instant, many feet deeper beneath the waves, and I now expected every moment to hear them gather over the deck, and then overwhelm us for ever. I uttered a prayer, and clasped Margaret in my arms. But no voice, no sigh, proceeded from the companion of my grave. Her hand was cold, and her pulse quiet; and I deemed that the spirit had warred with, and overcome its last enemy, ere our common grave yawned to receive us.

Voices were heard; weights seemed to be removed from the trap-door! It was opened; and the words "Good Heaven! the fellow is right; they are here, sure enough!" met my almost incredulous ear. I beheld a British officer, a sailor or two, and Girod with his hands tied behind him. I held up my precious burthen, who was received into the arms of her compatriots, and then, like one in a dream, sprang from my long prison. Perhaps it might be well that Margaret's eye was half-closed in death at that moment; for the deck of the sinking Demon offered no spectacle for woman's eye. There lay the mangled bodies of our late dreaded jailers, their fast-stiffening countenances still retaining, in cold death itself, that expression of daring and brute ferocity which seemed effaceable only by the absolute decomposition of their hardened features. I shall never forget the scene of desolation presented by that deck, lying like a vast plank or raft of slaughtered bodies, almost level with the sea, whose waters dashed furiously over it and then receding from their still ineffectual attempt to overwhelm the vessel, returned all dyed with crimson to the ocean; while the sun, setting in a stormy and angry sky, threw his rays—for the last time—in lurid and fitful gleams on the ruined Demon.

A deep, and, as it seemed, long-pent sigh escaped from the bosom of Margaret when the fresh breath of heaven first played on her white cheek. I would have thanked her brave deliverers—have gazed on her to see if life still returned—but the sea was gaining fast on us, and I had lost the free use of my limbs by my lengthened and cramped confinement. To one human being, however, I did not forget my gratitude. As we hurriedly prepared to spring into the boat, I saw that Girod's pinioned members refused him the prompt aid necessary for effecting an escape in such a moment. I returned, seized a bloody cutlass that lay on deck, and, without leave of the officer, cut at once through the bonds which confined our first deliverer—"This man," I said, as we seated ourselves, "has been the instrument of Heaven for our preservation. I will make my-

self answerable for his liberty and kind treatment." Girod seized my hand which received a passionate Gallic salute. Our sailors now rowed hard to avoid being drawn into the vortex of the sinking ship. Merciful God! we were then *out of the Demon!* I supported Margaret in my arms; and as I saw her bosom again heave, a renewed glow of hope rushed to my heart.

We had not been on board the sloop many minutes ere, slowly and awfully, the Demon sank to the same eternal grave to which she had so often doomed her victims. We saw the top of the main-mast, which had borne her fatal flag above the waters, tremble like a point on their very surface, and then vanish beneath them. A frightful chasm yawned for a moment—it was then closed by the meeting waves, which soon rolled peacefully over the vessel they had engulfed; and the Demon, so long the terror of the seas and the scourge of mariners, disappeared for ever.

Here abruptly terminated my relative's narration; and if any reader should have felt just sufficient interest in it to wonder whether Margaret died, and whether Colonel Francillon attended her funeral as chief mourner; or whether, after all, she recovered, and was married to the Colonel—I can only briefly say, that the sloop put into Naples, where the Countess was soon placed under a skilful physician. He pronounced her case hopeless, and my relative had only the melancholy satisfaction of reflecting that her dying hour would be peaceful, and her lovely remains honoured by Christian burial. She passed from the hands of her physician into those of the British ambassador's chaplain; but I do not think it could have been for the purpose of religious interment—as I enjoyed, for nearly forty years after this period, the inestimable privilege of calling the Colonel and the Countess my revered father and mother!

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE EARLY LOST.

BY DELTA.

FARE-thee-well, fair flower, that opening

To the genial smile of day,

By the storm-blast, in a twinkling,

From our sight wert swept away!

Never more thy voice shall cheer us,

Never more thy form be seen;

In our solitude we startle

But to think that thou hast been!

Now the sun illumines our dwelling,

Sings the bird, and buds the tree;

Nature starts as from her slumber,

But no wakening rouseth thee!

Never more for thee the morning

Shall its golden gates unfold:

Past alike are joy and sorrow,

Summer's heat and winter's cold.

Vainly would our tears restore thee—

Thou art now a thing of yore;

Waves, that lull the ear with music,

Melt for ever on the shore;

Yet at the eve, when sings the tame bird,
By thy hand once duly fed,
Seems its notes not nature's wailing
Over thee, the early dead?

Softly, softly gleam'd thy ringlets
Braided in their auburn hue;
Keenly, keenly lustre darted
From thine eyes of floating blue;
Now the mould lies scatter'd o'er thee,
And, with deep and dirge-like tone,
Pipes at eve the haunting blackbird,
O'er thy mansion, low and lone.

Dark, anon, shall storms be rolling,
Through the waned autumnal sky,
Winds be raving, waves be roaring,
Sullen deep to deep reply;
Winter shall resume his sceptre
O'er the desolated earth,
But no more wilt thou, like sunlight,
Brighten up our cheerless hearth.

When around that hearth we gather,
Jocund mirth no more beguiles;
Up we gaze upon thy picture,
Which looks down on us—and smiles;
And we sigh, when, in our chambers,
On the couch our limbs we lay,
That the churchyard grass is waving,
Lonely, o'er thy silent clay!

Why our mourning? We lament not,
Even although our hearts be riven,
That in being's sunny spring-time,
Thou wert snatch'd from earth to heaven:
Life to thee was still enchantment,
And 'twas spared thy heart to know,
That the beams of mortal pleasure
Always sink in clouds of woe.

Fare-thee-well, then. Time may bring us
Other friends—but none like thee,
Who, in thy peculiar beauty,
Wert, what we no more shall see:
From our ears seraphic music
In thy voice hath died away;
From our eyes a glorious vision
Pass'd to mingle in the clay!

From the New Monthly Magazine.

AN ADVENTURE ON THE MER DE GLACE.

In a Letter to H. C——, Esq.

Geneva, August 10, 1830.

I PROMISED you some account of our perilous adventure on the Mer de Glace. I am perfectly aware how incompetent even the best descriptions are to convey a just idea of scenes like these I am about to describe, and unaccustomed as I am to attempt any thing of the sort, I am not certain if I can make you understand what I wish to convey even with the aid of a sketch or two.

The Glacier de Bois, about a mile and a half from the town of Chamouni, fills up a deep and narrow cleft between the Mountainvert and the enormous bare and pointed rocks, the Aiguille Dru and Aiguille Vert, which shoot up into the very skies, and seem to rival the "Monarch

Mountain" itself. The top of the Glacier, before it turns over into the valley, is the part, from its rugged appearance, called the Icy Sea, or Mer de Glace: and, to attain a level with this, it is necessary to climb the mountainvert, about three thousand French feet above the valley; and, according to Keller's map, four thousand three hundred and sixty feet above the level of the Lake of Geneva.

We left Chamouni at seven o'clock in the morning, which promised to be clear and fine; my companion was a young medical student, a stout, fearless being, who had been rambling on foot all over Switzerland for the three months passed, dressed like a French peasant, vigorous and accustomed to fatigue. I am, as you know, not very strong, but tolerably active, when needful. I was provided with a pole, about six feet in length, armed with a spike at the end, to steady myself with on the ice; my companion preferred a walking-stick. Our path, abrupt and angular, wound directly up the mountain's side through a forest of firs; and, though steep and tiresome enough, not dangerous. About half way up we overtook (and, in this country, to overtake is to join,) a French lady and her two daughters, mounted on mules, and accompanied by two guides, bound, like us, to the mountain's top, which we accomplished in about two hours. In our ascent we caught occasional glimpses of Chamouni, Mont Brevent, and the opposite range, pretty enough certainly, but, I think, greatly exaggerated in the guide-books.

On gaining the summit we found a small hut, yeleft the "Hospice," where two men from the village of Argentiere are stationed, and where coffee, bread, and brandy may be procured. From this spot the view is singularly beautiful; the Mer de Glace lies immediately beneath you, and, at this distance, appears like a frozen cataract; the horrible chasms, so deep and terrible when near, look only like the furrows of a ploughed field, whilst, on the opposite side of the glacier are the needles of Mont Blanc; pyramids of rock, so bare and pointed, the eagle finds no footing, the drifting snow no resting-place.—The Mer de Glace descends from Mont Blanc itself, and its length (from the Hospice to where it turns abruptly into the awful recesses of the mountain) is reckoned to be four hours, or twelve miles long; it is not, however, so much, but may be about eight; and, in the easiest part, a league across, though, from the immense height of the surrounding mountains, it appears to be much narrower.

At the end of this valley, which might well be called the "Valley of the Shadow of Death," the mountains are covered with eternal snow, and, indeed, including Mountainvert, form part of the base of Mont Blanc, although the top cannot be discovered from this place on account of the enormous rocks which bound the glacier (of perhaps ten thousand feet in height) intervening. No description of mine

can do justice to such a scene; there was an unearthly stillness, and, even where we were, the clouds were rushing swiftly past our faces in misty streaks—such is the view from the Montanvert!

After the ladies had taken some refreshment at the Chalet, we accompanied them down a narrow rugged path to the ice, which took us fully a quarter of an hour to gain; we found this part of the glacier composed of hillocks of ice, separated from each other by deep seams, widening in many instances into awful chasms, some only two or three feet wide, others twelve or fourteen, and so deep the eye could not fathom their profundity; the surface of some of these blocks was flat, others rising abruptly into points or cones, whilst the sides of either yawning abyss were transparent, and of a greenish hue—this ice had been the accumulation of ages.

We were now three thousand feet above the foundation of the glacier, and these seams had riven it to its very core. The surface was dirty, and covered with small pebbles, blown from the surrounding mountains by the violent hurricanes to which these regions are subject. When the ice is partially melted by the sun, these stones sink down, forming holes which fill with water, and thus working themselves lower and lower into the solid block, it soon cracks, and, from the pressure below, speedily widens into a chasm. In many places we could hear the water gurgle as it rushed through its subterranean channels, making, where it fell, the seams deeper. As this effect occurs in ten thousand places at the same moment, these various streams, unable to penetrate the rocky soil on which the glacier is based, unite below, and, overcoming every obstacle, burst forth into the river Arve. The edges of this icy sea were smoother than towards the middle, where the seams were widest and deepest, and, at intervals, cracked with a fearful sound.

The ladies having satisfied their curiosity, and wetted their feet by venturing a few yards upon the ice, returned, accompanied by us, and when nearly at the Chalet, my companion proposed to visit a spot at the farthest end of the glacier, called the "Garden;" it was on the opposite side, and about four hours' walk from where we were, easily accomplished in fair weather, and attended by guides—we were, of course to go alone. The guides, when they heard of our intention, said it was impossible to accomplish it by ourselves, as we should meet with difficulties we could not overcome, and might besides be lost should we be overtaken by any of the dense mists which not unfrequently envelope the wanderer even on the brightest days.

To these remonstrances my companion paid but little attention, supposing, naturally enough, they wished to discourage people making the attempt, unattended by one of the "caste;" as, were it done with impunity, their occupation would fall them. I confess I thought so too,

yet inclined to pay some attention to what might be the consequences. We were going far away from the habitable world, and all assistance, should it be required. Were we to encounter a storm, there was no shelter. However, my friend prided himself on his acquaintance with glaciers, and I trusted to his experience, so, after a few misgivings, I agreed to go.

The day was clear, and the sun shone brightly. We took leave of the ladies, and the guide, shaking his head at our temerity, pointed out the path: a sort of sheep-track leading down to the edge of the glacier, and along the bottom of the mountains which bound the valley on the Montanvert side. We were now left to ourselves, and creeping along the base of rocks, which rose ten thousand feet above us, our path, rugged and uneven in itself, was strewn with blocks of granite; torn from the parent soil by avalanches, they lay high and unwieldy; some we had to clamber over, others to creep under and between; at times we ascended fifty feet above the glacier, and then descended even to touch the ice; our progress was of course but slow, and we were obliged to be cautious where we placed our feet; sometimes a stone would roll from under us, or come scampering down from above, to the manifest danger of our heads—a common occurrence in these regions, in consequence of the scanty soil in which huge stones are embedded having been softened by the rain. Indeed it not unusually happens, immense rocks, of many tons weight, are detached from the higher regions, and, rushing down with inconceivable violence, gather force as they come, whirling from point to point, and carrying down every thing they come in contact with, bound into the very middle of the glacier, where their progress is stopped by some enormous chasms, whose icy jaws receive them, but, being too large to swallow, here they stick, and form, in many instances, the only mode of communication from one berg to another.

Picking our way in this manner for some time, we came to a startling difficulty, namely, an immense rock, round whose smooth face it was necessary to pass.—We had been gradually mounting for some time. It rose fully five hundred feet above us, and below us sunk sixty; it was nearly perpendicular. Here we lost all path, of course, and the only possibility of crossing it was by a ledge, a few inches wide, barely sufficient to hitch one foot on whilst we put the other forward; its stony surface did not afford a shrub or blade of grass to steady one's self by. We crossed it by cautiously placing one foot before the other, and, as it inclined a little by leaning inwards, rather a delicate operation, as the slightest awkwardness would have overbalanced us, and nothing could have prevented our pitching at once to the bottom. At last we came to a cursed gully, over which it was necessary to step, and then mount about four feet to regain the ledge:

my companion took the lead and climbed up. I followed and accomplished it with much difficulty, my progress being impeded by the pole, which left me but one hand at liberty. Once past the gully, a few paces over the ledge brought us to the other side, and we regained the path (if so it might be called) once more.

As we continued our course, we found many of the rocks undermined by large masses of earth having fallen from them, leaving spacious caverns, through whose porous roofs the water continually dripped. Here we rested a few minutes and refreshed ourselves with a glass of wine, my companion having fortunately brought a flagon with him. Resuming our march, we scrambled on much in the same manner for two hours longer. We were now approaching the upper end of the glacier, and found the ice smoother and whiter, as if snow had recently fallen, so we determined to cross (the Garden being on the opposite side). This we accomplished easily enough, until nearly over, when our progress was impeded by large banks of ice, fourteen or fifteen feet high, dirty and rotten; round these we were obliged to wind our somewhat weary way, occasionally stopping to breathe and look about us.

I had observed for some time past a change gradually taking place in the weather: the sky was overcast; the clouds were gathering on the mountains' tops, getting darker and lower, and at last assumed the murky grey appearance sailors call 'greasy,' and which foreboded, not a transient shower, but a settled rain. I mentioned it to my companion, and hinted the propriety of turning back. I represented the extremely disagreeable situation we should be placed in, were my prognostics fulfilled—a distance of fully three hours from "the Refuge" by the quickest rate of travelling, and with the glacier again to cross, in a narrow valley, where the slightest concussion, even speaking loudly, was sufficient to detach the masses of snow which but slightly adhered to the rocks immediately above us—much more so, when the rain, and its accompanying evils, might render our return difficult, if not dangerous. My objections were overruled, and we continued to wade on through the mud, but were scarcely over, when a lengthened peal of thunder burst through the sullen air, and striking from rock to rock, prolonged itself in countless echoes. Large drops of rain fell wide, and pattered heavily on the ice; a thick, black mist spread itself on every side; the gloom was terrific, heightening the natural horrors of the place; it caused even my companion to pause, and reluctantly to forego his purpose; so, much to my satisfaction, we turned our faces towards the Hospice, far hidden from our sight.

We proposed, instead of recrossing the glacier where we were, to keep along on the same side until we could discover the Chalet, and then attempt a passage—and this was the cause of all our misfortunes. No time was to be lost—the rain increased—the lightning

flashed—and the thunder bellowed fearfully from time to time. We strode on as fast as the broken ground would allow, keeping down along the edge of the glacier and under the rocks for about an hour, and then prepared to cross obliquely to some point, from whence we might reach the Refuge. We had insensibly repassed all the smoother ice, which had so recently afforded us a safe and easy passage, and got to enormous ridges of frozen snow, of perhaps 15 feet in height, covered with earth and pebbles—the *debris* which had fallen in showers from the heights above.

Making our way slowly and with difficulty between these masses, we came to the *real glacier*, which had, however, completely changed its character; instead of the comparatively smooth ice, covered with a coat of frozen snow, we found the blocks larger and the seams wider, and to be traversed with increasing difficulty. It was no pleasing thing to stand on a block of slippery ice, and jump across a chasm of unknown depth, upon a lump equally slippery, at the hazard of missing our footing and gliding beyond all possible relief.

After passing over some awkward places, we found it difficult, if not impossible, to return, and must therefore keep on at all hazards: and here we began to feel the full weight of our folly; the tempest was increasing frightfully; the lightning flashed across our eyes; the thunder roared; and the wind, in fitful gusts, dashed the rain in our faces: whilst the black mist, like a pall over Nature's dying face, heightened the savage gloom around us. Of course, we soon got wet through, but made the best of our way onwards.

The "bergs" now became more isolated; the seams increased to chasms; it was often necessary to walk round a piece more than once, to discover the means of passing over to another; many were only connected with each other by a narrow slip of ice, affording a perilous and insecure footing, every other part being encircled by a chasm of perhaps eight feet distant—much too wide to think of jumping. The sides of these chasms were rounded by continual rains, and the surface of the ice rendered exceedingly slippery by that now falling. In this manner, alternately advancing and receding, we got to the centre, and our situation was awful; the rain poured in torrents; our clothes stuck to the skin; in spite of the necessary exertions, my hands and feet were numbened by the cold, walking on the wet glassy ice, in shoes thin at the first, but now trodden down at heel, and burst at the sides. The water "squashing" through them, it was with the greatest difficulty I could keep them on my feet; and this proved to be very fortunate, as, had they been thick and strong, I could never have kept my footing on the ice, and must have thrown them off and gone without—rather unpleasant to have walked barefooted over such a road for four or five hours.

At last we jumped down upon a block of ice, and found it completely separated from the others by a crevice several feet wide, into which an enormous block of granite had wedged itself, and over this it was necessary to pass from one to the other: it rested high over the terrible gulf, whose sleek and crystal sides ran down to unknown depths; the stone was narrow. The piece of ice we wished to cross to was much lower than the one we were on; so, supposing we got over the stone in safety, and found our farther passage impracticable, we could not get back again, as to climb up the stone again was impossible. We were obliged to run all hazards, and quickly too. We gazed upon each other for some time in silence. There was no alternative. My friend mounted first: he sat astride, and, placing his hands forward upon the rock, drew himself along, until he reached the middle, when it was necessary to turn, (a most perilous thing to accomplish,) and slide down upon his stomach. However, he got safely over, and then my turn came, and with thoughts far from agreeable I climbed up on the stone, and when I came to turn and embrace the cold dirty stone, its chill seemed to strike to the heart. Nevertheless, I slid down, and my companion assisted to "land me" in safety.

We continued our course in a sad plight, our minds absorbed in the dangers it was evident we should have to encounter. We crossed another chasm over a similar stone, and when down, we found ourselves upon a large berg, cut off from all communication with the rest, except in one place, and that by a passage so perilous that it seemed hopeless to attempt it. It was a narrow wasted ridge of ice, like a wall, the upper edge worn so thin by the action of the elements as to be but little thicker than a horse's backbone, though it got broader downwards; it might be twenty feet across. This my companion declared it was impossible to cross, and we sat down in mute despair.

Here we were, cut off from all hope of assistance, far beyond the sight and hearing of human beings. I hallooed, but I felt at the time how hopelessly.

In such a situation, how many thoughts crowd on the mind. I thought of home and of the few still left, who might make a nine-days' wonder of us whilst sitting round a bright fire, should the news ever reach them; but even that was scarcely probable;—we might be seen, perhaps, but not alive, as we could never have survived the night; and what a death to die! by cold and hunger, in regions of ice and snow! After sitting some time, and taking a gloomy glance around, my companion resolved to try the desperate alternative: he said, truly enough, to remain where we were was certain destruction, and we could but attempt to pass over, even though the failure would accelerate our otherwise inevitable fate. No time was to be lost, and we prepared to cross the ridge, narrow as the

bridge which leadeth to the Mahometan paradise, and almost as hopeless to attempt.

My companion took the lead. The end of the ridge next us was somewhat lower than the block of ice we were on, and sunk down in the middle with a slight curve—and at the other end it rose about four feet. My friend sat down with his legs hanging over the yawning abyss, and lowering himself upon the ridge, placed his hands before him, drew his body along, precisely as you may have seen boys draw themselves along a scaffold-pole laid horizontally; we had the advantage, however, of steadying ourselves by pressing our legs against the ice. Having in this manner got nearly over, and to where it began to rise, the greatest caution was necessary in rising on his feet, in order to draw himself up upon the block of solid ice.

I watched his progress with intense anxiety, and then it was my turn to follow. My heart sunk within me—my companion stood on the other side and encouraged me. I threw my pole over to him, and then sat down on the edge of this awful chasm. My sensations were horrible indeed; nothing short of absolute despair would have tempted me to undertake it. However, I stretched my legs over this icy saddle: the pelting rain was running off in numberless rills; the rough, uneven, jagged edge struck a chill upon my very heart; my clothes were stiff and frozen on me; my hands and feet benumbed with cold; almost shoeless, and the skin torn off my fingers by the rough ice and small stones scattered over the glacier. I moved slowly and steadily onwards; I looked down on either side the yawning gulf below me—I felt the necessity of collecting all my energies—it was the calmness of despair. I uttered no sound; poised as I was, the slightest swerve either way and I should lose my balance, and then all would be over. I drew myself along, and steadied myself by pressing my legs against the glassy ice; and then, when almost over, I had to raise myself upon my feet to mount the solid block—the most nervous of all. I gathered one foot up, and by the help of the pole which my companion extended to me slowly rose and stood upon the narrow, slippery edge, and gained the block in safety. Once more together, what was next to be done?

The storm raged in unabated fury—the sun was sinking:—in these regions the daylight quickly fades—were darkness to overtake us, far from assistance, uncertain of what we might yet have to undergo—only overcoming one danger to encounter another—had any accident happened to my companion, I feel convinced I should have been unable to make an effort to assist him; indeed, from the nature of the place, without ropes and ladders, it would have been useless.—Reflections, like these, although they urged us to desperate undertakings, tended but little to comfort us;—my companion's iron mind gave way to bitterness.

We made the best of our way onwards, with

tolerable ease, for some time, often however, after having proceeded an hundred paces, obliged to return, and take another direction, it being impossible to see the difficulties until we came to them. In many instances we had to jump down upon a block, and over a narrow chasm, and were unable to return, as well from the slipperiness and the unyielding nature of the material, as from the impossibility of jumping *up and over a crevice at the same time*. At last we leaped down upon a large block of this description, and, to our horror, found it *quite isolated*—chasms fairly all round us—ghastly icy walls—horrible to contemplate. The chasm which separated the block nearest to us, was fully six feet across. It was not so much the distance, as the uncertainty of being able to keep our footing when over—we could not of course take a standing leap, and there was great difficulty in running on the surface, slipperiness with rain.

My companion thought it could not be done: however, as I had for some time conceived our escape hopeless, I became careless of what might befall me. I threw my staff over, and, retiring a few paces, sprang over, and came with nose and knees on the ice with considerable violence, too happy in having accomplished the main object to care much about the minor evil of peeling my “flippers” against the sharp corners, and alighting upon the ice with a force which shook me to the centre. My companion followed, and fortunately this proved the last of our dangers; and so powerfully had we been excited for the last three hours, that difficulties and disagreeables were now passed by unheeded. We found the remaining part of the glacier tolerably connected, and, after floundering about for some time, had the happiness to come to terra firma, at the bottom of the rocks, near the spot where we stopped for refreshment in the morning.

We hurried along as fast as the rude track would allow us, my fingers and legs smarting from the wounds they had received; but although our progress was far from pleasant, (it poured a deluge still,) the dangers we had so wonderfully escaped, impressed our minds with indescribable feelings of thankfulness—we seemed almost miraculously to have been rescued from an inevitable and awful death. And now the pangs of hunger assailed us; we had eaten nothing since six o'clock in the morning; it was at this time four in the afternoon, and we had far to go. We had been too earnestly engaged for some hours to think of eating, or indeed to feel an appetite. My friend had a little wine left, which we shared. Our road lay along the edge of the glacier, and at last we came to the “barefaced rock” we passed in the morning. This was a *difficulty*—in fact, a *danger*, though not equal to what we had overcome; so we thought less of it—*once over*, we knew all would be well. It had been made very slippery by the wet. Mr. M. went first, and with his assistance I got over too; that

done, he pushed on for the Chalet, which shortly after appeared in sight. I followed as quickly as I could, and about five o'clock got safely housed.

None but those who had undergone the harassing fears and fatigues we had just encountered, could duly appreciate the value of the assistance afforded us by such an establishment in such a place, on the summit of a lonely mountain, high up above the habitable world. Fresh logs were piled upon the fire; stripped to the skin, and, wrapping myself in a blanket, discussed oceans of warm brandy and water, whilst my clothes were drying; safe and comfortable, and once more enlivened by human faces. The rain continued, and when the door was opened, the clouds were *scudding* past us with fearful rapidity—so great was our height.

My companion, after resting a short time, set off for our quarters at Chamouni, to get dinner ready, and some dry cloths, against my arrival, leaving me to follow at leisure. Shortly after, five or six men arrived at the Chalet; they had been on the opposite mountains, gathering a flock of sixty sheep, which had been scattered the day before by a wolf who came down from the recesses of Mont Blanc. The men had ascended early in the morning from Argentiére, and had, like ourselves, been exposed to the elements, but had not encountered our dangers, being well acquainted with the place; they were dripping wet, and benumbed with cold, and had gathered all the flock but four. One man brought with him the remnants of a sheep, which had been torn in pieces. The shepherds said, they had seen two people on the ice in the morning, but conceived it an impossibility to cross the glacier where we did, and wondered at our escape.

After staying some time, I again put on my half-dried clothes, and set off down the mountain for Chamouni; it rained heavily, and in ten minutes I was as wet as ever; the rain blew in my face, and made the clayey path very slippery. However, partly by sliding, and partly by scrambling and catching hold of the roots of the pine trees, in about three quarters of an hour I got to the bottom. The whole valley was enveloped with mist, through which the lower parts of the mountains alone were visible. A mile and a half farther, brought me to the inn, in as comfortless a plight as any poor fellow needed to be, literally wringing wet. A tub of warm water, a change of clothes, and a good dinner, speedily set all to rights, and, bating my bruised legs and fingers, a little stiffness, and the fright, the next morning found me as well as ever.

Being in delicate health, I was fearful the long exposure to the rain, and being half frozen into the bargain, might be attended with serious consequences; but this time I came off “Scot free,” and setting off next morning for Geneva, we walked the whole distance (sixty miles) in two days.

P. S. I have since heard the people in the

Chalet considered our escape miraculous. I scrawled some lines in the Mountain Album, warning people not "to go and do likewise."

Thus I have had good cause to remember the lines of the poet,

"Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains
They crown'd him long ago,
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A LATE PHYSICIAN.

THE SPECTRE SMITTEN.

Few topics of medical literature have occasioned more wide and contradictory speculation than that of insanity, with reference, as well to its predisposing and immediate causes, as its best method of treatment;—since experience is the only substratum of real knowledge, the easiest and surest way of arriving at those general principles which may regulate both our pathological and therapeutical research, especially concerning the subtle, almost inscrutable disorder—mania—is, when one does meet with some striking, well-marked case, to watch it closely throughout, and be particularly anxious to seize on all those smaller features, those more transient evanescent indications which are truer characteristics of the complaint than perhaps any other. With this object did I pay close attention to the very singular and affecting case detailed in the following narrative. I have not given the whole of my observations—far from it; those only are recorded which seemed to me to have some claims to the consideration of both medical and general readers. The apparent eccentricity of the title will be found accounted for in the course of the narrative.

Mr. M——, as one of a very large party, had been enjoying the splendid hospitality of Lady ——, and did not leave till a late—or rather, early, hour in the morning. Pretty women, music, and champaign, had almost turned his head; and it was rather fortunate for him that a hackney-coach stand was within a stone's throw of the house he was leaving. Muffling his cloak closely around him, he contrived to move towards it in a tolerably direct line, and a few moments time beheld him driving, at the usual snail's pace of those rickety vehicles, to Lincoln's-Inn; for Mr. M—— was a law student. In spite of the transient exhilaration produced by the scenes he had just quitted, and the excitement consequent on the prominent share he took in an animated discussion, in the presence of about thirty of the most elegant women that could well be brought together, he found himself becoming the subject of a most unaccountable depression of spirits. Even while at Lady ——'s, he had latterly perceived himself talking often for mere talking's sake—the chain of his thoughts perpetually broken—and an impatience and irritability of manner towards those

Museum.—Vol. XVIII.

whom he addressed, which he readily resolved into the reaction following high excitement. M——, I ought before, perhaps, to have mentioned, was a man of great talent, chiefly, however, imaginative, and had that evening been particularly brilliant on his favourite topic—diablerie and mysticism; towards which he generally contrived to incline every conversation in which he bore a part. He had been dilating, in particular, on the power which Mr. Maturin had of exciting the most fearful and horrid ideas in the mind of his readers, instancing one of his romances, the title of which I have forgotten. Long before he had reached home the fumes of wine had evaporated, and the influence of excitement subsided; and, with reference to intoxication, he was as sober and calm as ever he was in his life. Why—he knew not, but his heart seemed to grow heavier and heavier, and his thoughts gloomier, every step by which he neared Lincoln's-Inn. It struck three o'clock as he entered the sombrous portals of the ancient inn of court. The perfect silence, the moon-light shining sadly on the dusky buildings—the cold quivering stars—all these, together, combined to enhance his nervousness. He described it to me as though things seemed to wear a strange, spectral, supernatural aspect. Not a watchman of the inn was heard crying the hour—not a porter moving—no living being but himself visible in the large square he was crossing. As he neared his staircase, he felt his heart fluttering; in short, he felt under some strange unaccountable influence, which, had he reflected a little, he would have discovered to arise merely from an excitable nervous temperament, operating on an imagination peculiarly attuned to sympathise with terror. His chambers lay on the third floor of the staircase; and on reaching it, he found his door lamp glimmering with its last expiring ray. He opened his door, and after groping some time in the dark of his sitting-room, found his chamber candlestick. In attempting to light it, he put out the lamp. He went down stairs, but found that the lamp of every landing had shared the fate of his own; so he returned, rather irritated, thinking to amerce the porter of his customary Christmas-box for his niggard supply of oil. After some time spent in the search, he discovered his tinder-box, and proceeded to strike a light. This was not the work of a moment. And where is the bachelor to whom it is? The potent spark, however, dropped at last into the very centre of the tinder. M—— blew—it caught—spread—the match quickly kindled, and he lighted his candle. He took it in his hand, and was making for bed, when his eyes caught a glimpse of an object which brought him senseless to the floor. The furniture of his room was disposed as when he had left it; for his landress had neglected to come and put things in order; the table, with a few books on it drawn towards the fire-place, and by its side the ample-cushioned easy-chair. The first

No. 105.—2 A

object visible with sudden distinctness, was a figure sitting in the arm-chair. It was that of a gentleman, dressed in dark-coloured clothes, his hands, white as alabaster, closed together over his lap, and the face looking away; but it turned slowly towards M—, revealing to him a countenance of a ghastly hue—the features glowing like steel heated to a white heat, and the two eyes turned full towards him, and blazing—absolutely blazing—he described it—with a most horrible lustre. The appalling spectre, while M—'s eyes were riveted upon it, though glazing fast with fright, slowly rose from its seat, stretched out both its arms, and seemed approaching him, when he fell down senseless on the floor, as if smitten with apoplexy. He recollected nothing more, till he found himself, about the middle of the next day, in bed, his laundress, myself, an apothecary, and several others, standing round him. His situation was not discovered till more than an hour after he had fallen, as nearly as could be subsequently ascertained, nor would it then but for a truly fortunate accident. He had neglected to close either of his outer-doors, (I believe it is usual for chambers in the inns of court to have double outer-doors,) and a woman, who happened to be leaving the adjoining set, about five o'clock, on seeing Mr. M—'s doors both open at such an untimely hour, was induced, by feelings of curiosity and alarm, to return to the rooms she had left for a light, with which she entered his chambers, after having repeatedly called his name without receiving any answer. What will it be supposed had been her occupation at such an early hour in the adjoining chambers? Laying out the corpse of their occupant, a Mr. T—, who had expired about eight o'clock the preceding evening!

Mr. M— had known him, though not very intimately; and there were some painful circumstances attending his death, which, even though on no other grounds than mere sympathy, M— had laid much to heart. In addition to this, he had been observed by his friends as being latterly the subject of very high excitement, owing to the successful prosecution of an affair of great interest and importance. We all accounted for his present situation, by referring it to some apoplectic seizure; for we were of course ignorant of the real occasion, fright, which I did not learn till long afterwards. The laundress told me that she found Mr. M—, to her great terror, stretched motionless along the floor, in his cloak and full dress, and with a candlestick lying beside him. She at first supposed him drunk; but on finding all her efforts to rouse him unsuccessful, and seeing his fixed features and rigid frame, she hastily summoned to her assistance a fellow laundress, whom she had left in charge of the corpse next door, undressed him, and laid him on the bed. A neighbouring medical man was then called in, who pronounced it to be a case of epilepsy; and he was sufficiently warranted by the appearance of a little froth about the lips

—prolonged stupor, resembling sleep—and frequent convulsions of the most violent kind. The remedies resorted to produced no alleviation of the symptoms: and matters continued to wear such a threatening and alarming aspect, that I was summoned in by his brother, and was at his bedside by two o'clock. His countenance was dark and highly intellectual: its lineaments were naturally full of power and energy; but now overclouded with an expression of trouble and horror. He was seized with a dreadful fit soon after I had entered the room. Oh, it is a piteous and shocking spectacle to see the human frame subject to such demoniacal twittings, and contortions, which are so sudden—so irresistible, as to give the idea of some vague, terrible exciting cause, which cannot be discovered; as though the sufferer lay passive in the grasp of some messenger of darkness “sent to buffet him.”*

M— was a very powerful man; and during the fits, it was next to impossible for all present, united, to control his movements. The foam at his mouth suggested to his terrified brother the harrowing suspicion that the case was one of hydrophobia. None of my remonstrances or assurances to the contrary sufficed to quiet him, and his distress added to the confusion of the scene. After prescribing to the best of my ability, I left, considering the case to be one of simple epilepsy. During the rest of the day and night, the fits abated both in violence and frequency; but he was left in a state of the utmost exhaustion, from which, however, he seemed to be rapidly recovering,

* The popular etymology of the word *epilepsy*, sanctioned by several reputable class-books of the profession, which are now lying before me—i. e. “*επειλη*” is totally erroneous, and more—nonsensical. For the information of general readers, I may state, that its true derivation is from *επιλαμβάνω*, through its Ionic obsolete form *επιλαμβάνω*: whence *επιλαμβάνω*—‘a seizing’ ‘a holding fast.’ Therefore we speak of an *ATTACK* of epilepsy. This etymology is highly descriptive of the disease in question; for the sudden prostration, rigidity, contortions, &c. of the patient, strongly suggest the idea that he has been *taken or seized* (*επιλαμβάνω*) by, as it were, some external, invisible agent. It is worthy of notice, by the way, that *επειλη* is used by ecclesiastical writers to denote a person *possessed by a demon*. *Επειλη*, signifies simply ‘failure, deficiency.’ I shall conclude this note with a practical illustration of the necessity which calls it forth—the correction of a prevalent error. A flippant student who, I was given to understand, plumed himself much among his companions on his Greek, was suddenly asked by one of his examiners for a definition of *epilepsy*, grounded on its etymology. I forgot the definition, which was given with infinite self-sufficiency of tone and manner; but the fine trick of scholarship with which it was finished off, I well recollect:—“From *επειλη*—(*επιλαμβάνω*)—I fail, am wanting;” therefore, sir, epilepsy is a *failure animal functions!*”—The same sage definition is regularly given by a well-known metropolitan lecturer!

during the space of the four succeeding days; when I was suddenly summoned to his bedside, which I had left only two hours before, with the intelligence that he had disclosed symptoms of more alarming illness than ever. I hurried to his chambers, and found that the danger had not been magnified. One of his friends met me on the staircase, and told me that about half an hour before, while he and Mr. C—— M——, the patient's brother, were sitting beside him, he suddenly turned to the latter, and enquired, in a tone full of apprehension and terror—"Is Mr. T—— dead?"

"Oh dear, yes—he died several days ago"—was the reply.

"Then it was he"—he gasped—"it was he whom I saw, and he is surely *damned*! Yes, merciful Maker!—he is—he is!" he continued, elevating his voice to a perfect roar—"and the flames have reduced his face to ashes!—Horror! horror! horror!"—He then shut his eyes, and relapsed into silence for about ten minutes: when he exclaimed—"Hark you, there—secure me! tie me! make me fast, or I shall burst upon you and destroy you all—for I'm going mad—I feel it!"—He ceased, and commenced breathing fast and heavily—his chest heaving as though under the pressure of enormous weight; and his swelling, quivering features, evidencing the dreadful uproar within. Presently he began to grind his teeth, and his expanding eyes glared about in all directions, as though following the motions of some frightful object, and muttering fiercely through his closed teeth—"Oh save me from him—save me—save me!"—It was a fearful thing to see him lying in such a state—grinding his teeth as though he would crush them to powder—his livid lips crested with foam—his features swollen—writhing—blackening; and, which gave his face a peculiar horrible and fiendish expression, his eyes distorted, or inverted upwards, so that nothing but the glaring whites of them could be seen—his whole frame rigid—and his hands clenched, as though they would never open again!—it is a dreadful tax on one's nerves to have to encounter such objects, familiar though medical men are with such and similar spectacles; and in the present instance, every one round the bedside of the unfortunate patient, stood trembling with pale and momentarily-averted faces. The ghastly, fixed, upturning of the eyes in epileptic patients, fills me with horror whenever I recall their image to my mind!

The return of these epileptic fits, in such violence, and after such an interval, alarmed me with apprehensions, lest, as is not unfrequently the case, apoplexy should supervene, or even ultimate insanity. It was rather singular that M—— was never known to have had an epileptic fit previous to the present seizure, and he was then in his twenty-fifth year. I was conjecturing what sudden fright or blow, or accident of any kind, or congestion of the vessels of the brain from frequent inebriation,

could have brought on the present fit—when my patient, whose features had gradually sunk again into their natural disposition, gave a sigh of exhaustion—the perspiration burst forth, and he murmured—some time before we could distinctly catch the words—"Oh—spectre-smitten!—spectre-smitten!"—which expression I have adopted as the title of this paper—"I shall never recover again!"—though sufficiently surprised, and perplexed about the import of the words, we took no notice of them; but endeavored to divert his thoughts from the phantasy, if such there were, which seemed to possess them, by enquiring into the nature of his symptoms. He disregarded us, however; feebly grasped my hand in his clammy fingers, and looking at me languidly, muttered—"What—Oh, what brought the fiend into my chambers?"—and I felt his whole frame pervaded by a cold shiver—"Poor T——! Horrid fate!" On hearing him mention T——'s name, we all looked simultaneously at one another, but without speaking; for a suspicion crossed our minds, that his highly wrought feelings, acting on a strong imagination, always tainted with superstitious terrors, had conjured up some hideous object, which had scared him nearly to madness—probably some fancied apparition of his deceased neighbour. He began again to utter long deep-drawn groans, that gradually gave place to the heavy stertorous breathing, which, with other symptoms—his pulse, for instance, beating about 115 a minute—confirmed me in the opinion that he was suffering from a very severe congestion of the vessels of the brain. I directed copious venesection—his head to be shaven, and covered perpetually with cloths soaked in evaporating lotions—and blisters behind his ears, and at the nape of the neck—and appropriate internal medicines. I then left him, apprehending the worst consequences; for I had once before a similar case under my care—one in which a young lady was, which I strongly suspected to be the case with M——, absolutely frightened to death, and went through nearly the same round of symptoms as were beginning to make their appearance in my present patient; a sudden epileptic seizure, terminating in outrageous madness, which destroyed both the physical and intellectual energies, and the young lady expired. I may possibly hereafter prepare for publication some of my notes of *her* case, which had some very remarkable features.

The next morning, about eleven, saw me again at Mr. M——'s chambers, where I found three or four members of his family—two of them his married sisters—seated round his sitting room fire, in melancholy silence. Mr. ——, the apothecary, had just left, but was expected to return every moment, to meet me in consultation. My patient lay alone in his bedroom, asleep, and apparently better than he had been since his first seizure. He had had only one slight fit during the night; and though he

had been a little delirious in the earlier part of the evening, he had been on the whole so calm and quiet, that his friends' apprehensions of insanity were beginning to subside; so he was left, as I said, *alone*; for the nurse, just before my arrival, had left her seat by his bedside for a few moments, thinking him "in a comfortable and easy nap," and was engaged, in a low whisper, conversing with the members of M's family who were in the sitting-room. Hearing such a report of my patient, I sat down quietly among his relations, determining not to disturb him, at least till the arrival of the apothecary. Thus were we engaged, questioning the nurse in an under-tone, when a loud laugh from the bed-room suddenly silenced our whisperings, and turned us all pale. We started to our feet, with blank amazement in each countenance, scarcely crediting the evidence of our senses. Could it be M—? It must; there was none else in the room. What, then, was he laughing about?

While we were standing silently gazing on one other, with much agitation, the laugh was repeated, but longer and louder than before, accompanied with the sound of footsteps, now crossing the room—then, as if of one jumping! The ladies turned paler than before, and seemed scarcely able to stand. They sunk again into their chairs, gasping with terror. "Go in, nurse, and see what's the matter," said I, standing by the side of the younger of the ladies, whom I expected every instant to fall into my arms in a swoon.

"Doctor!—go in!—I—I—I dare not!" stammered the nurse, pale as ashes, and trembling violently.

"Do you come here, then, and attend to Mrs. —," said I, "and I will go in."

The nurse staggered to my place, in a state not far removed from that of the lady whom she was called to attend; for a third laugh—long—loud—uproarious—had burst from the room while I was speaking. After cautioning the ladies and the nurse to observe profound silence, and not to attempt following me, till I sent for them, I stepped noiselessly to the bed-room door, and opened it slowly and softly, not to alarm him. All was silent within; but the first object that presented itself when I saw fairly into the room, can never be effaced from my mind to the day of my death. Mr. M— had got out of bed, pulled off his shirt, and stepped to the dressing-table, where he stood stark-naked before the glass, with a razor in his right hand, with which he had just finished shaving off his eye-brows; and he was eyeing himself steadfastly in the glass, holding the razor elevated above his head. On seeing the door open, and my face peering at him, he turned full towards me—(the grotesque aspect of his countenance denuded of so prominent a feature as the eye-brows, and his head completely shaved, and the wild fire of madness flashing from his staring eyes, exciting the most frightful ideas)—brandishing the razor over his head with an

air of triumph, and shouting nearly at the top of his voice—"Ah, ha, ha!—what do you think of this?"

Merciful Powers! May I never be placed again in such perilous circumstances, nor have my mind overwhelmed with such a gush of horror as burst over it at that moment! What was I to do? Obeying a sudden impulse, I had entered the room, shutting the door after me; and, should any one in the sitting-room suddenly attempt to open it again, or make a noise or disturbance of any kind, by giving vent to their emotions, what was to become of the madman or ourselves? He might, in an instant, almost sever his head from his shoulders, or burst upon me or his sisters, and do us some deadly mischief! I felt conscious that the lives of all of us depended on my conduct; and I do devoutly thank God for the measure of tolerable self-possession which was vouchsafed me at that dreadful moment. I continued standing like a statue—motionless—silent—endeavoring to fix my eye on him, that I might gain the command of *his*; that successful, I had some hopes of being able to deal with him. He, in turn, now stood speechless—and I thought he was quailing—that I had overmastered him—when I was suddenly fit to faint with despair—for at that awful instant I heard the door-handle tried—the door pushed gently open—and the nurse, I supposed—or one of the ladies—peeping through it. The maniac also heard it—the spell was broken—and, in a frenzy, he leaped several times successively in the air, brandishing the razor over his head as before.

While he was in the midst of these feats, I turned my head hurriedly to the person who had so shamefully disobeyed my orders, and thereby jeopardied my life—whispered in low, affrighted accents—"At the peril of your lives—of mine, shut the door, away—away—hush! or we are all murdered!" I was obeyed—the intruder withdrew, and I heard a sound as if she had fallen to the floor—probably in a swoon. Fortunately the madman was so occupied with his antics, that he did not observe what had passed at the door. It was the nurse who made the attempt to discover what was going on, I afterwards learnt—but unsuccessfully, for she had seen nothing. My injunctions were obeyed to the letter, for they maintained a profound silence, unbroken but by a faint sighing sound, which I should not have heard, but that my ears were painfully sensitive to the slightest noise. But to return to myself, and my fearful chamber companion.

"Mighty talisman!" he exclaimed, holding the razor before him, and gazing earnestly at it, "how utterly unworthy—how infamous the common use men put thee to!" Still he continued standing, with his eyes fixed intently upon the deadly weapon—I all the while uttering not a sound, nor moving a muscle, but waiting for our eyes to meet once more.

"Ha—Doctor—How easily I keep

you at bay, though little my weapon-----thus!"-----he exclaimed gaily, at the same time assuming one of the postures of the broadsword exercise-----but I observed that he cautiously avoided meeting my eye again. I crossed my arms submissively on my breast, and continued in perfect silence, endeavouring, but in vain, to catch a glance of his eye. I did not wish to excite any emotion in him, except such as might have a tendency to calm, pacify, disarm him. Seeing me stand thus, and manifesting no disposition to meddle with him, he raised his left hand to his face, and rubbed his fingers rapidly over the site of his shaved eyebrows. He seemed, I thought, inclined to go over them a second time, when a knock was heard at the outer chamber door, which I instantly recognized as that of Mr. —, the apothecary. The madman also heard it, turned suddenly pale, and moved away from the glass opposite which he had been stooping, "Oh—oh!" he groaned, while his features assumed an air of the blankest affright, every muscle quivering, and every limb trembling from head to foot. "Is that—is—is that T—— come for me?" He let fall the razor on the floor, and clasping his hands in an agony of apprehension, he retreated, crouching and cowering down, towards the more distant part of the room, where he continued peering round the bed-post, his eyes straining as though they would start from their sockets, and fixed steadfastly upon the door. I heard him rustling the bed-curtain, and shaking it; but very gently, as if wishing to cover and conceal himself within its folds.

Oh, humanity!—Was that poor being—that silly slaving idiot—was that the once gay, gifted, brilliant M——?

To return. My attention was wholly occupied with one object, the razor on the floor. How I thanked God for the gleam of hope that all might yet be right—that I might succeed in obtaining possession of the deadly weapon, and putting it beyond his reach! But how was I to do all this! I stole gradually towards the spot where the razor lay, without removing once my eye from his, nor he his from the dreaded door, intending, as soon as I should have come pretty near it, to make a sudden snatch at the horrid implement of destruction. I did—I succeeded. I got it into my possession, scarcely crediting my senses. I had hardly grasped my prize, when the door opened, and Mr —, the apothecary, entered, sufficiently startled and bewildered, as it may be supposed, with the strange aspect of things.

"Ha—ha—ha! It's you, is it—it's you—your anatomy! You plaster! How dare you mock me in this horrid way, eh?" shouted the maniac, and springing like a lion from his lair, he made for the spot where the confounded apothecary stood, stupefied with terror. I verily believe he would have been destroyed, torn to pieces, or cruelly maltreated in some way or other, had I not started and thrown

myself between him and the unwitting object of his vengeance, exclaiming at the same time, as a 'dernier resort,' a sudden and strong appeal to his fears, "Remember!-----T——! T——! T——!"

"I do—I do!" stammered the maniac, stepping back, perfectly aghast. He seemed utterly petrified, and sunk shivering down again into his former position at the corner of the bed, moaning—"Oh me! wretched me!—Away---away---away!" I then stepped to Mr. —, who had not moved an inch, directed him to retire instantly, conduct all the females out of the chambers, and return immediately with two or three of the inn-porters, or any other able-bodied men he could procure on the spur of the moment; and I concluded by slipping the razor unobservedly, as I thought, into his hands, and bidding him remove it to a place of safety. He obeyed, and I found myself once more alone with the madman.

"M——!--dear Mr. M——!--I've got something to say to you—I have, indeed; it's very—very particular!" I commenced approaching him slowly, and speaking in the softest tones conceivable.

"But you've forgotten THIS, you fool, you—you have!" he replied fiercely, approaching the dressing table, and suddenly seizing ANOTHER RAZOR---the fellow of the one I had got hold of with such pains and peril---and which, alas, alas! had never once caught my eye! I gave myself up for lost, fully expecting that I should be murdered, when I saw the blood-thirsty spirit with which he clutched it, brandished it over his head, and with a smile of fiendish derision, shook it full before me! I trembled, however, the next moment, for himself, for he drew it rapidly to and fro before his throat, as though he would give the fatal gash, but did not touch the skin. He gnashed his teeth with a kind of savage satisfaction at the dreadful power with which he was consciously armed.

"Oh, Mr. M——! think of your poor mother and sisters!" I exclaimed in a sorrowful tone, my voice faltering with uncontrollable agitation. He shook the razor again before me with an air of defiance, and really "grinned horribly a ghastly smile."

"Now suppose I choose to finish your perfidy, you wretch! and do what you dread, eh?" said he, holding the razor as if he was going to cut his throat.

"Why, wouldn't it be nobler to forgive and forget, Mr. M——?" I replied with tolerable firmness, and folding my arms on my breast, anxious to appear quite at ease.

"Too---too---too, doctor!--Too---too---too---too!--Ha, by the way!--What do you say to a razor hornpipe---eh?---Ha, ha, ha---a novelty, at least!" He began forthwith to dance a few steps, leaping frantically high, and uttering, at intervals, a sudden, shrill, dissonant cry, resembling that used by those who dance

the Highland "fling," or some other species of Scottish dance. I affected to admire his dancing, even to ecstasy, clapping my hands, and shouting "Bravo, bravo!--Encore!" He seemed inclined to go over it again, but was too much exhausted, and sat down panting, on the window-seat, which was close behind him.

"You'll catch cold, Mr. M---, sitting in that draught of air, naked, and perspiring as you are. Will you put on your clothes?" said I, approaching him.

"No!" he replied sternly, and extending the razor threateningly. I fell back, of course—not knowing what to do, nor choosing to risk either his destruction or my own by attempting any active interference; for what was to be done with a madman who had an open razor in his hand? Mr. ---, the apothecary, seemed to have been gone an age; and I found even my temper beginning to fail me, for I was tired with his tricks, deadly dangerous as they were. My attention, however, was soon riveted again on the motions of the maniac. "Yes, yes, decidedly so—I'm too hot to do it now—I am!" said he, wiping the perspiration from his forehead, and eyeing the razor intently. "I must get calm and cool, and then—then for the sacrifice! Ah, ha, the sacrifice! An offering, expiation—even as Abraham---ha, ha, ha! But, by the way, how did Abraham do it—that is, how did he intend to have done it? Ah, I must ask my familiar!"

"A sacrifice, Mr. M---? Why, what do you mean?" I enquired, attempting a laugh—*I say attempting*---for my blood trickled chillily through my veins, and my heart seemed frozen.

"What do I mean, eh? Wretch! Dolt!--What do I mean? Why, a peace-offering to my Maker, for a badly-spent life, to be sure! One would think you had never heard of such a thing as religion---you sow!"

"I deny that the sacrifice would be accepted, and for two reasons," I replied, suddenly recollecting that he plumed himself on his casuistry, and hoping to engage him on some new crotchet, which might keep him in play till Mr. --- returned with assistance, but I was mistaken!

"Well, well, Doctor---! Let that be now; I can't resolve doubts now---no, no," he replied solemnly---'tis a time for action---for action---for action," he continued, gradually elevating his voice, using vehement gesticulations, and rising from his seat.

"Yes, yes," said I warmly; "but though you've followed closely enough the advice of the Talmudist, in shaving off your eye-brows, as a preparatory---"

"Aha! aha!--What, have you seen the Talmud? Have you, really?---Well," he added, after a doubtful pause, "in what do you think I've failed, eh?"

[I need hardly say, that I myself scarcely

knew what led me to utter the nonsense in question; but I have several times found, in cases of insanity, that suddenly and readily supplying a motive for the patient's conduct---referring it to a cause, of some sort or other, with steadfast intrepidity, even be the said cause never so preposterously absurd, has been attended with the happiest effects, in arresting the patient's attention, chiming in with his eccentric fancies, and piquing his disturbed faculties into acquiescence in what he sees coolly taken for granted, as quite true---a thing of course---mere matter-of-fact---by the person he is addressing. I have several times recommended this little device to them who have been entrusted with the care of the insane, and have been assured of its success.]

"You are very near the mark I own, but it strikes me that you have shaved them off too equally, too uniformly. You ought to have left some little ridges---furrows---hem, hem!--to---to terminate, or resemble the---the---the striped stick which Jacob held up before the ewes!"

"Oh---aye---aye! Exactly---true!--Strange oversight!" he replied, as if struck with the truth of the remark, and yet puzzled by vain attempts to corroborate it by his own recollections; "I---I recollect it now, but it isn't too late yet, is it?"

"I think not," I replied, with apparent hesitation, hardly crediting the success of my strange stratagem. "To be sure, it will require very great delicacy; but as you've not shaved them off very closely, I think I can manage it," I continued doubtfully.

"Oh, oh, oh!" growled the maniac, while his eyes flashed fire at me. "There's one sitting by me that tells me you are dealing falsely with me---oh, you villain! Oh, you wretch!"

At that moment the door opened gently behind me, and the voice of Mr. ---, the apothecary, whispered in a low hurried tone, "Doctor, I've got three of the inn-porters here in the sitting room."

Though the whisper was almost inaudible even to me, when uttered close to my ear, to my utter amazement, M--- had heard every syllable of it, and understood it too, as if some official minion of the devil himself had quickened his ears, or conveyed the intelligence to him.

"Ah---ha---ha---! Ha---ha---ha---Fools! knaves! harpies!--and what are you and your three hired desperadoes, to me? Thus---thus do I outwit you, fools---thus!" and springing from his seat, he suddenly drew up the lower part of the window frame, and looked through it, then at the razor, and again at me, with one of the most awful glances---full of dark diabolical meaning, the momentary suggestion of the great tempter, that I ever encountered in my life.

"Which!--which!--which!" he muttered fiercely through his closed teeth, while his right foot rested on the window seat, ready for him to spring out, and his eye travelled, as be-

fore, rapidly from the razor to the window. Can any thing be conceived more palsyng to the beholders? 'Why did not you and your strong reinforcement spring at once upon him, and overpower him?' possibly, some one is asking. Aha! and he armed with a naked razor? His head might have been severed from his shoulders, before we could have overmastered him—or we might ourselves—at least one of us—have been murdered in the attempt. We knew not what to do! M—suddenly withdrew his head from the window, through which he had been gazing, with a shuddering, horror-stricken emotion, and groaned—"No! no! no!—I won't! I can't!—for there's T—standing just beneath, his face all blazing, and waiting with outspread arms to catch me," standing, at the same time, shading his eyes with his left hand—when I whispered—"Now, now! go up to him—secure him—all three spring on him at once, and disarm him!" They obeyed me, and were in the act of rushing into the room, when M—suddenly planted himself in a posture of defiance, elevated the razor to his throat, and almost howled—"One step—one step nearer—and I—I—I so!" motioning as though he would draw it from one ear to the other. We all fell back, horror-struck, and in silence. What could we do? If we moved towards him, or made use of any threatening gesture, we should see the floor in an instant deluged with his blood. I once more crossed my arms on my breast, with an air of mute submission.

"Ha—ha!" he exclaimed, after a pause, evidently pleased with such a demonstration of his power, "obedient, however!—come—that's one merit! But still, what a set of cowards—bullies—cowards you must all be!—What!—all four of you afraid of one man!" In the course of his frantic gesticulations, he had drawn the razor so close to his neck, that its edge had slightly grazed the skin under his left ear, and a little blood trickled from it over his shoulder and breast.

"Blood!—blood?—What a strange feeling! How coldly it fell on my breast!—How did I do it?—Shall—I—go—on, as I have made a beginning?" he exclaimed, drawing the words at great length. He shuddered, and—to my unutterable joy and astonishment—deliberately closed the razor, replaced it in its case—put both in the drawer; and having done all this, before we ventured to approach him, he fell at his full length on the floor, and began to yell in a manner that was perfectly frightful; but in a few moments, he burst into tears, and cried and sobbed like a child. We took him up in our arms, he groaning—"Oh, shorn of my strength!—shorn! shorn! like Samson!—Why part with my weapon? The Philistines be upon me!"—and laid him down on the bed, where, after a few moments, he fell asleep. When he woke again, a strait waistcoat put all his tremendous strugglings at defiance—though his strength seemed increased in a ten-

fold degree—and prevented his attempting either his own life, or that of any one near him. When he found all his writhings and heavings utterly useless, he gnashed his teeth, the foam issued from his mouth, and he shouted—"I'll be even with you you incarnate devils!—I will!—I'll suffocate myself!" and he held his breath till he grew black in the face, when he gave over the attempt. It was found necessary to have him strapped down to the bed; and his howlings were so shocking and loud, that we began to think of removing him, even in that dreadful condition, to a madhouse. I ordered his head to be shaved again, and kept perpetually covered with cloths soaked in evaporating lotions—blisters to be applied behind each ear, and at the nape of the neck—leeches to the temples, and the appropriate internal medicines in such cases—and left him, begging I might be sent for instantly in the event of his getting worse.* Oh, I shall never forget this harrowing scene!—my feelings were wound up almost to bursting; nor did they receive their proper tone for many a week. I cannot conceive that the people whom the New Testament speaks of as being "possessed of devils" could have been more dreadful in appearance, or more outrageous in their actions, than was Mr. M—; nor can I help suggesting the thought, that, possibly, they were in reality nothing more than maniacs of the worst kind.† And is not a man transformed into a devil, when his reason is utterly overturned?

On seeing M—the next morning, I found he had passed a terrible night—that the constraint of the strait waistcoat filled him incessantly with a fury that was absolutely diabolical.—His tongue was dreadfully lacerated; and the whites of his eyes, with perpetual straining, were discoloured with a reddish hue,

* I ought to have mentioned, a little way back, that in obedience to my hurried injunctions, the ladies suffered themselves, almost fainting with fright, to be conducted silently into the adjoining chambers—and it was well they did. Suppose they had uttered any sudden shriek or attempted to interfere, or made a disturbance of any kind—what would have become of us all?

† "It is manifest, that the persons who in the New Testament are said to be *possessed with devils*, cannot mean only persons afflicted with some strange disease; for they are evidently here, as in other places,—particularly in Luke iv. 33-36, 41—distinguished from the diseased. Further, Christ's speaking on various occasions to these evil spirits, as distinct from the persons possessed by them,—his commanding them, and asking them questions, and receiving answers from them, or not suffering them to speak,—and several circumstances relating to the terrible preternatural effects which they had upon the possessed, and to the manner of Christ's evoking them—particularly their requesting and obtaining permission to enter the herd of swine (Matt. viii. 31, 32,) and precipitating them into the sea; all these circumstances can never be accounted for by any distemper whatever."—*Horne's Introduction to the Critical Study and Knowledge of the Holy Scriptures*. Vol. III. 473.—Ed. Mus.

like ferret's eyes.—He was truly a piteous spectacle! One's heart ached to look at him, and think, for a moment, of the fearful contrast he formed to the gay Mr. M—— he was only a few days before, the delight of refined society, and the idol of all his friends! He lay in a most precarious state for a fortnight; and though the fits of outrageous madness had ceased, or become much mitigated, and interrupted, not unfrequently, with "lucid intervals"—as the phrase is—I began to be apprehensive of his sinking eventually into that hopeless, deplorable condition, idiocy. During one of his intervals of sanity—when the savage fiend relaxed, for a moment, the hold he had taken of the victim's faculties, M—— said something according with a fact which it was impossible for him to have any knowledge of by the senses, which was to me singular and inexplicable. It was about nine o'clock in the morning of the third day after that on which the scene above described took place, that M——, who was lying in a state of the utmost lassitude and exhaustion, scarcely able to open his eyes, turned his head slowly towards Mr. —, the apothecary, who was sitting by his bed-side, and whispered to him—"They are preparing to bury that wretched fellow next door—hush! hush!—one of the coffin-trestles has fallen—hush!" Mr. — and the nurse, who had heard him, both strained their ears to listen, but could hear not even "a mouse stirring"—"there's somebody come in—a lady, kissing his lips before he's screwed down—oh, I hope she won't be scorched—that's all!" He then turned away his head, with no appearance of emotion, and presently fell asleep. Through mere curiosity, Mr. — looked at his watch; and from subsequent enquiry ascertained that—sure enough—about the time when his patient had spoken, they were about burying his neighbour; that one of the trestles did slip a little aside, and the coffin, in consequence, was near falling, and finally, marvellous to tell, that a lady, one of the deceased's relatives, I believe, did come and kiss the corpse, and cry bitterly over it! Neither Mr. — nor the nurse heard any noise whatever during the time of the burial preparations next door, for the people had been earnestly requested to be as quiet about them as possible, and really made no disturbance whatever. By what strange means he had acquired his information—whether or not he was indebted for it to the exquisite delicacy, the morbid sensitiveness of the organs of hearing, I cannot conjecture; especially am I at a loss to account for the latter part of what he uttered, about the lady's kissing the corpse. On another occasion, during one of his most placid moods, but not in any lucid interval, he insisted on my taking pen, ink, and paper, and turning amanuensis. To quiet him I acquiesced, and wrote what he dictated; and the manuscript now lies before me, and is *verbatim et literatim* as follows:—

"I, T——M——, saw—what saw I? A solemn silver grove—there were *innumerable spirits* sleeping among the branches—(and it is this, though unobserved of naturalists, that makes the aspen-tree's leaves to quiver so much—it is this, I say, namely, the rustling movements of the spirits,)—and in the midst of this grove was a beautiful site for a statue, and one there assuredly was—but what a statue! Transparent, of stupendous size, through which the sky was cloudy and troubled, a ship was seen sinking at sea, and the crew at cards; but the good spirit of the *him* saved them; for he shewed them the key of the universe, and a shoal of sharks, with murderous eyes, were disappointed of a meal. Lo, man behold—another part of this statue—what an one!—has a fissure in it—it opens—widens into a parlour, in darkness; and shall be disclosed the horror of horrors, for, lo some one sitting—sitting—easy chair—fiery face—fiend—fiend—oh, God! oh, God! save me," cried he.

He ceased speaking, with a shudder—nor did he resume the dictation, for he seemed in a moment to have forgotten that he had dictated at all. I preserved the paper; and gibberish though it is, I consider it both curious, and highly characteristic throughout. Judging from the latter part of it, where he speaks of a "*dark parlour, with some fiery-faced fiend sitting in an arm chair*;" and coupling this with various similar expressions and allusions which he made during his ravings, I felt convinced that his fancy was occupied with some one individual image of horror, which had scared him into madness, and now clung to his disordered faculties like a fiend. He often talked about "spectres," "spectral"—and uttered incessantly the words, "spectre-smitten." The nurse once asked him what he meant by these words; he started—grew disturbed—his eye glanced with affright—and he shook his head, exclaiming, "horror!" A few days afterwards he hired an amanuensis, who, of course, was duly apprised of the sort of person he had to deal with; and after a painfully ludicrous scene, he attempting to beat down the man's terms from a guinea and a half a week to *half-a-crown*—he engaged him for *three guineas*, he said, and insisted on his taking up his station at the side of the bed, in order that he might take down every word that was uttered. M—— told him he was going to dictate a *romance*! It would have required, in truth, the "pen of a ready writer" to keep pace with poor M——'s utterance; for he raved on at a prodigious rate, in a strain, it need hardly be said, of unconnected absurdities. Really it was inconceivable nonsense, rhapsodical rantings in the Maturin style, full of vaults, sepulchres, spectres, devils, magic—with here and there a thought of real poetry. It was piteous to peruse it! His amanuensis found it impossible to keep up with him, and, therefore, profited by a hint from one of us, and, instead of writing, merely moved his pen ra-

pidly over the paper, scrawling all sorts of ragged lines and figures to resemble writing! M—— never asked him to read it over, nor requested to see it himself; but, after about fifty pages were done, dictated a title-page—pitched on publishers—settled the price and the number of volumes—four!—and then exclaimed—"Well!—thank God—that's off my mind at last!" He never mentioned it afterwards; and his brother committed the whole to the flames about a week after.

M—— had not, however, yet done with his amanuensis—but put his services in requisition in quite another capacity—that of reader. Milton was the book he selected—and actually they went through very nearly nine books of it—M—— perpetually interrupting him with comments, sometimes saying surpassingly absurd, and occasionally very fine, forcible things. All this formed a truly touching illustration of that beautiful, often quoted sentiment of Horace—

"*Quo semel est imbuta recens, servabit odorem Testa diu.*" (*Epist. Lib. 1. Ep. 2. 69, 70.*)

As there was no prospect of his speedily recovering the use of his reasoning faculties, he was removed to a private asylum, where I attended him regularly for more than six months. He was reduced to a state of drivelling idiocy; complete fatuity! Lamentable! heart-rending! Oh, how deplorable to see a man of superior intellect—one whose services are really wanted in society—the prey of madness!

Dr. Johnson was well known to express a peculiar horror of insanity. "Oh, God! afflict my body with what tortures thou wilt; but spare my reason!" Where is he that does not join him in uttering such a prayer?

It would be beside my purpose here to enter into abstract speculations or purely professional details concerning insanity; but one or two brief and simple remarks, the fruits of much experience and consideration, may perhaps be pardoned me. It is still a *rezatu questio* in our profession, whether persons of strong or weak minds—whether the ignorant or the highly cultivated, are most frequently the subjects of insanity. If we are disposed to listen to a generally shrewd and intelligent writer, [Dr. Monro, in his "*Philosophy of Human Nature*,"] we are to understand that "children, and people of weak minds, are *never* subject to madness; for," adds the Doctor, "how can he despair, who cannot think?" Though the logic here is somewhat loose and leaky, I am disposed to agree with the Doctor, in the main; and I ground my acquiescence, first, on the truth of Locke's distinction, laid down in his great work, [book ii. c. ii. § 12 and 13] where he mentions the difference "between idiots and madmen," and thus states the sum of his observations:—

"In short, herein seems to lie the difference between idiots and madmen, that madmen put wrong ideas together, and do make wrong pro-

positions, but argue and reason *right* from them; but idiots make very few or no propositions, and reason scarce at all."

Secondly, On the corroboration afforded to it by my own experience. I have generally found that those persons who are most distinguished for their powers of thought and reasoning, when of sound mind, continue to exercise that power but incorrectly, and be distinguished by their exercise of that power—when of unsound mind—their understanding retaining, even after such a shock, and revolution of its faculties, the bent and bias impressed upon it before-hand; and I have found, further, that it has been chiefly those of such character—i. e. thinkers—that have fallen into madness; and that it is the perpetual straining and taxing of their strong intellects, at the expense of their bodies, that has brought them into such a calamity. Suppose, therefore, we say, in short, that *madness* is the fate of strong minds, or at least of minds many degrees removed from weak; and *idiocy* of weak, imbecile minds. This supposition, however, involves a sorry sort of compliment to the fair sex; for it is notorious that the annual majority of these received into lunatic asylums, are *females*! I have found imaginative, fanciful people, the most liable to attacks of insanity; and have had under my care four such instances, or at least very nearly resembling the one I am now relating, in which insanity has ensued from sudden *fright*. And it is easily accounted for. The imagination—the predominant faculty—is immediately appealed to—and, eminently lively and tenacious of impressions, exerts its superior and more practised powers, at the expense of the judgment, or reason; which it tramples upon and crushes. There is then nothing left in the mind that may make head against this unnatural dominancy; and the result is generally not unlike that in the present instance. As for my general system of treatment, it may all be comprised in a word or two—acquiescence; submission; suggestion; soothing. Had I pursued a different plan with M——, what might have been the disastrous issue?

To return, however—The reader may possibly recollect seeing something like the following expression, occurring in "The Broken Heart?

"A candle flickering and expiring in its socket, which suddenly shoots up into an instantaneous brilliance, and then is utterly extinguished." I have referred to it, merely because it affords a very apt illustration—after far than any that now suggest itself to me, of what sometimes takes place in madness. The roaring flame of insanity sinks suddenly into the sullen smouldering embers of complete fatuity, and remains so for months; when, like that of the candle just alluded to, it will instantaneously gather up and concentrate its expiring energies into one terrific blaze—one final paroxysm of outrageous mania—and lo! it has consumed itself utterly—burnt itself out

and the patient is unexpectedly restored to reason. The experience of my medical readers, if it have lain at all in the track of insanity, must have presented such cases to their notice not unfrequently. However metaphysical ingenuity may set us speculating about the "why, and wherefore" of it—the fact is undeniable. It was thus with Mr. M——. He had sunk into the deplorable condition of a simple, harmless, melancholy idiot, and was released from formal constraint: but suddenly, one morning, while at breakfast, he sprang upon the person who always attended him—and, had not the man been very muscular, and practised in such matters, he must have been soon overpowered, and perhaps murdered. A long and deadly wrestle took place between them. Thrice they threw each other—and the keeper saw that the madman several times cast a longing eye towards a knife which lay on the breakfast-table, and endeavoured to swing his antagonist so as to get himself within its reach. Both were getting exhausted with the prolonged struggle—and the keeper, really afraid for his life, determined to settle matters as soon as possible. The instant, therefore, that he could get his right arm disengaged, he hit poor Mr. M—— a cruel blow on the side of the head, which felled him, and he lay senseless on the floor, the blood pouring fast from his ears, nose, and mouth. He was again confined in a strait waistcoat, and conveyed to bed—when, what with exhaustion, and the effect of the medicines which had been administered, he fell into profound sleep, which continued all day, and, with little intermission, through the night. When he awoke in the morning, lo! he was "in his right mind!" His calmed, tranquillized features, and the sobered expression of his eyes, showed that the sun of reason had really once more dawned upon his long benighted faculties. Aye—he was

— "himself again!"

I heard of the good news before I saw him, and on hastening to his room, I found it was indeed so—his altered appearance at first sight amply corroborated it! How different the mild, sad smile now beaming on his pallid faded features, from the vacant stare—the unmeaning laugh of idiocy—or the fiendish glare of madness!—the contrast was strong as that between the soft, stealing, expansive twilight, and the burning blaze of noonday. He spoke in a very feeble, almost inarticulate voice, complained of dreadful exhaustion, and whispered something indistinctly about "waking from a long and dreary dream;" and said that he felt, as it were, only half awake—or alive. All was new—strange—startling!—Fearful of taxing too much his new-born powers, I feigned an excuse, and took my leave, recommended him cooling and quieting medicines, and perfect seclusion from visitors. How exhilarated I felt my own spirits all that day!

He gradually, very gradually, but surely, re-

covered. One of the earliest indications of his reviving interest in life—

"And all its busy thronging scenes," was an abrupt inquiry whether Trinity term had commenced—and whether or not he was now eligible to be called to the bar. He was utterly unconscious that *three* terms had flitted over him while he lay in the gloomy wilderness of insanity; and when I satisfied him of this fact, he alluded with a sigh to the beautiful thought of one of our old dramatists, who, illustrating the unconscious lapse of years over "Endymion"—makes one tell him—

"Lo, the twig against which thou leapest when thou didst fall asleep, is now become a tree when thou awakest!"

It was not till several days after his restoration to reason, that I ventured to enter into any thing like detailed conversation with him, or to make particular allusions to his late illness; and on this occasion it was, that he related to me his rencontre with the fearful object which had overturned his reason—adding with intense feeling, that not ten thousand a year should induce him to live in the same chambers any more.

During the course of his progress towards complete recovery, memory shot its strengthening rays further and further back into the inspissated gloom in which the long interval of insanity had shrouded his mind; but it was too dense—too "palpable and obscure"—to be ever completely and thoroughly illuminated. The rays of recollection, however, settled distinctly on some of the more prominent points; and I was several times astonished by his sudden reference to things which he had said and done, during the depth of his disorder." He asked me, once, for instance, whether he had not made an attempt on his life, and with a razor, and how it was that he did not succeed. He had no recollection, however, of his long and deadly struggle with his keeper—at least he never made the slightest allusion to it—nor of course did any one else.

"I don't much mind talking these horrid things over with you, Doctor—for you know all the *ins and outs* of the whole affair; but if any of my friends or relatives presume to torture me with any allusions or enquiries of this sort, I'll fight them! they'll drive me mad again!" The reader may suppose the hint was not disregarded. All recovered maniacs have a dread—an absolute horror—of any reference being made to their madness, or any thing they have said or done during the course of it; and is it not easily accounted for?

"Did the horrible spectre which occasioned your illness, in the first instance, ever present itself to you afterwards?" I once enquired. He paused and turned pale. Presently he replied, with considerable agitation—"Yes, yes—it scarcely ever left me. It has not always preserved its spectral consistency, but has entered into the most astounding—the most pre-

posterous combinations conceivable, with other objects and scenes—all of them, however, more or less, of a distressing, or fearful character—many of them terrific!" I begged him, if it were not unpleasant to him, to give me a specimen of them.

"It is certainly far from gratifying to trace scenes of such shame and horror; but I will comply, as far as I am able," said he rather gloomily. "Once I saw him," meaning the spectre, "leading on an army of huge speckled and crested serpents against me; and when they came upon me—for I had no power to run away—I suddenly found myself in the midst of a pool of stagnant water, absolutely alive with slimy, shapeless reptiles; and while endeavouring to make my way out, *he* rose to the surface, his face hissing in the water, and blazing bright as ever! Again, I thought I saw him in single combat, by the gates of Eden, with Satan—and the air thronged and heated with swart faces looking on!" This was unquestionably some dim confused recollection of the Milton-readings, in the earlier part of his illness. "Again, I thought I was in the act of opening my snuff-box, when *he* issued from it, diminutive, at first, in size—but swelling, soon, into gigantic proportions, and his fiery features diffusing a light and heat around, that absolutely scorched and blasted! At another time, I thought I was gazing upwards on a sultry summer sky; and, in the midst of a luminous fissure in it, made by the lightning, I distinguished *his* accursed figure, with his glowing features wearing an expression of horror, and his limbs outstretched, as if he had been hurled down from some height or other, and was falling through the sky towards *me*. He came—he came—flung himself into my recoiling arms—and clung to me—burning, scorching, withering my soul within me! I thought further, that I was all the while the subject of strange, paradoxical, contradictory feelings towards him; that I at one and the same time loved and loathed, feared and despised him!" He mentioned several other instances of the confusions in his "chamber of imagery." I told him of his sudden exclamation concerning Mr. T——'s burial, and its singular corroboration; but he either did not, or affected not, to recollect any thing about it. He told me he had a full and distinct recollection of being for a long time possessed with the notion of making himself a "sacrifice" of some sort or other, and that he was seduced or goaded on to do so, by the spectre, in the most dazzling temptations—and under the most appalling threats—one of which latter was, that God would plunge him into hell forever, if he did not offer up himself; that if he did so, he should be a sublime spectacle to the universe," &c. &c. &c.

"Do you recollect of dictating a novel or a romance?" He started as if struck with some sudden recollection. "No—but I'll tell you what I recollect well—that the spectre and I

were set to copy all the tales and romances that ever had been written, in a large, bold, round hand, and then translate them into Greek or Latin verse!" He smiled—nay, even laughed at the thought, almost the first time of giving way to such emotion since his recovery. He added, that as to the latter, the idea of the utter hopelessness of ever getting through such a stupendous undertaking, never once presented itself to him, and that he should have gone on with it, but that he lost his inkstand!

"Had you ever a clear and distinct idea that you had lost the right use of reason?"

"Why, about that, to tell the truth, I've been puzzling myself a good deal, and yet I cannot say any thing decisive. I *do* fancy that at times I had short, transient glimpses into the real state of things, but they were so evanescent. I am conscious of feeling at these times incessant fury arising from a sense of personal constraint, and I longed once to strangle some one who was giving me medicine."

But one of the most singular of all is yet to come. He still persisted *then*, after his complete recovery, as we supposed, in avowing his belief that we had hired a huge boa serpent from Exeter Change, to come and keep constant watch over him, to constrain his movements when he threatened to become violent; that it lay constantly coiled up under his bed for that purpose; that he could now and then feel the motions—the writhing, undulating motions of its coils—hear it utter a sort of *sigh*, and see it often elevate its head over the bed, and play with its soft slippery, delicate forked tongue over his face, to sooth him to sleep. When poor M——, with a serious, sober, earnest air, assured me he *still* believed all this, my hopes of his complete and final restoration to sanity were dashed at once! How such an absurd—in short, I have no terms in which I may adequately characterise it—how, I say, such an idea could possibly be persisted in, I was bewildered in attempting to conceive. I frequently strove to reason him out of it, but in vain. To no purpose did I burlesque and caricature the notion almost beyond all bounds; it was useless to remind him of the blank impossibility of it; he regarded me with such a face as I should exhibit to a fluent personage, quite in earnest in demonstrating to me that the moon was made of green cheese.

I have once before heard of a patient who, after recovering from an attack of insanity, retained one solitary crotchet—one little stain or speck of lunacy—about which, and which alone he was mad to the end of his life. I supposed such to be the case with M——. It was possible—barely so, I thought—that he might entertain his preposterous notion about the boa, and yet be sound in the general texture of his mind. I prayed God it might; "I hoped against hope." The last evening I ever spent with him, was occupied with my endeavouring, once for all, to disabuse him of the idea in question; and, in the course of our conver-

sation, he disclosed one or two other little symptoms—specks of lunacy—which made me leave him filled with disheartening doubts as to the probability of a permanent recovery.

My worst fears were awfully realised. In

about five years from the period above alluded to, M——, who had got married, and had enjoyed excellent general health, was spending the summer with his family at Brussels—and one night destroyed himself—alas, alas, destroyed himself in a manner too horrible to mention!

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Revolutions prejudicial to Literature.—The year 1830, which may well be designated *the year of revolutions*, has been an unfortunate one in the annals of French literature. However beneficial the results of the memorable week of July may ultimately prove to the liberties and permanent interests of the nation, it is a melancholy truth that its immediate effects have been most especially disastrous to the cause of literature. This has been proved by the extraordinary number of failures which have taken place among the booksellers in Paris since that time; it falls little short of two hundred. Some relief has been afforded by the loan which was advanced by the government to the commerce of the metropolis. But the results will be more readily seen by a comparison of the books published in 1829 and 1830. The total number of books registered in the weekly list, entitled *Journal de la Librairie*, for the year 1829, was 7823—the same for the year 1830, was 6730. If we take the numbers for the corresponding periods of the two years, the difference will be still more striking.

From January 3 to July 25, 1829, the number was	4651
From January 2 to July 24, 1830	4176
Difference	475
From August 1 to December 26, 1829, there were	3172
While from July 31, (the week of the Revolution,) to December 25, 1830, there were only	2563
Difference	609

The *Memoirs, Correspondence, and Unpublished Works of Diderot* are about to appear in four or five volumes 8vo. These will include the memoirs of his life by his daughter, Madame Vandeuil, from which we have already given an extract. One of the most interesting portions of this collection is his correspondence addressed to his mistress, Made-moiselle Voland, in which he was in the habit of noting down a kind of diary of his actions, his labours, and all his ideas. This correspondence embraces twenty-five years of Diderot's life. Several amusing extracts from it have appeared in the *Gazette Littéraire*.

Dr. Brand, Professor at Bonn, has just published, in 2 vols. 8vo., a General Repertory of the whole science of Heraldry, with critical and other remarks, and directions relative to the books and literary history connected with it. The work contains 3331 articles, arranged according to countries, with appendixes, indexes, &c. It seems to be a most laborious production, and entitles the compiler to the thanks of every heraldic student.

Lucien Buonaparte, Prince of Canino, having effected some excavations on his estate near Montalto, which district formed a part of ancient Etruria, has been successful in finding a vast quantity of fine vases bearing paintings and inscriptions, and which appear to be of a similar kind to those found at Nola, in Campania. He has now published an account of this collection, in a 4to. volume, *Musæum Etrusque de Lucien Buonaparte, fouilles de 1828-9*, with forty-two plates of the inscriptions; and has also begun a splendid work in folio, which all contain a hundred coloured plates representing the paintings. The latter comes out in monthly numbers of five plates each, and is sold by Piatti, of Florence. This discovery has revived the question about the so-called Etruscan vases, which the archaeologist Zannoni contends are Greek, or at least of Greek invention, and not specimens of original Etruscan art anterior to Greek civilization, as the Prince of Canino seems inclined to think them.

A journal, entitled the "Watchman and Jamaica Free Press," is established in Jamaica. It is conducted by free men of colour; and its object is to maintain their right to all the civil and political privileges of English subjects. This journal is the organ of the blacks, and when we consider that the population of Jamaica comprises, besides 300,000 slaves, 40,000 free negroes, most of them capable of reading and writing, and whose property is at least as considerable as that of the 13,000 resident whites, we may form an idea of the importance which this publication is calculated to obtain.

A new translation of "Paradise Lost," by M. Eugene Aron, has just been published in Paris.

Marmont is said to be occupied in writing a narrative of the transactions in Paris, in which he so recently played a conspicuous part. It will form a curious addition to the "Mémoires pour servir," &c., in which French literature already so much abounds.

In the very singular collection of MSS. of the late Earl of Guildford, about to be sold by Evans, is a collection of original letters by Machiavel—from the years 1513 to 1532. This extraordinary literary treasure has been discovered after a lapse of three centuries. They will be found to exhibit this celebrated man in his character of a statesman, as they were written during the period he held the office of secretary of state.

We learn that the forthcoming Romance of "The Tuilleries" comprehends a period of interest unequalled in the annals of French history; from the first popular triumph in the fall of the Bastille, to the establishment of the Supremacy of Napoleon in the victory of Marengo. It is said that every character of note, figuring during that important interval upon the political stage, is introduced into the pages of this work.

Sir John Sinclair's Correspondence, edited by himself, will issue from the press in the course of the present month. It will exhibit, probably, a greater variety of Letters from Eminent Individuals than may be found in any similar work of modern date, and will possess for the curious the farther attraction of about two hundred autographs.

C. Troya, of Naples, announces the speedy publication of an important work to which he has devoted years of researches, during which he has visited all the principal libraries of Italy. The subject a *Political History of Italy, and of the social condition of the people under the dominion of the Longobards*. This has been, till now, the most obscure part of the history of that country.

The learned Tuscana, with Professor Rosellini at their head, who accompanied M. Champollion in his Egyptian scientific expedition, in 1828-9, are about publishing the account of their researches and discoveries, under the title of *Relazione del viaggio fatto in Egitto e in Nubia dalla spedizione scientifico-letteraria Toscana negli anni 1818-9*. It will consist of two volumes.

The long announced continuation of Guicciardini's History of Italy, by Carlo Botta, may soon be expected to appear, as the eighth part of the MS., which comes down to the year 1748, has been delivered by the author to the society which has undertaken the publication. The ninth, or concluding part remains, which will come to the epoch of the French revolution, and thus join Botta's already published history of Italy from that time to the peace of 1814.

Dr. Wollaston, we are informed, left behind him in MS. a series of observations, to facilitate the determination of the relative brightness of the sun and stars, which opens entirely new and more magnificent views than we are yet acquainted with, of the universe.

It is a very singular fact that in the Island of Cuba, which belongs to a monarchy the most absolute almost in Christendom, and the most averse to the existence of a free press, there are no less than ten periodical publications, every one of them more or less the organ of public opinion.

A project is at present on foot at Paris, for the erection there of an American College, principally destined for the general education of young men natives of South America.

Sydney, New South Wales.—A College is about to be established there, in which Greek, Latin, and all other branches of a liberal education are to be taught, at the charge of five pounds per annum.

"The Mémoires de M. de Maubriault," the publication of which was prohibited under the late government in France, are about to appear.

A Satirical Novel, under the comprehensive title of "Paris and London," may be shortly expected from the pen of the ingenious author of "The Castilian."

Dr. Hamilton, of Plymouth, announces a popular History of Medicine, Surgery, and Anatomy, in their mutual combination, with incidental Biographical Sketches of the most Eminent Professors in each Department.

A second series of "Sketches of Irish Character," and a second edition of the first series, by Mrs. S. C. Hall, is about to be published.

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